

Old Familiar Faces

*A Book of Memories
And Family History*

(1820- 2020)

By Rashda Zehra Salim

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Dedicated with regards to,

***S. Safiul Hasan Zaidi and Zahida Bano,
S. Sabihul Hasan Zaidi and Akhtar Bano Zaidi,
Syed Shaukat Husain and Masoom Bano
S. Wajihul Hasan and S. Talat Husain
Mohammad Salim***

The Old Familiar Faces

BY CHARLES LAMB

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man;
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like, I paced round the haunts of my childhood.
Earth seemed a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces —

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me; all are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

Young Familiar Faces

By Rashda Salim

The life never stopped, and new generations born,
Responsible to hold our future
Hope is reborn with the new familiar faces.

Active and vibrant, full of energy
Mates of the soul, in sickness and in health
Brought back the sunshine, these new familiar faces

Beautiful like roses, chirping like the birds,
Quick as a rabbit, bright as a morning glory.
Pleasure to the sight, and heart, young familiar faces.

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Imran Matanat Husain

Preface

To forget one's ancestors is to be a brook without a source, a tree without a root.

- Chinese Proverb

As a family genealogist, I had already released 'Genealogy of the Syeds of Bijnaur in 2017 but I realized that some parts of my family history are missing. The best way was to find someone who could provide additional information and weave interesting realities. Rashda Zehra Salim is my first cousin with whom I share my maternal and paternal ancestry. I noticed that she has a huge collection of fascinating remembrances related to the progeny of Ghaziuddin Hasan, our common great-great-grandfather.

Both of us, are connected through late Saulat Husain (d.1987), our common grandfather.

My paternal grandfather Saulat Husain was a Tehsildar (A Revenue Officer) and a Magistrate in British India. He was a dynamic person perfectly suitable for this type of work in remote areas. Nevertheless, he took his children on Official trips. He

was an excellent hunter and used narrate his wildlife experiences in family gatherings. All of my uncles and aunts remembered these facts and passed them on to their next generation. I still treasure his 12 bore double-barrel shotgun currently under the custody of my younger brother. He was Rashda's maternal grandfather too and she remembered many incidences related to his lifestyle. My eldest uncle late Shaukat Husain used to write many articles in English newspapers about my grandfather's hunting adventures.

I, therefore suggested Rashda compile our collection of real time events for our future generations. She was already motivated and presented 'Old Familiar Faces' within a very short period.

The contents of 'Old Familiar Faces' are highly en-captivating. They take us to an era that obscured behind the turmoils of many catastrophic events in the history of Pakistan and migrations to different countries. It's equally appealing to all living descendants of Senior Ghaziuddin Hasan, residing in Pakistan and abroad.

'Old Familiar Faces' also includes memorable pictures carefully selected by Rashda from her father/grandfather's collections

Good work Rashda. Please continue to extend the 'New Familiar Faces' section in the future.

Imran Matanat Husain

March, 2020



Introduction

Rashda Zehra Salim

I was born in Karachi, as Rashda Zehra Sabih. I was first child of a family where I had grandparents, who were lacking the girls in their family, so I was treated and was welcomed like a princess. Later, two more sisters Arifa Zainab and Farah Kulsoom were born but the welcoming treatment from the grandparents and parents did not change a bit. We had a brother Faisal Mudassir Hassan who was born as youngest, and sadly, died as youngest at the age of 27.

The names were given by my grandfather Safiul Hassan, picked from the names of Prophet Mohammad's (pbuh) daughters, which were chosen as middle names. It is Zehra for me, Zainab for Arifa, and Kulsoom for Farah. Faisal's name was Muddassir after Prophet Mohammad's name (pbuh).

My family was residing at 167-168, PIB Colony, Karachi Pakistan.

I have gone to school and college at Khatoon-e-Pakistan Fatima Jinnah College. I did my Bachelors of Science from DJ Science College, and next, Masters in Parasitology from University of Karachi.

Later, I did another degree in Medical Technology at University of Rochester, Rochester NY USA. I had achieved a Certification from ASCP Board of Pathology from USA to practice in 50 States of USA.

I got married to Mohammad Salim, a Professor at Quaid-e-Azam University, Islamabad. I moved to Islamabad, then we went to UK, and had my first daughter Sumaiya Zehra Salim there. We came back and lived in Islamabad for a few years and my other daughters Sara Zehra Salim and Samra Zehra Salim were born there. It is obvious that their middle name Zehra was chosen and added by Dadi Zahida Bano, their great grandmother. That is how their names appeared in their Doctor of Medicine, MD degrees and Passports. I am thankful that the girls respected the wishes and kept their middle names active.

Actually, they kept their father's name active by not changing it after marriage.

We finally migrated to Rochester, NY, USA in 1985 and have settled here since. We raised and educated the girls in Rochester. They have been cooperative and achieved good careers successfully.

Salim worked as a Professor in the Department of Molecular Biochemistry in University of Rochester for almost 35 years. He retired, but still involved in Research. I advanced my education on the side and worked at the labs of hospitals like Genesee, St Mary's and Rochester General Hospital. Finally, I got into Research labs of Neurology and Neurosciences at University of Rochester. I did research in cancer, stem cells and am currently doing research in Multiple Sclerosis, which after almost 25 years is still going.

Currently I am also working as a Principal of Sunday School at Islamic Center of Rochester. It is a Sunday school with about 200 students and 30 teachers, mostly of Arabic origin. My entire purpose for that is to participate in religious education of our Muslim children, starting from grades preschool to tenth grade. In other words, I am returning back what the school gave to my kids when they were young and growing. I tried to provide religious education to my children through the facilities of Islamic Center of Rochester, Sunday school, for no less than 10 years, where Sumaiya even taught the class of new Muslims, once she graduated from Sunday school. These activities were on the side of their regular schooling with American school, which was full time for 5 days a week. They successfully took this double responsibility and kept a good balance between their religious and school education.

Though I spent 30 years working in USA, I was always very deeply involved into the hobby of reading. After this I wished, but writing was something I never had time for.

When it came to the time for compiling these precious memories, still fresh in the mind for my entire life, it took me long time to keep thinking about and putting them together in the form of a book. I achieved these memories from my grandparents Dada Safiul Hasan and Dadi Zahida Bano, and later my parents Sabihul Hasan and Akhtar Bano, and actually all the elders that I got the opportunity to grown up and live with, because fortunately we lived in PIB colony house.

Finally, after giving it a serious thought that it is selfish to keep this treasure hidden within me, I started writing. To my surprise after the will, the way was much easier. I even used the break time at work. The time was short but regular, as my I-Pad was always handy.

Little by little and drop by drop, the memories have been put together.

This is a book based upon the true happenings starting from about the year 1820 and ending in 2020. It covers 200 years and involvement of three centuries, 1800, 1900, and 2000s. This book can easily be called as a book of Family History. The information provided here is based, upon domestic and nonpolitical events but the effects of that political chaos fell upon domestic events of our ancestors and on their past, present and future.

War of Independence 1857, had been witnessed by ancestors. Partition of India in 1947 and creation of Pakistan led to migration of our grandparents and parents from Nehtaur or other parts of India to Pakistan, and changed the lives and the lifestyle forever. We, the progeny have adapted most from the culture of the past but did develop some from what was available to us in Pakistan.

The memories that I collected are available for everyone, whoever is interested in this kind of information about their family background. The need is more with younger generation, especially children and their children raised and living abroad, who do not have opportunities to know enough about our own religion or culture, let alone our ancestors, family and glorious past of our family. It is their right to know about the achievements of their elders. To give the history and present information in an organized way, the ideal was to get this book of memories compiled.

It is necessary for all of the young generation but also people of all ages. Older people may find it interesting, especially the ones who belong to the entire Ghaziuddin Hassan Clan and generations of his sons and daughters. I understand that with six generations involved, the number of names and information to put together is huge, which makes it a very hard job, but somebody had to do it.

These elders are the ones that I have thorough knowledge about, so I tried to cover them all in this book, depending upon how much information was provided or available to me. I have poured it all in this book. It has been made with the best intentions, and may Allah (swt) forgive any error made in conveying their memories.

I believe that readers will find it interesting, and can use it as a reference if needed to check upon name of a relative or an event.

Wishing everyone to have a happy time reading it,

Sincerely,

Rashda Z. Salim

Chapter 1

Our Family Tree

Children of Ghaziuddin Hasan

His son with first wife NaimunNisa was Ashfaaq Husain and a daughter Shafiqun Nisa. His other wife was MujibunNisa and he had following sons and daughters:

1- **S Mussarat Husain : Sons and Daughters of Mussarat Husain:**

- **S Sadaqat Husain**
- **S Saulat Husain-> (Our Nana) Sons and Daughters of Saulat Husain:**
 - Masoom Bano
 - S Shaukat Husain->Sons of Shaukat Husain:
 - S Abdul Aleem, S Kaleem , S Amin
 - S Shujaat Husain-> Sons and Daughters of Shujaat Husain:
 - S Imran Matanat Husain, S Salman Latafat Husain, S Hidayat Husain, Qamar Syeda
 - Akhtar Bano -> (Our mother) Son and Daughters of Akhtar Bano:
 - Rashda Zehra Sabih/Salim, Arifa Zainab Ozair, Farah Kulsum Sabih/Syed, S Faisal Mudassir Hassan
 - Talat Husain
 - Saeed Fatima-> Daughters and Son of Saeed Fatima:
 - Saima Batool Ahmed, Ayesha Sania Ahmed, Fowad Ahmed
- **S Itaaf Husain-> Sons and daughters of Itaaf Husain:**
 - Naushaba Burney, Khalid Husain, Raana Jafer, Javed Husain, Mujahid Husain, Ameena Saiyd, Naved Husain
- **Syeda Zahida Bano-> Sons of Zahida Bano:**
 - S Sabih ul Hasan (Our father) married to Akhtar Bano (Our mother)
 - Wajih ul Hasan-> S Arif Hassan, S Faaiz Hassan
- **Syeda Shahida Bano-> Daughters:** Rehana Ahmed, Farzana Saeed, Shahana Saud

2- **S Farhat Husain->Sons of Farhat Husain:**

- **S Behjat Husain->** Wahdat Husain
- **S Bazaat Husain ->** Basir Fatima, Rasheed Fatima

3- **S Raffat Husain->Sons and Daughters of Raffat Husain:**

- **Syed Safiul Hassan Zaidi** married to Zahida Bano
- **Syed Samiul Hassan**
- **Syed Mutiul Hassan** married to Zeenat Begum
- **Syed Naseerul Hassan** married to Masoom Bano d/o Saulat Husain
- **Hameeda Bano** married to Basheer Hyder ->Sons and Daughters of Hameeda Bano:
Baseer Hyder, Qadeer Hyder, Tauqeer Hyder, Tanveer Hyder, Munir Hyder, Wahida,
- **Aziza Bano** married to Nusrat Hasan

4- **Tehzeebunnisa-> Sons and Daughters of Tehzeebunnisa:**

- **Shabbar Hassan**
- **Syed Ibne Abbas->Daughters of Syed Ibne Abbas:**
 - Tazeem Fatima married to S Shujaat Husain
 - Azeem Fatima and Ashfaaq Ahmed -> Aamir Ishaque, Afaaq, Azra, Ishtiaq
 - Waseem Fatima and Tahir Zaidi-> ZiaTahir, Shuja Tahir, Saba Shahid, Ghayas Tahir, Faraz Tahir
- **Naseer Fatima** married to Bazaat Husain
- **Aizaz Fatima** married to S Saulat Husain

5- **Taqreebunuisa->Daughters of TaqreebunNisa:**

- **Tashbeeh Fatima** married to Syed Ibne Abbas
- **Mateen Fatima** married to Syed Manzoor Ahmed

Present and Future generations:

Descendants of Syed Shaukat Husain and Shamim Fatima:

- Syed Abdul Aleem and Saima-> Ayesha Aleem, Maria Aleem, Syed Hamza Aleem
- Syed Kaleem and Atika-> Syeda Fatima Kaleem.
- Syed Amin

Descendants of Syed Shujaat Husain and Tazeem Fatima:

- Syed Matanat Husain and Mah e Talat Zaidi (Zeba)-> Syed Taha Zaidi, Syed Murtaza Zaidi, Syed Mustafa Zaidi Mustafa has a son, Arham Zaidi
- Syed Salman Latafat Husain and Azra Salman-> Syed Mohammad Saad and Fareeha (Hena Saad, Syed Affan Saad). Syed Mohammad Ammar, Syed Mohammad Jawad
- Syed Hidayat Husain and Talat Parveen (Shezi)-> Fatima Hidayat
- Syeda Qamar and Zia Tahir-> Yamna Usman has a son Almir, Zain Zia, Areeba Zia, Ali Zia

Descendants of Sabihul Hasan and Akhtar Bano Zaidi

- Rashda Salim and Mohammad Salim
 - Sumaiya Salim and Mazin Zaidi-> Syed Haitham Husain, Inshirah Husain, Joharah Husain, Faria Husain.
 - Sara Salim-> Syeda Ayat Safdar
 - Samra Salim
- Arifa Ozair and Mohammad Ozair-> Sobia Ozair, Sana Ozair, Mohammad Sumair
- Farah Sabih-> Syeda Ermina Syed

Descendants of Saeed Fatima and Syed Yasin Ahmed->

.Syeda Saima Ahmed, Syeda Ayesha Ahmed, Fowad Ahmed->Farwa Fowad, Zainab Fowad

Descendant of Syed Wajihul Hasan and Nabiha Hasan->

- Syed Arif Hasan and Fatima Hasan ->Rida Hasan, Alize Hasan, Minahil Hasan, Maryam Hasan

- Syed Faaiz Hasan and Amna Hasan->Syed Umer Hasan, Syed Adil Hasan

Descendants of Rehana Ahmed and Zaheer Ahmed->

Saad Ahmed has two daughters, Shoaib Ahmed, Ali Ahmed have four kids

Descendants of Farzana Saeed->

Fatima Saeed has three sons and Haroon Abdullah has a son and daughter.

Descendants of Shahana Saud->

Hasan Saud Hasnie, Husain Saud Hasnie, Amna Asfar has three daughters and a son.

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The Past

Chapter 2

The Ancestors

Syed Ghaziuddin Hassan:

Introduction and History:

- He was our ancestor and great, great grandfather.
- (Source of information Dada Safiul Hassan, Dadi Zahida Bano, Ammi -Akhtar Bano)
- Approximate birth to death period is around 1825 to 1875.
- His life -time was the time of depression for Muslims of India. Mughal Empire was falling apart. Bhadur Shah Zafar's reign of ruling started in 1837 and ended in 1857.
- The war of Independence broke after Bahadur Shah Zafar's capture and death. British being victorious, officially took over India for next 90 years.
- The well-known writers and poets made their masterpiece creations during that time.
- Sir Syed , Maulana Hali , Shibli and many others had the writings that reflected the poor political condition of Muslims of that era.
- Shikwa and Jawab e Shikwa was written by Allama Iqbal ,was based on the conception of wakeup call for the Muslims.
- Ghaziuddin Hassan was son of Syed Ghulam Husain, and Mother was QutubunNisa. Time of birth to death of his parents was late 17th century to middle of 18th century.
- He was Father of Mussarat, Farhat and Raffat Husain. Tahzeeb and Taqreebun Nisa. Ashfaaq Husain and ShafiqunNisa
- His progeny extended further, as he had grandchildren and great grandchildren from all the above mentioned.

We will discuss in this book about members of his progeny, generation after generation until the present generation, and those who will be responsible for holding the future.

Career:

Ghaziuddin Hassan had the title of Raees-e-Azam. It was one of the most super prestigious among all titles given by British. That was not just a title he actually was a Raees-e-Azam of Nehtaur.

Dada Safiul Hassan (my prime source of information) did not get a chance to see him as he passed away before my Dada's birth, but told few things about him, which were known to him by his father and mother. His pictures are not available as handmade were common, but they could not bring any to Pakistan when they migrated. He had a stamp of his name. I saw some with my grandfather. He married more than once and Ashfaaq Husain and Shafiqun Nisa were offspring from his first wife NaimunNisa. I heard Dadi Zahida talking about him as Taya Ashfaaq. The rest of the sons and daughters were with the second wife Mujibun Nisa.

The well-known incident:

The famous incident about Ghaziuddin Hassan was when his daughter Tahzeebun Nisa was getting married. There were preparations going on for months. Those days, there used to be a Naubat (drum like music) played outside the house by experts, sometimes weeks or even a month before the real wedding ceremony. It was a way of announcement of marriage as well as show of happiness in that family.

A few days before the wedding there was a big box full of jewelry which was brought by the jeweler and Ghaziuddin Hassan casually asked the servants to place it under a takht in their veranda, which was a half open space. Next to it was a large Sehan (Back yard) with a high boundary wall. His decision brought worry to his wife Mujibun Nisa. She asked him whether it was safe to leave the jewelry worth a huge sum, almost out in the open. In that era, when dangerous gangs of dacoits were active, who used to be waiting for marriages among rich or famous people. Later in 1920 Sultana Daku of Bijnor and Moradabad caused the terror. Dacoits had informers at the jewelry shops so they knew how much of gold was sold, or purchased. Ghaziuddin Hassan said that nobody could dare enter his house because of his security and even more of the fear of his position in the community.

His wife, who was not convinced and dissatisfied, quietly removed the box of jewelry, hid it inside and placed a similar looking box with useless things filled in it, exactly at the same place. Surprisingly that night there was a robbery in his house from dacoits. They came for, and took away that jewelry box. Ghaziuddin Hassan was very sad as the wedding was just around the corner, and jewelry was made per order so it took months to make.

The trend in our family was at least 40 seer of sona, the gold and sawa mound of chandi, the silver, given to the daughters at the time of marriage. Ghaziuddin Hassan gave even more per his affordability. That was when his wife revealed that the jewelry was safe since she removed it to a safe place, and what dacoits got was the box full of useless things, around the same weight. He praised the wisdom of his wife. This story was told by the two generations the same way, and I heard it from both of my grandparents at different times and later by Ammi too.

Ghaziuddin died young. He was poisoned. Suspicion was upon certain people among his family, but no arrest was made.

Sons and Daughters of Ghaziuddin Hassan:

Syed Mussarat Husain:

The eldest son with wife Mujibun Nisa was Mussarat Husain , well known and popular for his intellect. Career wise he was at the highest level. He was born as a twin. Approximate date of birth and death is 1861-1941

He was Magistrate and Tehsildar with the British government. He worked hard for the welfare of public and the government. His deeds, were appreciated, and British had trust upon him. British stated about him that if any Zila or Tehsil had a problem with law and order send Mussarat Husain there and he could peacefully settle the most difficult matters without bloodshed.

The most significant incident among his resolutions as a Magistrate was that in one of the CP states, Jabalpur where he was placed those days. There was an incident, which could have caused a huge Hindu/Muslim clash. Hindus had a procession going for the birthdate of one of their Gods. On the same road, Shia Muslims had Tazia procession passing at the same time in Muharram.

On the same road there was a Peepal tree, Hindu's God as well. The tree was always there but since the previous year its branches grew a whole lot, almost covering the road, blocking the passage for a huge and tall object, like Tazia.



Syed Mussarat Husain. Next, with sons Saulat Husain and Itaaf Husain.



Nareeruddin Hyder, Deputy Ahmed Husain, Sagheer Husain, Mussarat Husain, Zamir Hyder, Itaata Husain, Basheer Hyder, Ashfaq Husain, Nisar Hyder, Saulat Husain, Mushir Hyder.

The two processions were coming from opposite directions, and once they came face to face they had to clash anyway, but in the way another serious situation started because of the long and thick branches of the Peepal tree.

Shia Muslims who had hearts full of sorrow on Muharram day and shed their own blood with “knife Matam” had no fear in shedding blood of Hindus who come in the way, definitely had no hesitation in cutting some branches of a tree, which was not letting them pass their Tazia. Hindus were already angry about the possibility of a clash of the two processions. They saw the activity of Muslims climbing up the Peepal tree and about to cut the branches. They became furious and warned that if Muslims cut the branches, they would cut the heads and the throats.



Ameena Saiyd on her visit to Mussarat Manzil with the current resident.
Next, Mussarat Manzil, one view.

The action was about to take place when some peacemakers on both sides asked them to take a break for a few minutes and let the Tehsildar be informed and decide. Mussarat Husain after listening to both sides immediately went to the site. After a brief observation, he told both sides about his decision. He told Muslims there was no need to cut the branches, just bring strong ropes and tie them up to make enough room for Tazias to pass. Hindus had no objection with tying up the branches and untying later after Tazias pass.

He gave another ruling that when one procession was passing the other one would peacefully wait aside and once the first one left the other one would resume. That was a very fair decision, which was honored by both the parties, and the dispute was resolved without any bloodshed. The news reached the British and Mussarat Husain got awards and medals. That was just one incident. He resolved many such sensitive matters successfully during his career.

Personality:

Dadi Zahida told us that her father, though he was a very fair, honest and loving gentleman, but had a strong personality. No disobedience was tolerated from any of his family members. His decision used to be the last, final, confirmed and never changing.

He had three older sons and two younger daughters. Among his offspring, daughters were born, but did not survive. The two daughters, Zahida and Shahida survived after the death of few.

He loved, and was gentle towards daughters. On the other hand, he was very strict and disciplinary towards sons. His sons were Sadaqat Husain, Saulat Husain, and Itaaf Husain, and daughters were Zahida Bano, and Shahida Bano.

Marriage to Mushtaqun Nisa:

Syed Mussarat Husain saw Mushtaqun Nisa for the first time in some gathering and asked the parents and sisters to stop the search and to arrange the marriage with her, though they were distant relatives and she was somewhat older. She was well-known for her beauty, kindness and wisdom. In appearance, she was thin and tall, with blue/green eyes and very fair complexion. Unfortunately, was a patient of Asthma. The sons and the daughters were a picture of looks, beauty, intelligence and wisdom.

For extreme care and love for Mushtaqun Nisa, when Mussarat Manzil, was built in Nehtaur, Mussarat Husain also had Mushtaqun Nisa Manzil built next to it, which had the same size and design. Mushtaqun Nisa Manzil was known as Zanana part of the residence, and was meant to be used by women, so they could observe parda without problems.

Mussarat Manzil and Mushtaqun Nisa Manzil were built identical and also had Panjatan Pak's names: Mohammad (Pbuh), Ali, Fatima, Hassan, Husain were carved on top of the outermost wall. That was the beauty and significance of it. Later when his brother Raffat Husain had Raffat Manzil built he followed the same design and had Panjatan Pak's name carved in the similar way. Unfortunately, that part is currently missing from the title of the house. After Shah Jehan's Taj Mehal, this was another example of a monumental building constructed for the love of wife.

Mushtaqun Nisa was known as Bua Mushtaqun by her nephews, Syed Qasim, Syed Alim and Syed Qaim, who always continued visiting their Bua Mushtaqun's children, Sadaqat, Saulat, Itaaf Husain and daughters Zahida and Shahida Bano in PIB colony Karachi. I saw them visiting many times all through my childhood.

Unfortunately, when Mushtaqun Nisa passed away, Nana Mussarat Husain was almost emotionally lost after. Her daughter Dadi Zahida was married and lived in another city, and when she came to Nehtaur for her mother's funeral, Mussarat Husain found his daughter crying. He said, "Why are you mourning when I am still alive."

Later he became more and more forgetful, seemed to have Alzheimer's, but the disease was unknown then. He did not remember or recognize any one. A fleet of servants took care of him. His children lived in far off provinces and states because of jobs. Brother Raffat Husain who lived around the corner visited frequently. The visitors said that Mussarat Husain used to go and sleep in servant quarters without knowing where he was. It was heartbreaking to hear all this when my Dadi Zahida talked about her father.

He passed away around 1941.



Brother Syed Ghulam Moinuddin Hassan and Nephews and Niece of Mushtaqun Nisa, Nephews Syed Qasim, Syed Qaim and Syed Alim and Niece Akhlaq Fatima. Next Picture, their descendants: Sitting, Asim Zaidi. Mother Razia, father S Alim, NoorAfshan Imam. Standing: Hatim Zaidi, Akram Zaidi, Aslam Zaidi, Khurshid Zaidi, Mustafa Zaidi. Sitting on Floor: Sabiha Essa, Azam Zaidi and Huma Zaidi.



Family group: Dr. NoorAfshan Imam, Farah, Huma Zaidi, Geti Ara Zaidi, Khurram Essa, wife, Mustafa Zaidi, Asim Zaidi, Hatim Zaidi, Rukhi, Mehar, Khurshid Alim Zaidi, Ehtasham Zaidi. Next, Mohiuddin Zaidi and Noor Afza

Mohiuddin Zaidi and Noor Afza:

Some wonderful people are never forgotten. I met them in my Journey of Hajj and received the gracious and kind hospitality from them.

Mamoo Mohiuddin is son of Syed Qaim Husain, who is my grandmother Zahida Bano's cousin, also second cousin of both of my parents. We stayed with them in Khema of Minah with a few months old baby Sumaiya, and they also had a wonderful four year old daughter. He arranged for the travel to Arafat. It was a "never to forget time" that we spent. We are still in touch on Facebook and once in a while receive a call from both of them.

Syed Farhat Husain:

He was twin brother of Mussarat Husain and was a nonidentical twin. He was thinner and weaker by health. There is not much known about him. His house was about the same design constructed about the same time named as Farhat Manzil. He had two sons, Behjat and Bazaat Husain.

Behjat Husain had a son named Wahdat Husain, and he was married to his cousin Baseer Fatima. The second son of Farhat Husain was Bazaat Husain who was married to the cousin Naseer Fatima. They had two daughters known as Baseer Fatima and Rasheed Fatima. Baseer Fatima died of TB, left two kids, Chanda Bi and Basarat Husain. After her death, Wahdat Husain married the younger sister Rasheed Fatima. They had two daughters, Feroza and Farida. Ammi's Khala Naseer Fatima, later lived in Lasbella Karachi, with her daughter and son in law. We visited them frequently until Nani Naseer Fatima passed away in 1979.

Syed Raffat Husain:

He was the youngest son of Ghaziuddin Hassan. He was a Tehsildar and Magistrate in UP. He was married to his cousin Mohibun Nisa. They were my paternal great grandfather and great grandmother.

He also had his house constructed with the same design as Mussarat Manzil and named as Raffat Manzil. I saw pictures and videos, which were sent by relatives still living in Nehtaur. He had a mild nature and with a sense of humor (per Ammi) commonly known as Dade Raffat among grand kids. His sons and daughters were Safiul Hassan (My Dada), Samiul Hassan, Mutiul Hasan, Naseerul Hasan, Hameeda Bano, and Aziza Bano. He lived up to 95 years of age. He refused to migrate to Pakistan when all his children did, and was left alone in Raffat Manzil. Only the sons visited time to time, also taken care of by some old servants. I saw his letters with my grandfather. He was very happy to hear when he got the news about my birth. His classical statement was "ab Mujh per dozakh ki aag Haram ho gai Me ne Par Poti dekh lee." He said that after seeing my pictures. He passed away in 1958.

There was news in the PIB house about his passing, and I being just 4 years old, heard everyone saying that my grandfather lost his father. When I saw my grandfather sitting on the dining table he suddenly covered his face. I saw that and became worried and asked, if he was crying because he lost his father. He said no, he covered his face because he was about to sneeze. It was hard for me to believe, as he wanted me not to worry and instead to laugh.



Year 1901, Raffat Husain with two sons, Safiul Hassan Zaidi the eldest, and Samiul Hassan. Next, Raffat Manzil, in 2011. We saw the videos of inside which shows it is well furnished and well kept.



Raffat Husain in the later age, sitting in Raffat Manzil, having a meal. Next, Raffat Manzil, 2011.
Raffat Mazil's pictures and some family Pictures, sent with the courtesy of Mohsin Zaidi.



Brother, and sister of MohibunNisa, Ghufraan Ahmed and Uroos Fatima, in PIB colony Karachi.
Next picture, MohibunNisa's nephew, Sanaul Hasan with his family in Nehtaur.



Dada Safiul Hasan's Nana and father of his mother Mohibun Nisa. Abdul Ghafoor returned after Hajj in 1883 he was first among Family to go for Hajj. He is in the center with white beard. Next Picture, Syed Ghufraan Ahmed. Daughter Shahida and son Sultan, Standing Safiul Hasan and Furqan Ahmed.

Syed Mohsin Zaidi:

He is grandson of Syed Sanaul Hasan who was nephew of Per Dadi Mohibun Nisa. Mohsin is settled in London, UK. He has three wonderful kids Ruqaiyya, Sumaiya and the son, Syed Ali Hussain Zaidi . He visits Nehtaur frequently. That shows the love for the home town Nehtour. He is son of Syed Yousuf Zaidi, who was Syed Sanaul Hasan's son.



Syed Yousuf Zaidi son of Sanaul Hasan. Mohsin Zaidi's Father. Next, Mohsin Zaidi in Raffat Manzil, 2011



Mohsin Zaidi and kids, Ruqaiyya, Sumaiya, and Syed Ali Hussain Zaidi. Next, Mohsin with family.

TehzeebunNisa:

Ghaziuddin Hassan's daughter TehzeebunNisa, was married to Syed Mazhar Abbass. She became a widow at young age of 25 years with four kids, Shabbar Hassan, Ibne Abbas, Naseer Fatima and Aizaz Fatima who was my Nani. She was famous for her gracious nature and care.

When her brother in law lost his wife, he was left alone, with four very young kids. He gave his sister in law TehzeebunNisa the responsibility of those four, telling her that it was impossible for him to take care of them alone. She kindly took over the care of those kids and raised them as her own along with her own four kids, when she was already a widow.

The names of her brother in law's children were Manzoor Ahmed, Maqsood Ahmed, Shabeeh Fatima and Munir Fatima. The boys were educated from Madarsa e Deoband and girls at home with education of Quran, Bahishti Zewar, and Urdu, reading and writing, and poetry which was considered as a high level of education among girls.



TehzeebunNisa

My Dadi Zahida said that Munir Fatima was so good with poetry from childhood that she remembered most of the poems. Her son Aaqib Rizvi said later that his mother became a poet in later age. These are a few memories about TehzeebunNisa I learnt, and want to share. Her eldest son Shabbar Hassan became very ill with TB. Her youngest daughter Aizaz Fatima, my Nani, started reciting a Jalali Wazifa for his life and health. She was also expecting a baby. Before she could complete that Wazifa there came the time for Khala Masoom's birth, that was her first childbirth, and Wazifa was discontinued. Nana Shabbar passed away soon after that. Khaloo Naseer ul Hassan told me about this happening, who was husband of Khala Masoom.

Her second son Nana Ibne Abbas was married to the cousin, her sister Taqreebun Nisa's daughter, Tashbeeh Fatima. Dadi Zahida told me that she always called Nani Tashbeeh Fatima as Apa, but after her marriage with Bhai Ibne Abbass, her Phuppi Tahzeebun Nisa told her to call Tashbeeh Fatima as Bhabi not Apa. The word Bhabi showed relationship with the brother, Ibne Abbass. She said it could become inauspicious as Nani Tehzeebun Nisa already lost her older son.

My mother, daughter of Aizaz Fatima who called her as Nani Amma, told us that she was the most caring lady when Ammi went to Lucknow to study and lived in her Mamoo Ibne Abbass's house. She used to ask Ammi "Akhtar Doodh Batashe kha le," also Nani Amma made lots of snacks and goodies for her like gond, til ke ladoo and many more to send with

her during her stay in girl's hostel, when she used to return after weekend stay. Ammi said they were always in a large quantity so she could share with her roommates. TehzeebunNisa passed away in 1948.

Taqreebinunnisa:

She was Gaziuddin Hasan's youngest daughter. She was married to Syed Ali Akbar. My grandmother Zahida told me that Phuppi Tahzeebunnisa was very loving but with strong personality, and Choti Phuppi Taqreebunnisa had an extremely mild temper. Her two daughters were Nani Tashbeeh Fatima, married to Nana Inbne Abbass and Nani Mateen Fatima who was married to Nana Manzoor Ahmad who later lived in Domeli Pakistan. Nani Taqreeb also migrated and lived with her younger daughter Mateen Fatima and son in law Manzoor Ahmed, in Domeli Punjab, in Pakistan and died there in 1955. Cousins who went there saw her grave. Shuja told me about it. Imran Matanat Husain has some memory of her, that once when he went to Domeli with his mother, he got burnt in the kitchen and he remember her instructing what to do to help him.

She was the only child of Ghaziuddin Hassan who ever visited Pakistan. Dada Raffat lived until 1958 but never came to Pakistan.

Ashfaaq Husain :

He was the son of Ghaziuddin Hasan and NaimunNisa. They also had a daughter called ShafiqunNisa. Ashfaaq Husain was a Tehsildar, and also built Ashfaaq Manzil in Nehtaur.

He was married to TafrihunNisa and his children were named as TalimunNisa, Ahfazul Hasan, TansihunNisa, and KhaleequnNisa.

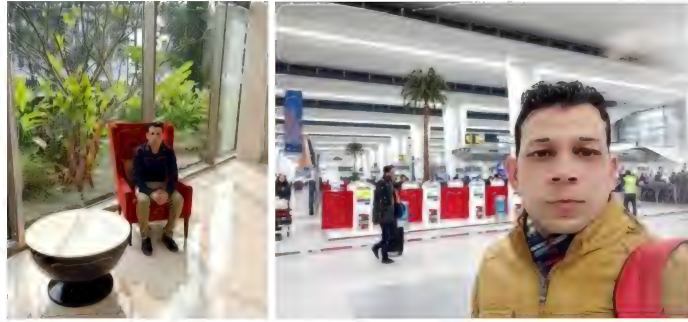
The generation progressed further, but they decided to settle in India. The son Ahfazul Hasan wished to migrate and contacted Nana Ibne Abbass who asked for the help from Nana Saulat Husain but the claim period for transfer of property was over. Dada Ahfazul Hasan had been informed about it, and he decided to stay back in Nehtaur.

Dadi Zahida mentioned about his wife Dadi Nek Akhtar, whom they used to meet in the gatherings in Nehtaur and as young girls, were impressed by her personality and dressing. Dadi Zahida mentioned that Dadi Nek Akhtar arranged gatherings of Majlis and Dadi Shahida as a young girl used to participate and help.

There had been few more generations which passed after that but since they all stayed in India there had been disconnection between the close relatives, who did migrate to Pakistan. For that reason less has been known about each other.

Fortunately Facebook introductions have brought all of us closer and few of the new generations are in touch with us, like Nazish Husain Zaidi, who is my Facebook friend. Other brothers Danish Husain Zaidi, Kashif Husain Zaidi, and Tabish Husain Zaidi, are sons of Ashraf Husain and grandfather was MoAziz Husain. They are friends with my cousins Imran Matanat and Salman Latafat Husain.

Who knows, some day we all will meet and can have a big reunion.



Syed Nazish Husain Zaidi, young descendant of Ashfaaq Husain.

A horrendous murder in Nehtaur:

Dada Safiul Hasan told about a terrible murder in the family around the time period of his youth. It was of his maternal Aunt Atibun Nisa who was his mother's sister and his mother in law too.

It started when she got an invitation for Milad where she went to attend. After the Milad was over and she tried to head back home, the women who were the hosts insisted that she should stay and spend more time with them as they did not get a chance to talk. She did fulfill their wish but then she again tried to go home after a short while. They hid her Burqa as she could not find it where she left, which caused more delay.

Eventually she managed to leave telling them she wanted to do Maghrib after reaching her own house. She entered her house and took a bite on sweets "Mithai" from Milad. There were noises inside and the house was in an upset condition, as if a robbery took place. Her box of very expensive jewelry was empty. She was well known for having the most expensive ones.

Panicked and scared, she came out of the room back in the Sehan to call for help from outside as no one from his sons or family seemed to be at home. The robber ran out from inside toward outside crossing that Sehan. It was said that it may have been one of the distant relatives who was known to be involved in robberies but never caught. The fatal mistake was to call out saying "brother it is you, I recognize you." After this he turned back toward her fast and choked her to death.

A servant walked in and saw this event but froze and hid, as he was too afraid to run out or call for help or try to save her. Later he did not reveal the name saying that the robber's face could not be seen as it was covered while killing. Dadi Atibun Nisa died helpless, it was said she still had the crumbs of Mithai in her mouth.

The family when came home saw a "Naqab" in the back wall of the same room where she had her jewelry kept, which showed that the informers told the robber the correct location. It was a crime where more people must have been involved including some friends. No one got caught or punished. Nehtaur could not ever forget the tragedy.

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Chapter 3

Next Generation

Next came the generation of the descendants of Mussarat, Farhat and Raffat Husain and Tehzeeb and TaqreebunNisa.

Descendants of Mussarat Husain:

He had three sons, Syed Sadaqat Husain, Saulat Husain, and Itaata Husain, and two daughters, Zahida Bano and Shahida Bano.

Syed Sadaqat Husain:

He was the first child of Syed Mussarat Husain. All of Mussarat Husain's children were well-known for complexion, beauty and intelligence. They all were with both brain and beauty, from their mother Mushtaqun Nisa and father Mussarat Husain.

Personality and Career:

Syed Sadaqat Husain worked as an officer in Indian Railway. Because of his looks he was often mistaken as British. He was 6 feet tall, handsome, and pale, with green/blue eyes. He had a very commanding personality, and expected and received complete obedience all his life.

His political views were against Hindu politics and their leaders. Papa said that even during the journey of migration he kept speaking adversely against Nehru and Gandhi which made Papa and rest of the family feel scared for the danger of retaliation from Hindus. The fact was that due to his personality, and especially wearing of dark blue uniform, it made Hindus think of him as British, and British could speak both Hindi and Urdu those days so no one had any doubt or dared to answer back.



Syed Sadaqat Husain, 208 Frere Road house.

He hated Hindu dresses like Dhoti and even Saree, saying unstitched clothing was a sign of uncultured dressing. He made and sent a map of Pakistan to Quaid-e-Azam Mohammad Ali Jinnah and Liaquat Ali about more of the Muslim majority provinces and cities to be included in Pakistan. He was very sad that we got about half of what we should have gotten. He also sent a letter to Liaquat Ali not to visit India, which was scheduled but did not take place because of Liaquat Ali Khan's Shahadat.

Marriage and Kids:

He was very successful with his career, because of his wisdom, and education, but not so fortunate when it came to marriage and kids. He was married to a maternal cousin Ishtiaq Fatima with the nickname Buto. They had a beautiful son together who looked like him as very fair, with blue eyes and golden hair. The child was very dear to him. Sadaqat Husain had to go away frequently on railway trips. Whenever he returned from a long tour, he used to brighten up looking at, and playing with his son.

One day when he returned back from a tour, and called the son with his name, expecting the child to show up running towards him, but that day instead of being able to see his son he got the news that his son had an accident. The child fell from the roof and passed away. It was the shock which became the worst sorrow of his life from which he could hardly ever recover, and neither could he live with his wife any more. He sent her back to her parents. That was not the time of phones. Nobody even sent a telegram to inform him about the death of his son, to prevent the shock when he was gone far away on a tour. He saw the accident as an act of negligence, and could not live with his wife after that.

Dadi Zahida told all about it. The father, Mussarat Husain was very angry for his decision and told the ex-daughter in law to take with her all the jewelry from his side and valuables as much as she wished. Nana Sadaqat seldom visited Nehtaur because father was very angry with him. His ex-wife was welcomed in Mussarat Manzil and she visited whenever she wanted. In the later age when Mussarat Husain was very ill and did not even recognize any one. The ex-daughter in law who lived close by, along with her side of the family, used to come to Mussarat Manzil and took care of her ex-father in law, doing all the necessary tasks, like even cleaning up and feeding him.

She did that as long as he lived. She was a picture of very high morals and decency of character. Dadi Zahida said in fact nobody among the brothers and sisters of Sadaqat Husain ever stopped loving and respecting her. Instead of Bhabi they started calling her Apa.

She got married again, later had two sons. She became a widow later. Her sons lived in Karachi. They also visited PIB colony house to meet all of us.

Sadaqat Husain did marry once again but that marriage did not work either.

After that, he became very attached with siblings and their children, seeing them as his own. He was very possessive too upon them. He did not like hearing the word "No" if he suggested something. They all respected him more than their own parents and were afraid to be a cause of his annoyance. His ex-wife Dadi Buto, was there at the funeral of Sadaqat Husain. My father said that when he went to do salam to her she told him pointing towards Janaza "Makan ke Malik Chale gae."

She kept coming to PIB colony house to live with her ex-husband's siblings, as long as she was healthy enough. I saw her visiting in our house throughout my life until she passed away. She was very close with Dadi Zahida. Dadi Buto had great sense of humor. I always saw her laughing and cracking jokes. Whenever she saw me she called out to me as "Doctor." She said I look and talk like doctors and told Ammi and Papa that they should send me into the medical profession.

Nana Sadaqat was the person who convinced all the siblings to move to Karachi, Pakistan and take early retirements if they had to. One big reason was his own retirement from railway was close and he wanted all of them to go safely across the border when he was still on duty. Otherwise, the trains were very unsafe for common people. They all came through Wagah Boarder but in 1949, when chaos was almost over.

Dadi Zahida and Shahida with their family came with Nana Sadaqat. Nana Saulat went three months earlier through Tharparker Sind/Rajhistan border. He arranged their stay with Nana Itaata. Later, he purchased the house of PIB colony to stay there. He lived only just one year after they moved to that PIB Colony house. He slipped on the wet floor and broke his pelvic bone. The bone never healed. Dadi Zahida said that he complained to doctors that his weight carrying capacity was reduced to the level that he had a year old granddaughter, that was me, and he could not stand holding me in his arms. He used to play with me lying down in his bed with me sitting on his chest. I do not remember seeing him as I was a year old when he passed.

He passed away in 1955 at the age of only 71. He did not like Karachi's weather but happily said that he could never digest cucumber or was allergic but after migrating to Karachi his problem was gone and he could eat cucumbers. The sorrow of his passing away, was felt in the house even years after when I was growing. I heard elders talking about him all the time and still trying to follow the rules that he set.

Syed Saulat Husain:

He was my maternal grandfather and father of six descendants, Masoom Bano, Shaukat Husain, Shujaat Husain, Akhtar Bano, Talat Husain, and Saeed Fatima.

Personality and Career:

He was thin, tall, lean, almost six feet tall, wheatish and fair, with grey eyes. Tehsildar and Magistrate, throughout his career, he was posted in CP, now called as Madhya Pradesh. He had a BA from Muslim University Aligarh. His early studies were from Lucknow. He did Matric in 1911, from Allahabad board Lucknow. He was an expert huntsman and horseback rider and gunman. He was very learned, spoke English proficiently, and was a very education supporting person.

He had all his children become highly educated people of that time. In the process of their education, he sent them to the famous institutes located in big cities and to hostels. Daughters being sent to and studying from such institutes and living in hostels, was very rare in 1930's and 40's. Very religious, I always saw him doing five times prayers in Masjid, even Fajr in winter. Regular with Nafils like Tahajjud, Ishraq and Chasht. He was very religious but in a very liberal way, never as an orthodox. He always wore the red Turkish cap, which suited

his personality. He wore suits when young but Sherwani Kurta Shalwar, in later age, and later always dressed in white. He used to dye his white beard with Mehndi, which was common those days. Later when older, he stopped the Mehndi application and left it all white.



S Saulat Husain. Next, Saulat Husain with son Shujaat Husain and daughter Akhtar Bano Zaidi

There were mostly Hindi medium schools in CP. He first sent Masoom Khala to Hindi medium. Later he sent her to Dehli to live in a hostel to complete her education. In late 1920s people did not care about education of even the boys too much, let alone the girls and to let them stay in hostels away from home to achieve their career. Masoom Khala completed her high school while residing in a hostel until 1936, when she was married. Ammi at first went to a Hindi medium school, but later he sent her to Lucknow because of her Mamoo Ibn-e-Abbass's house was there, and hostel facilities were available through the best girls' school and college in Lucknow, Karamat Husain Girl's School and College.

He sent Shaukat Mamoo at first to Bombay in a convent St. Xavier and Shujaat Mamoo to Lucknow, then both of them to Aligarh University at Dadi Zahida, his sister and Dada Safiul Hasan. Later, Talat Mamoo and Saeeda Khala's education progressed in Karachi after migration, as they were younger. Talat Mamoo received his B.A. and Saeeda Khala her Masters. His children remained punctual with namaz all their lives and strict followers of five pillars of Islam. They were also career wise very successful.

He joined Muslim League and became President of Nehtaur Muslim league after retirement. During his stay in Nehtaur, Muslim league meetings and processions used to start from Mussarat Manzil. Because of his punctuality with namaz even during work hours, it was hard for him to get along with strict Hindus of CP so he took early retirement.

Mussarat Manzil was a comfortable place for weddings, and functions for the relatives in Nehtour, who requested to use it for their celebrations because of its large space. As a courtesy Nana Saulat let the relatives celebrate their happy gatherings there. He even helped with the best food cooked for the function.

Hunting Expeditions:

He told breathtaking stories from his hunting expeditions. He worked all his life in CP, which was rich with jungles and wild life. He was requested to protect the public, of his own or nearby districts to help and kill the predators, wherever there were complaints of deaths and casualties, caused by tigers and leopards, or other wild animals. He kept several very expensive guns, as well as other instruments required for hunting. He used to hunt for the safety of villages, near wild life abundant areas. He was the hero and lifesaver of the local public.

His favorite hunting experiences were those of tigers. There was an expertise and trick that was required and he was the master. Sometimes he took his sons, Shaukat Mamoo and Shujaat Mamoo though they were young. British wanted to learn tiger hunting from him and even went to shikar with him but Nana Jan said they were too cowardly, scared to stay there when a tiger really showed up and roared.

He was also an expert of healing people from snakebite by venom removal. Also known for Jinn removal, those were very common problems among people there in his districts. He helped them heal successfully.

Some of the scary moments came when he was returning from an outdoor expedition on the horseback. It became very dark in the night. Suddenly his horse stopped and refused to move further making horrified noises. Nana Jan jumped off the horse. He suddenly felt a very rough and hard hit on his foot, fortunately, he was wearing heavy full boots, which were always part of his attire. He watched using his torch, a flash light and saw a long large cobra about to make a second attack. Nana Jan crushed the head quickly with his boots. He told me that the foot kept hurting for a while even when the hit was indirect and was only on the boot.

Shaukat Mamoo had been writing about those Shikar expeditions in some English newspapers and magazines, like Morning news, Perspective, which was a journal from Ministry of Tourism and even Life magazine. I can imagine that with the command on English language that Shaukat Mamoo had, all of those prestigious journals had no difficulty accepting his articles.

The tiger hunt procedure was to tie a machan, which was a very strongly tied cloth on the tree top, used for sitting upon and wait there, until late in the night or sometimes all night because tigers are nocturnal so late night is the best time for hunt, with loaded guns. Also, they had to tie a goat or any small animal so the tiger would come to catch the prey. It required extreme degree of patience, strong heart, sometimes more than one day of waiting. When Tiger arrived never to miss a shot, a shoot to kill ,otherwise a wounded beast was even more dangerous.

Nana Jan had stuffed tiger heads and boxes made from animal skin. One of them was from a crocodile that he once hunted. It was a flat and long box. He loved it very much and when I was young, he did not let me climb and jump upon it. All my life, I saw Nana Jan regularly cleaning up and greasing his rifles and guns. He could not bring all but brought a few with him from India. In PIB colony when there used to be too many crows around the house because of his planted trees, he used to shoot some. Until old age his target was so perfect that he could hit a flying bird.

A Fatal Accident:

One day, when lived in Jabalpur India, Nana Saulat was cleaning his guns. A couple of friends who were visiting were with him. The friends were the amateurs, and they were just joking around with the guns. Nana Saulat remembered that he had to go to the train station to pick his sister Zahida Bano and her family who were arriving by train. Nana Saulat was late and he instructed his friends not to fool around with the guns, as one of them was even loaded, as he hunted an animal for food for the guests.

He picked up his sister's family and brought them home in his horse carriage. When they reached back home they all saw the house in complete chaos. One of the friends was shot and almost dead and the other one Nadir Jee was standing with the gun in his hand crying.

The incident happened when one friend jokingly provoked the other that he did not know how to use guns. The other one tried to convince him that he could. The first one insisted that why did he not show how good his target was. The other one pressed the trigger being sure that it would not work with him, but it did work and within few seconds, his friend was shot and fell on the floor, bleeding to death.

When Nana Saulat and Dada Safiul Hasan came home from the station, they saw the friend who was shot, was still alive though had only his last few breaths. The friend asked for a pen and a paper. He wrote down the confession that he was responsible to provoke Nader Jee and it was not Nader Jee's fault but just an accident, so there was no prosecution for Nader Jee. He died soon after that and Nader Jee was cleared and saved from punishment, though never from the guilt.

I heard about this accident from Nana Saulat, Dada Safiul Hasan and later from Shaukat Mamoo, who also told me that he and Masoom Khala were little kids and the sound of the gun shot, and screaming of the people made them so scared that they both were crying out of fear. No one ever forgot about that accident.

A Potentially Dangerous Incident:

In 1973, there was an incident at the PIB Colony house. Nana Saulat saw a crow sitting at the edge of the roof above the kitchen. He took a shot but unclear if his hand moved slightly or there was a problem with the old gun, he missed the target and the bullet went through the window of the kitchen and hit the wall. There was Dadi Shahida getting the food out into plates. Saeeda Khala and I were in the sehan. My Dada Safiul Hasan heard the bullet shot and came out from his room and took the gun away. Dada Safiul Hasan hid the gun and did not give it back. Only I knew where he hid it because he hid it in my room, telling me not to tell anyone. It stayed there until next year when Dada Safiul Hassan passed away in March 1974.

Nana Jan came to my room and took the gun away after my Dada's death. I was surprised that it seemed that he always knew where it was but out of respect towards Dada Safiul Hasan's decision, he did not remove it from where he hid it. Later I saw him cleaning the guns but did not see him using them for shooting.

Saulat Husain's certificate of achievement:



Saulat Husain was trained officially for life saving skills by providing First Aid to injury victim, or to serious illnesses

Travel to Shahdad Pur:

Since our childhood, we saw Nana Jan's travel to Shahdad Pur Sind. It was about six hours of travel by train from Karachi. He used to stay there alone for a week or more, worked upon management of the property, resolved if there was a matter and came back. It happened at least once a month or every two months.

The reason for that travel was that they got the property in return after claim for the property they left in India, owned by their father Mussarat Husain. It was several acres of land, a small house near that land and a big garden full of fruit trees. Every season there was harvest of a large amount of fruit. He took care of the maintenance of the entire property and sold the fruit to the interested dealers, and brought huge baskets full and distributed the fruit and money to his other brother and sisters. That property was sold around 1971, after about 23 years of maintenance when Bhutto came to power and announced to take away the property from landlords, calling it as land reforms.

Living there alone was not an easy job. The house had no electric power, and source of light was lantern. He had a maid servant to cook food who lived there with her husband. The couple was also the guards of that house and the property.

The most exciting part to us as kids was the house was also inhabited by a Jinn. At first Nana Jan learnt about it from the servants but later himself saw him. When I asked, he told me the entire event. One evening after Asr, Nana Jan was getting out from his bedroom for Maghrib, in the veranda he saw a tall human like figure with a beard and dressed in white. Nana Jan who was one brave soul walked towards him and asked who he was. As soon as got closer that figure disappeared. Nana Jan became sure that it was that Jinn about whom he heard from others, but was not scared of his presence in the house at all. He continued visiting Shahdadpur like always for years and Jinn and Nana Jan always lived

peacefully in the same house without ever causing any harm to each other. My cousins, Shujaat Mamoo's sons also went there. They did not see the Jinn, though knew about his presence. Nana Jan knew how to recite the Wazifa for snakebite treatment and even Jinn removal. That gave him more strength with his already gallant personality.

Exercise and workout:

Another of Nana Jan's qualities was to exercise for a few hours every morning after Fajar prayers. He followed a famous book Todd-Mclean Physical Collection and remained healthy for 97 years of his life. Next was gardening and watering the trees in our bagh of the PIB colony house.

He planted Neem, which grew largest, and Guava, Bananas, Sharifa, Shahtoot, Papaya, and flowers like Jasmine and Bela, Raat ki rani, Mehndi tree. Dada Safiul Hassan planted Gold mohar, Amaltas, Badam, Kachnar, and Haar Singhar, which were very rare species of trees. Flowers and trees in PIB were the ones which we never saw anywhere else. The vegetable like Kachnar gave so much fruit that we shared among all the relatives and neighbors.

His eating habits were very simple but healthy. He did love sweets and snacks like Jalebi but colorless one. He used to bring a basket full from Shahdad Pur trips, which were made especially for him, and he shared them with everyone.

He was a complete patriot when it came to country and religion. One of our younger servants joined the army and started training while still living in our house. Nana Saulat told all the family members to treat him in an especially respectful way as the servant got the rank of Ghazi in Islam and he was superior than rest of us. Whenever he saw a young man sitting idle, talking around or listening to music Nana Jan stopped by and advised "Go and get Bait ul Muqaddas liberated, it is you Qibla e Awwal and captive, how could the youngsters waste time when Muslims are suffering."

Dadi Zahida talked about the last day of Nana Saulat, when he was in the hospital bed. Family, like sisters, sons and daughters went to see him. He was very ill, but when he saw them, he smiled. Dadi Zahida said that was the last smile that she saw from Manjhle Bhai. After they left, soon after that they got the news of his passing away. In 1987 he passed away at the age of 97 years. I got that news when I was in Rochester NY.

Marriage:

He was married to his cousin, Aizaz Fatima. She was his Phuppi, Tehzeebun Nisa's youngest daughter.

Aizaz Fatima:

She was educated with all the criteria necessary for home education for women those days. She was famous for her sewing, cutting and designing skills. Dadi Zahida said absolutely no one could match her skills with needles, or could sew better. She was an expert of crochet and embroidery. I have a few of her crochets, which Ammi gave me. Ammi learnt it from her and was also great with crochet, embroidery and knitting. Ammi taught me embroidery and later to Sumaiya too, who is excellent with embroidery and beadwork.

Nani Jan was the best cook and though she had a whole group of servants, she still loved to do specials with her own hands. She was an expert of jams and jellies, achar, chutneys and murrabba. She lived like a queen during the times of Nana Jan's prestigious jobs. After some time she developed an illness of heart disease, which lead to enlargement of the heart. The condition was undiagnosed so became worse with time because untreated.

When Ammi came home to Nehtaur, after passing school from Lucknow she found her family in bad shape. Her mother was not well and two younger siblings, Talat Mamoo about seven years old and Saeeda Khala just three years old were suffering because of this. She immediately took charge. She took admission to college so she started her BA from Aligarh Muslim University as private candidate. She passed college very easily because she found Aligarh board easier than Allahabad board where she had come from.

When I was born, Nani Jan was ill and Nani Naseer Fatima her older sister stayed with Ammi at the hospital. Later Nani Aizaz Fatima loved to hold me and tell Ammi "Akhtar is ki nak khari kia kar" and she used to straighten up my nose, which looked chubby, as I was an infant. Another important memory told to me was that she used to hold me and carry on with a fast walk within the room. It scared my paternal grandmother Zahida Bano who was younger and thought that because Nani Jan was ill so what if I get dropped from her hands. So she used to walk side by side in case if she drops me Dadi Zahida could catch. This annoyed Nani Jan and without saying anything, she started walking even faster so much so that Dadi Zahida had to run to catch up her speed. She said that when Bhabi use to get very tired she use to sit down with shortness of breath and Dadi used to take me away from her.

What an interesting tug of war for a grandchild between Nani and Dadi. I was first grandchild to Dadi Zahida so it was no wonder she was more possessive. Nani Aizaz Fatima passed away in 1954, when I was three months old.

Syed Itaat Husain:

He was the third son of Mussarat Husain. His children are Naushaba Burney, Khalid Husain, Raana Jafer, Javed Husain, Mujahid Husain, Ameena Saiyd, and Naved Husain. All highly educated and had great careers.

Personality and career:

He was tall, fair, humble, good looking and with high intellect. He was highly educated with the most superior degrees of India like, Masters which was highest and rare those days. He also had a degree in Law as well as, passed competition exams of civil services. Parents and siblings were proud of his achievements.

Marriage:

My Dadi Zahida, his younger sister told us that he was the most eligible bachelor of Nehtaur and their parents were tired of receiving interests from parents of the unmarried girls approaching them directly and indirectly. No one was good enough for his standards. Later he was married with Nani Nafees Fatima, youngest daughter of Deputy Sagheer Husain.

Nana Itaaf, was placed at different provinces during his career in CP and UP both. One most interesting story shared by Dadi Zahida and later even confirmed by Ammi was that one time for the job he was staying in Naagpur. That was the time of Naagpur, known for a Sufi saint Nagi baba. Though Nana Itaaf did not believe at all on Peeri Faqeer but the popularity of Nagi Baba was a little different from others. Naagi Baba did not allow people to be his disciples and discouraged them.

Nana Itaaf out of curiosity went there to see him. He saw Nagi Baba sitting there, with his head down without being responsive to even salam or anyone calling his name. The people were talking about him, that he never even looked up no matter how much people called to him, but it was a belief that if he ever put his head up and laid eyes upon anyone that person used to get all the success in all walks of life, and always reached highest ranks. Nana Itaaf told Dadi Zahida that as soon as he entered and settled, Nagi Baba suddenly put his head up and looked at him, without even his calling Nagi Baba. People sitting there were stunned to see that happening and congratulated Nana Itaaf who was not even the believer of such things.

Another famous tale about Nagi Baba was that later on when people's faith made Nagi Baba very popular. British found him as a threat, arrested him and put him in jail. Nagi Baba was sitting peacefully in the jail, in the same manner with his head and eyes down, as nothing bad has happened. His followers were protesting outside the jail. Nagi Baba, was kept tied with chains. Sometime later, he stood up and started walking. Police as well as British present at the site were surprised and scared to see that the chains started falling down breaking on their own, and when he walked towards the door, the door of the prison opened itself and nobody could dare stop him. Nagi Baba walked out as a free man. British never ever found or could arrest him again.

Later Nana Itaaf was posted in Dehli. He had a glorious career and was famous, for his wisdom, intelligence and achievements. He received the high ranks and titles like "Khan Bahadur." Nana Saulat teasingly used to call him by his title Khan Bahadur, not by his name. I heard that too and asked my Dada Safiul Hasan why that was. He smiled and said it was a joke between two brothers.

My Dada has written Nana Itaaf Husain's name with his title Khan Bahadur in his version of Shajra. I saw that written there. Another incident that my grandmother told to us, was near the time of partition when there were riots in Dehli, more so than elsewhere. One morning, when Nani Nafeesa, came out of the house to get something, she saw a strange looking mark on the outer wall of their house. She checked and found a similar mark on the few other houses, though not there on some. She put two and two together, and realized that the houses which had the mark were actually Muslim's houses.

She immediately told Nana Itaaf about the critical nature of the situation and that very same day, they traveled to Nehtaur, their hometown. The same night there had been a deadly raid in that neighborhood by the Hindus. They later found out about it. Very soon, they moved to Karachi, Pakistan in 1947. Itaaf Husain resumed his position with civil services. He reached to the highest ranks and positions as well in the new country. He introduced lot of people during his career, who later reached to the highest positions. One of them was Agha Shahi, who needed no introduction, also Farhat Ali who lived in PIB colony, who later became an Ambassador in Thailand, Bangkok, and there were many others too.

In 1954, Nana Itaat Husain went to USA with family. He was appointed as Consulate General. They lived there for a few years and came back to Karachi.

All the children got higher education in USA. There was an accident with Ameena Khala who fell from multi story building but was miraculously safe. Nana Sadaqat passed away in the duration. After their return from USA, they lived in PIB colony for a short while, but moved out to their own new residence, as soon as they had one. I remember seeing them when I was young. The family frequently visited the siblings and cousins living in PIB, after they moved and vice versa. There had been marriages in the family and the most memorable ones were of Nana Itaat's children. He retired in 1958 and performed Hajj in 1968. Later all four brothers and sisters use to meet on almost weekly basis in PIB colony and talked for several hours. It felt very good to see them sitting and talking about their



Itaat Husain and Nafeesa Itaat with family: Naushaba, Guddu, Mujahid and Naved Husain. Next, A picture from USA with Itaat Husain, Naushaba Burney, Nafeesa Itaat, and Raana Jafer. A gathering with US diplomats.



Nafeesa Itaat and Itaat Husain. This picture was sent to Dada Safiul Hasan from California. Next, with grandkids

childhood and sharing memories. We always prayed for their health and long lives. Even by listening to them, so much information was given, that I could write another book.

My Dada Safiul Hasan used to be a part of those meetings with them too, but he passed away in 1974. Meetings continued for a decade after that. Nana Itaat got more

forgetful and diagnosed with Alzheimer's. The meetings became less frequent and then completely stopped, as Nana Saulat then Dadi Shahida passed away.

Nana Itaata remained ill for a few years, and in later age, Alzheimer's progressed to the degree that he did not recognize any one. Papa visited regularly, sometimes daily, doing vital signs checkup. Farah drove with him too. Nana Itaata Husain passed away, and a chapter of glory has ended.



Two brothers Saulat and Itaata Husain on Eid day in PIB colony Karachi, 1968. Next, the Nephew, Sabihul Hasan, doing a checkup for his uncle Itaata Husain in his later age.



Itaata Husain, Agha Shahi, with foreign delegates.

Nafeesa Itaat Husain:

Nana Itaat was married to Nafees Fatima, a very dignified and loving person. She was well-known for her care for the family members and helping them at the time of need. She was educated with all the education of the time but also with English by a British tutor. I always saw her in beautiful Sarees with matching purse, but later in Shalwar Qamees.

She was a great administrator of the Itaat Husain household and discipline with their children. When they returned from USA, I was already born. She brought wonderful dresses for me, which I wore until later. One was pink and another one red, I still remember them and they were my favorite. I also have pictures with the dolls they brought for me.

Whenever there was a wedding in our family, because of her experience and great taste, Dadi Zahida and Shahida, even Ammi used to take her for shopping to help select the jewelry and clothing for the brides, including for Papa, Chacha Wajihul Hasan, Rehana Phuppi, Farzana and Shahana Phuppi, Saeeda Khala, Shaukat and Talat Mamoo's weddings. My engagement ring was selected by Nani Nafeesa, who did the selection for the best quality diamond, and design.



Nafeesa Itaat Husain. Next, with her children, Naushaba, Raana, Ameena, Naved, Javed, and Mujahid Husain

She used to arrange big gatherings of relatives with the best food and introduce people with each other by calling their names to come on the stage and tell about themselves. She also allowed them to perform with their special talent on the stage. Those gatherings were one of a kind.

Nafeesa Itaat Husain as a Poet and Writer:

Nani Nafeesa was also a poet, and had written a book of beautiful poems "Mera Paigham Muhabbat he." The book has wonderful poems based upon multiple subjects.

She took care of Nana Itaat in the end with his illness, with lots of devotion when he progressively developed Alzheimer's over the course of years. She passed away in 2003. My sister Farah was their family favorite and she shared with me a whole lot of memories.

Other famous writers of our family: In the Hyder family, there were other famous writers, who were a high standard of professional authors.

Sajjad Hyder Yaldaram:

Born in 1880, in Zila Jhansi. He was son of Jalal Hyder. His other brothers were Naseeruddin and Waheeduddin and Ajaz Hyder. He was educated with BA LLB. Later, he worked as a registrar in Aligarh Muslim University. His writings involved afsana, and short stories as well as translations from Turkish literature. His writings were included in the syllabus of Urdu language courses in Matric and Intermediate Urdu classes in Pakistan. His daughter was a famous writer, Quratain Hyder, and a son Syed Mustafa. He passed away in 1943 in Lucknow. His wife Nazar Sajjad was also a writer.

Quratul Ain Hyder:

She was born in 1927 in Aligarh. She did BA from Dehli and MA from Lucknow. Later the family migrated to Pakistan. She is famous for her great novels. Her novels were excellent with the story plot but were educational with the history and culture. Her writings are internationally known, and translated in other languages. Movies and TV serials were based upon her famous stories. Some of her books are listed as Aag ka Darya, Kar-e-Jehan Daraz he, Agle Janam mohe bitya na kijo, among others. Each of her books is a masterpiece.

She ended up with a conflict with Ayub Khan Government. The conflict was upon some parts of Aag ka Darya. It was banned in Pakistan and she had to leave back to India. Qurat ul Ain was settled in Bombay. It was recommended by Pundit Nehru. She lived until 2007 in Bombay before passing away. In 1962, Mamoo Talat Husain who worked for PIA went to Bombay, and he visited Ainee Apa. He was very impressed by her hospitality as she insisted his stay in her house and did not let him stay anywhere else.



Waheeduddin Hyder, Naseeruddin Hyder and Sajjad Hyder, three brothers , 1917. Ajaz Hyder is not in this Picture



Quratul Ain Hyder, mid 1950's, known in our family as Ainee Apa.



Sajjad Hyder Yaldaram

Photo of a Memorable Event:



Governor General Khwaja Nazimuddin in our family Wedding in PIB colony, Ayesha Siddiqa and Haroon Rashid's daughter Kishwar and Ramzan Hyder's Wedding.

Syeda Zahida Bano:

She was the older daughter of Mussarat Husain and younger than three brothers. She survived after passing of a few daughters, who were sadly grieved by Mussarat Husain. He had a wish to have daughters. Sometimes he kept looking at the clothing of his daughters who died in infancy. Zahida Bano, was dearly loved and was cared about by the father, mother, brothers and the rest of the family.

When she grew up she was married to Syed Safiul Hasan, paternal first cousin. She was mother of two sons, Syed Sabihul Hasan and Syed Wajihul Hasan, both doctors. She did have another son, Zakiul Hasan who died of Typhoid fever at the age of 17, in 1946, and a daughter Fakhira who died at the age of only 3 months in 1932.

Dadi Zahida Bano was treated like a queen by husband Safiul Hassan, and further by her two sons Sabihul Hasan and Wajihul Hasan who never let her step down from the rank of a queen.

Personality and Education:

She had a snow white complexion, could be mistaken for white race, petite, delicate, and thin. Very beautiful, with curly hair (Papa, Chacha and even I have inherited her hair). She was educated with Quran, Urdu reading and writing, and Gulistan Bostan (Persian). There was a funny story that she amusingly used to tell, was when Nana Mussarat wanted to teach English to his daughters. Dadi Zahida said that she had no aptitude or desire. It became Nana Itaat, her brother's duty to teach English to the sisters.

Dadi Zahida said when she made mistakes, Chote Bhai Jan use to give a little slap on the head and pull to her ears. She said it made no difference and she did not go beyond the alphabets and short sentences. She said Dadi Shahida was better with learning English and even at a later age, she could read headlines of English newspapers in India and later Dawn newspaper in Karachi.



Bali Zahida Bano 1901. Next Picture, Zahida Bano with her husband and three sons, Sabih, Wajih and Zaki.



Very memorable group: Sitting: Safiul Hasan, Zahida Bano, Shahida Bano, Zeenat Begum, Mutiul Hasan, Surraiya, Sofia, nieces of Zeenat Begum. Standing: Wajihul Hasan, Shaukat Husain, Sabihul Hasan. Kids on the floor are: Rehana, Farzana, Shahana and Zakiul Hasan, 1940s. Next, Zahida Bano in 1937, her classical attire.

She said that all the girls of her age used to do sewing by hand only, they were well-trained with cutting and sewing but it took a very long time to make a dress. It was in 1915 - 1920 time-period when sewing machines were introduced and gained popularity in India. Nana Mussarat ordered a sewing machine for his daughters. Dadi Zahida and Shahida were young unmarried girls. The problem was that nobody knew how to operate the machine. Nana Mussarat arranged a tailor to come and teach them, but the girls could not learn directly from the tailor because of very strict observation of parda. He made it his son, Nana Saulat Husain's duty, to first learn it from the tailor and then train his sisters how to use it. Nana Jan did a very good job, and did not rest until his sisters learnt how to operate the machine.

Whenever the girls wanted to have new gold jewelry the jeweler used to come and sit at home to make it. That way the girls could ask him to make changes if they did not like the design. It always used to be Nana Saulat's job to be the interpreter and the one

watching upon the jeweler, so he could not cheat and mix some other metal into gold. One day the jeweler joked that he being an honest person, and because he always worked for Mussarat Husain's family, so out of goodness of heart, he did not do any cheating, otherwise he did know all the tricks that if he intend to do any mixing, Nana Saulat would never be able to know or figure out that he cheated.

Parda Observation:

The most important thing Dadi Zahida talked about was observation of parda, which had painfully strict rules. They observed it for all “Na Mehram” relatives within the house but when travelling outside the house it was more difficult. She said if they ever had to go for some gatherings and functions they needed to go by palki or doli, and long distances by tanga, which was all covered.

The palki, was carried by men called “Kahars.” It was against the rules of parda for men to even know the weight of the non-mehram females. To prevent that, maidservants used to put heavy stones in Palki, before the ladies of the house even step in. When walking from the door towards Palki few maids used to make a curtain with a sheet holding it from two sides and the ladies of the house walk into palki walking under cover, without even accidentally been exposed to Kahars, the palki carrying men.

The gatherings used to be males and females seated in completely different rooms or units, so females had no prohibitions to wear any kind of outfits. Of course travelling was in a covered palki wearing burqa.

Outfits and Fashions:

Female gatherings were completely without male admission, so the outfits could be made of any fabric or of net, with lots of gota, zari, kamdani or embroidery. Popular hairstyles used natural beauty of hair, always long hair designs of choti or meeri, and buns were in fashion. The makeup had natural beauty enhancing items like ubtan, missi, and dandasa. She spoke about Bhabi Nek Akhtar, wife of cousin brother Ahfazul Hasan who was son of her Taya Ashfaaq Husain, as the most fashionable lady of her times. Young girls use to copy her dressing. Being heavy and fat was fabulous and was fashionable. The fashion was to look chubby. My grandmother said that cosmetics such as lipsticks and various versions of powder, were introduced by British fashion designers but only sold in big cities like Bombay and Dehli.

In 1925, Dada Safiul Hasan had the most stylish high heel shoes ordered for Dadi Zahida and some make up items from Bombay, which she did not end up preferring too much, especially since high heel shoes were hard for her to wear. She said that the cost of those heeled shoes was 25 Rupees, which was a very expensive amount in 1925. Some people had their salary for the whole month lower than that. She was simple but had to dress appropriately according to her father's, later her husband's and then sons' status.

She was excellent with cutting and sewing specially ghararas. A lot of people even some female tailors learnt from her how to cut and sew gharara. She often wore gharara suits. She wore cotton Gharara for summer, and for winter linen, flannel or velvet ones.

Marriage and Children:

She was married to her first cousin Syed Safiul Hasan, son of Raffat Husain, her paternal uncle. Dada Safiul Hasan was previously married to daughter of his maternal aunt, Ateeban Nisa, named Badarun Nisa, who had TB and passed away without any children. His second marriage took place with Zahida Bano, who was very young. He was also a Tehsildar and Magistrate in UP. He received BA, LLB from Aligarh Muslim University.

She had two sons, Sabihul Hasan and Wajihul Hasan. Two children Zakiul Hasan and Fakhira died young. She was cared about and respected by her husband, which was a family tradition. She received a heavy amount of gold from her father's side but Dada Safiul Hasan loaded her with gold from head to toe. Her foot jewelry pazeab, which was commonly made of silver, was made of heavy 24 karat gold for her. Those Pazeab were so beautiful, that could be used as necklaces. Daughter in law Chachi Nabiha received one, and granddaughter Arifa received the other. I have inherited some other items, as well as all her children and grandchildren, even grandson's wives received some.

When Dada Safiul Hasan was a Tehsildar, for the daily meal the butcher used to bring a group of the best and healthiest goats to their house for Dadi Zahida, to choose from her favorite among goats, and the butcher used to send the meat of that same goat to their house. She did not have to go to the kitchen, and just ordered what had to be cooked, and it was done by the best and trained chef.

She told me that she had an Angithi, the portable stove, which was kept in her room, so if she wished to cook some thing or a sweet dish she could cook. Later her sons Papa and Chacha kept on with the tradition. She was such an excellent cook, that one time when she came to visit me and my husband Salim in Islamabad, she decided to cook something for Salim. She cooked chops that Salim brought and Salim still remember it as best tasting food. Whenever we visited her in Lahore at our Chacha Wajihul Hasan's house, she always made some sweet dish. Chana ki dal ka halwa, which nobody could make like she did. She always made it especially for Salim.

Chacha Wajihul Hasan moved to Lahore in 1962 after he got a job there, and lived alone in a very large house so Dadi Zahida moved to Lahore around 1964 to stay with him and took care of him and his household. She used to visit Karachi frequently as Dada Safiul Hasan did not want to move to Lahore because he loved staying with Papa and us.

Hair Dye Fun:

There is another funny memory when once Dadi Zahida came to visit us in Karachi. Papa thought that her hair looked too grey for her age. He persuaded her that he wanted to dye her hair. She kept refusing until she finally ended up agreeing. As soon as he was done applying dye, he and everyone realized that her face swelled up. She was allergic to that dye. After the dye was washed off, Papa got an ear full of scolding from his mother. The trouble did not end there. That evening within a couple of hours of this happening, Nana Itaati and his family came to meet Dadi Zahida as they got the news that she had arrived in Karachi.

She became so embarrassed that her hair was dyed too dark, and her face was so swollen up. Dadi Shahida covered her face with a big dupatta, which covered the hair. As soon as Nana Itaati laid eyes on her, he said, "Zahida your health has improved

tremendously, while living in Lahore. Your face has never looked so fresh and chubby.” None of us could stop laughing and Dadi Zahida disclosed the entire story to him. We kept remembering this for years.

Music:

Dadi Zahida, had great interest in listening to music, especially movie songs of her times, the radio was always on. She and Dadi Shahida liked the movies too and sometimes talked about actors and actresses of 1940s, 50s and 60s. They regularly read newspapers and news of all kind, politics as well as movies. She asked me to sing some favorite songs when I was a child and liked my singing so much that she wished if there could be a way that I get trained. She said that if get proper training by a good Ustad or teacher I had the talent to be better than many professional and very popular singers. Of course, it was not possible in this family of Shajra holder Syeds and most religious Molvies, so her thinking remained just a thought. Songs of 1950s movies like Madhumati and Mughal-e Azam songs were their favorite. The two sisters Dadi Zahida and Shahida, enjoyed and laughed upon “Papi Bichuwa” song a lot.

Political maturity and interest in Newspapers and Magazines:

Favorite ones were Jung when in Karachi, Nawa-e-Waqt when in Lahore and Nai Roshni for picture stories. She also read current Urdu magazines of 1950s and 1960s, 70s, 80s and 90s, and never stopped reading until her last age.

Dadi Zahida was not just a very keen newspaper reader but her reading made her a very good political analyst too. Once in late '79, when Salim and I were in Lahore, she saw the morning paper and read the headlines that Iraq had launched more new and deadly attacks on Iran. She said very sadly, “next news will be that Israel has attacked Iraq and will cause destruction.” Chacha Wajihul Hasan was at the table too, but he was not convinced and asked how did she know, “Israel was not even involved in that war, why would they like to attack?”

The next day, when we were again at the breakfast table and saw the newspaper headline, everybody was stunned to read the headline that Israel attacked and destroyed Iraqi atomic /nuclear plant. We have never seen even the best war analyst’s predictions to be so true and so soon. When we asked Dadi Zahida how she saw that coming, she said she only remembers lines from Quran that whenever two Muslim brothers fight, some non-Muslim from outside is sent by Allah to punish them. She said the similar rule, could be applied for two Muslim countries, and Israel happened to be the one who was sent to punish Iraq and Iran. If we all start referring to Quran for answers for our everyday problems, we will get perfect solutions.

Religious values:

She was extremely pious and religious. I have seen her spending few hours after Tahajjud and Fajr, reciting Quran. She liked doing it with some Qirat. I loved it when she did Qirat. Once I tried to go and watch when she was reciting her daily Surah, the long ones like Surah Yasin and Surah Rahman. I saw she was doing by eyes closed with no book in front.

I was surprised and later asked her how could she do long ones without looking. She said because she had even longest Surahs memorized, and that was because she was reciting them every day since childhood so automatically and effortlessly that they were memorized. I was impressed, by her values.

She came back from Lahore to PIB colony house in 1988 permanently, and lived there for the last 10 years of her life. Her brothers Nana Saulat passed away in 1987, Dadi Shahida in 1990, in the month of March. Then Nana Itaaf after being bed-ridden passed away.

The last time I met her was in 1996 when I went to Karachi. She was very happy to see me, and my children all grown up. When she saw Sumaiya who was about 15 years old she said Sumaiya was her replica and looked exactly like Dadi Zahida when she was 15. What a complement for my daughter.

She was very thin and weak in 1996 but still had excellent memory and presence of mind. She held my hand and realized I was wearing a ring. She looked at it smiled and said, "Oh you are wearing your engagement ring." At that age it would not be a surprise if she forgot who I was, let alone she remembered details about my engagement ring. That was the example of kind of love and care she had for me and all her grandchildren and great grandchildren.



Dadi Zahida in PIB colony. Next, at her Quran reciting session in Lahore

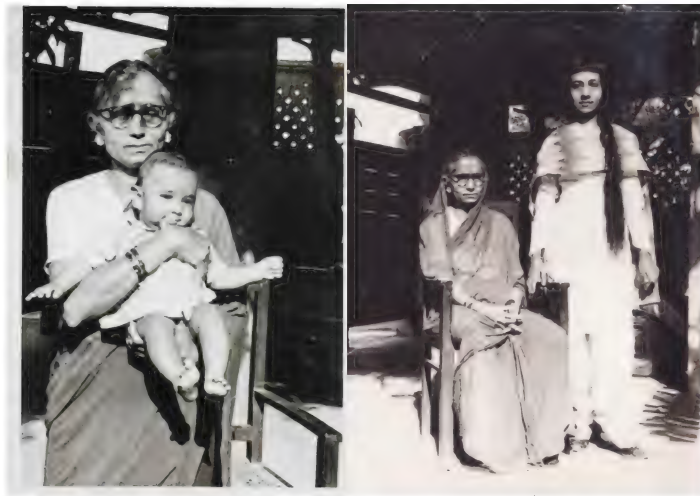
She was last of her siblings, after losing all of them, for the next few years of her life, she was surrounded, by sons, daughter in law, and grandchildren. She finally passed away in 1998 at the age of 98 years. I was at work in the University of Rochester when got the news of Amma's departure, pointless to say how sad it felt. I called Dadi Zahida as Amma all life as it was her wish, and called my Dada as Abba. We were so used to of having Amma as a treasure that it felt worst living without her.

That was the last one of Mussarat Husain and Mushtaqun Nisa's children to pass away. It was the day of Ashura 10th Muharram.

Syeda Shahida Bano:

Shahida Bano was youngest daughter of Syed Mussarat Husain. She was married to Syed Masood Husain. Children are Rehana Zaheer Ahmed, Farzana Saeed, and Shahana Saud. She had an oldest daughter Tahira who passed away at the age of four.

She was my father's beloved and only aunt (Khala Jan) so we the kids, had been taught to call her as Dadi, and Dada Masood as Dada, and Shahana, Farzana and Rehana as Phuppi. Though they were cousins to my mother too so could easily be called as Khala. We called our real Dadi and Dada as Amma and Abba, so the words "Dada and Dadi "were only designated to Dadi Shahida and Dada Masood.



Shahida Bano with Grandson Saad. Next, Shahida Bano and Shahana Saud



Sisters, Zahida Bano and Shahida Bano in PIB Colony.



Dadi Shahida hospitalized, visit from Rani Khala and Ameena Khala.

Personality and Education:

She was also very fair with rose red complexion, like Mushtaqun Nisa's all other children. Naved Chacha, Nana Itaat's youngest son called her as "Lal Amma," as red mother for her reddish complexion and Dadi Zahida as "white Amma" because of her snow white complexion. It was so funny, because he was a baby and had such a great sense of observation.

She was thin, petite, beautiful, strong willed and straightforward. She was hardworking and expert of household, like sewing and cooking. She always had a chef. She trained many of the chefs with her best cooking skills, because of her high standard, even her chef cooked better tasting food than other siblings' chefs.

When she was born she was so weak and thin that the midwife (dai) who were better trained than many of today's nurses, or even doctors, strongly advised that she should be kept in a closed box with bundles of cotton (rooi), the box was kept next to Mushtaqun Nisa. It was only opened to feed her or for the necessities. It was old version of an incubator of 1905, something that the world started using decades after. Months passed, when it was safe to come out from her homemade incubator, her father, Mussarat Husain, celebrated by distributing sweets everywhere. Just two of the daughters survived so were very dear to the father and mother and to the three brothers.

All my life the kind of love that I have seen in Nana Mussarat Husain's sons and daughters, never seen in any other siblings of the family.

She as well was educated with Quran, Bahishti Zever, Urdu reading and writing, Persian through Gulistan Bostan, and even English. She could easily read headlines of Dawn newspaper. She knew about word construction by spellings. It was very rare among women of her times.

She always wore no other kind of dressing but Sarees, and just like older sister Dadi Zahida wore just Gharara suits, but in the last few years of their lives they both started wearing Shalwar Qamees suits for convenience.

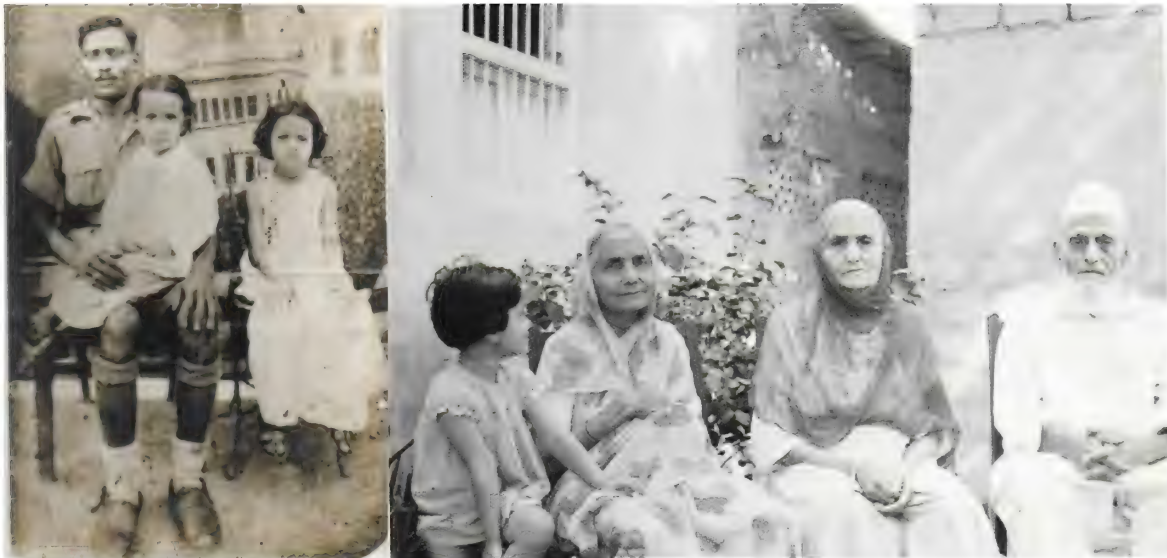
I remember bringing a Shalwar Qamees suit for Dadi as a gift when first saw her wearing those. She immediately took it to the tailor and got it stitched and in next few days, I saw her wearing it. I got tears in my eyes that she honored my gift.

We lived together and learnt from her for all the years of our life as long as we lived in PIB colony and loved her no less than our own grandmother Dadi Zahida.

She as an unmarried girl used to take care of Papa whenever Dadi Zahida visited Mussarat Manzil, and made beautiful embroidered clothing for him. Dadi Zahida said that after returning home with Papa as a baby, he would give her a hard time, asking for his Khala Jan. One time when Dadi Zahida was returning back, by train to her house at another city, where she lived, she had with her Sagheeri Bano, also travelling by the same train. She was Dada Masood's mother and became Dadi Shahida's Mother in law later. She told Dadi Shahida that her baby nephew cried for her all through the train journey calling for Khala Jan.

All her daughters were highly educated, as Rehana Phuppi became a doctor from Dow Medical College, and went to work in Nigeria before marriage. Dada Masood went with her. Later she was married to Dr. Zaheer Ahmed who had a PhD from Germany. They went and worked abroad almost all their lives. Farzana and Shahana phuppi did B.Ed and made careers with teaching profession.

Dada Masood passed away in 1980 when I was in UK. Dadi who was alone in her family, instead of running her separate household, moved in with Papa and lived with him per his wish. Later in 1983, she went to England to visit Farzana Phuppi. She got the diagnosis of cancer. She decided to get it operated in Karachi. It went fine for a few years but came back in 1989, when I was back from USA. Farah took care of her until last days. Dadi Shahida passed away in 1990 at the age of 82. Until her last breath in dizziness, she was calling Farah's name. Dadi Zahida was still alive, and missed her sister terribly.



Masood Husain, with daughters Farzana and Shahana. Next Picture, Shahida Bano, Zahida Bano, Saulat Husain with Farzana Phuppi's daughter Fatima, PIB Colony, 1977

Children of Farhat Husain:

He was the twin of Mussarat Husain and son of Ghaziuddin Hassan. He had two sons. Older son was Behjat Husain and the younger one Bazaat Husain.

Behjat Husain:

He was referred to as Bhai Behjat by my grandmother Zahida. She told us that he visited Mussarat Manzil frequently, as Farhat Manzil was very close. He married a Hindu lady that he loved, and she converted into a Muslim. Her new name was Rahim Bi.

My Dadi said that her mother MushtaqunNisa helped every family member to understand the situation and to accept the new daughter in law. Everyone lived peacefully because of MushtaqunNisa's kindness, goodness of heart and wisdom. The couple lived happily. They had a son called Wahdat Husain.

In her later age Rahim Bi even performed Hajj, which was very rare due to travelling problems even for men those days. Her sister Pindya also converted and married a Muslim. My grandfather Safiul Hasan mentioned that Rahim Bi was very polite and soft speaking and that was her big quality. She had very good and courteous manners too. He gave her a title "Chaturiya" (which meant very smart lady), and had written a poem about her as "Chaturiya Nama."

Bazaat Husain:

He was the second son of Farhat Husain. He was married to his Phuppi TehzeebunNisa's daughter Naseer Fatima. They had two daughters Baseer Fatima and Rasheed Fatima. Ammi's Khalazad cousins. We all loved Khala Rasheeda.



A memorable photo: Wahdat Husain, the father Behjat Husain, Safiul Hasan, Mutlul Hasan, Bazaat Husain



Behjat Husain with son Wahdat Husain and his daughters Feroza and Farida, and Chanda

Wahdat Husain:

He was the only son alive of Behjat Husain. He was married to his cousin Baseer Fatima, daughter of his uncle Bazaat Husain. They had two children Basarat Husain and Chanda Bi. Unfortunately, Baseer Fatima passed away at young age due to TB, so Rasheed Fatima the younger sister got married to him. They had two daughters Farida and Feroza.

After migrating to Pakistan in claim of their father's property, they received two houses in Lasbella area of Karachi, where we frequently visited them and vice versa.

Khaloo Wahdat was a regular Sunday visitor to PIB Colony. We kids were used to seeing him in our house since childhood. He was very free and frank by nature. Dadi Zahida said when he was a little boy he used to come to Mussarat Manzil frequently, and always asked her "Phuppi make ande ka halwa" for him. My Dadi said that her mother Mushtaqun Nisa asked her to make it right away for the young nephew. When he visited PIB seeing Dadi Zahida, he said he still remembered how delicious it used to be.



Wahdat Husain, Rasheed Fatima and Baseer Fatima

Rasheed Fatima:

After the death of his first wife Baseer Fatima, Wahdat Husain married the younger sister of his wife, Rasheed Fatima. She was excellent with cooking and household. Ammi was

very fond of her cousin sister, Apa Rasheeda and took advice from her for many things. They observed Niaz every year in the form of a big feast and their house was full of relatives. It was not easy to feed so many people every year, but they did without ever missing a year.

She mostly wore Ghararas, was slim and with curly hair. Khala Rasheeda was a picture of hospitality. She took care of her mother all her life, leaving it as an example for next generations. It was heart breaking to hear about her passing and later that of Wahdat Khaloo.

Chanda Bi:

The oldest daughter of Baseer Fatima and Wahdat Husain was Chanda Bi. I remember Khala Chandi Bi coming to our house with husband Fauqul Hasan and the family. They visited from East Pakistan, currently called Bangladesh, where they lived then. I loved her visits as her youngest daughter Shahnaz was of my age and a friend. Chanda Khala had six children. Later they moved to Islamabad, where she soon passed away.

Later in 1979, after my marriage I once visited their house in Islamabad, met my friend Shahnaz who was ill at that time.

Salim was very much taken by the kindness and hospitality by Khaloo Fauqul Hasan, who was also a childhood friend of my father. Salim visited him one more time when I was in Karachi before leaving for USA to say goodbye. Later we heard about his death. Sometime later I heard about the death of my friend Shahnaz too, which was very sad, as she was very young and had children. All of Khala Chanda's children died young. I heard that sadly just one son is alive out of six children.

Basarat Husain:

Khaloo Wahdat's son Basarat Husain was married and settled in India, He only visited Karachi once in a long while. I remember him for his kindness. Everyone in PIB, loved and respected him. When we heard about the news of his death, Khaloo Wahdat Husain was still alive when his son died. I met them in 1996, and when I went to their house, Khaloo Wahdat was so old and thin, that I got emotional seeing him. Later, I heard the news that Khala Rasheeda and Khaloo Wahdat Passed away.



Basarat Husain, Young age. Next, Fauqul Hasan and Chanda Bi, with their daughters and sons.

Feroza Tabarak:

Feroza Apa was the older daughter of Rasheeda Khala and Khaloo Wahdat. She was very slim and lean, hardworking and good with household, was married to Tabark Hassan, who was a relative. I remember the wedding and have the pictures too. I still remember the dinner we gave them after marriage. They had no children. She passed away few years ago.

Farida Karim:

Farida Apa was the second daughter. She had a healthy look, and was fair. She was very good with studies and had a graduation and later B.Ed, with the teachers training in education. She worked in a school as teacher and later a Principal.

She was married to Abdul Karim. They had four children. All are highly educated. Her daughter Uzma Erum, a doctor with specialization in Pulmonary, lives in Calgary Canada married to Tayyaba Khatoon's son, Kashif, and they have four children. Daughter Afsheen has masters in Biochemistry, lives with Farida Apa. She is married and has kids. Youngest child is Huma who lives in Middle East with husband and family. Farida Apa's son Kashif, an engineer, lives in Toronto, Canada with wife and kids. Karim Bhai passed away last year and Farida Apa who was seriously ill with thyroid cancer passed away in December 2020.



Graduation ceremony with the family. Next picture, Feroza Tabarak and Tabarak Hassan. Next, recent picture with Farida Karim and daughters Huma and Afsheen.



Farida Karim and Karim Khan with children Uzma, Afsheen and Huma. Next, Dr. Uzma Erum, daughter of Farida Karim, with husband Kashif and four kids in Calgary Canada

Children of Tahzeebun Nisa:

Tahzeebun Nisa, daughter of Ghaziuddin Hassan: She was married to Mazhar Abbas. Her eldest son was Syed Shabbar Hassan, second son was Syed Ibne Abbass. Her daughters were Syeda Naseer Fatima, and my Nani, Syeda Aizaz Fatima.

Syed Shabbar Hassan:

Eldest son of Tahzeebun Nisa. He died young of TB. He was married but did not have children.

Syed Ibne Abbas:

The second son of Tahzeebun Nisa was Nana Ibne Abbas. Tall, mild, soft spoken and very religious. He was married to maternal cousin Nani Tashbeeh Fatima. I saw him always in white kurta pajama and a turban, which was very specific to him. Highly educated, retired from a government job in a post office in Lucknow.

Starting prayers at an abandoned Masjid:

Ammi proudly told about him that once he went to some very small village and found a deserted Masjid there, lonely and quiet. He felt very sad in heart and decided to get the Masjid ready for prayers. He personally washed the floor, cleaned it and brought necessary items, and when ready, recited Azaan.



Ibne Abbas, and Tashbeeh Fatima.

To the surprise, Muslims in the area hearing Azaan and seeing him making all the effort, started coming to that Masjid for Namaz. That is how Namaz started and was continued in a deserted Masjid. That was a great deed of Sawab to get Namaz started in an abandoned Masjid, similarly as it is a great Sawab to build new Masjids.

Marriage and Children:

He was married to Tashbeeh Fatima, daughter of his aunt Taqreebun Nisa. They had three daughters, Tazeem Fatima, who later got married to my Mamoo Shujaat Husain and became my Mumani. Azeem Fatima, our Baby Khala, and the youngest Waseem Fatima our Babbi Khala. He came to Pakistan later, around 1957.

My mother was very close to them because she lived with them and to her Nani Tahzeebun Nisa, who took care of Ammi. Nana Ibne Abbass was very loving towards his daughters and everyone. I remember calling him as Nana Jan and he always responded with a kind smile.

My Cousin Shuja, Babbi Khala's son, told me about his memories that whenever Nana Abba visited their house, he did not eat anything. He brought lots of ice in a bag and told Babbi Khala to get a Jug full of cold water. That is all that he used to drink. Whenever Babbi Khala visited them, he paid her the fare of the travel. It was a picture of the honor and prestige of a father, and regard towards daughters. He was a remarkable example of love, self-respect and honor.

Later when he was very old, Ammi used to take us into his room asking him to pray for us with his hand over our heads. He always did, so did Nani Tashbeeh Fatima. He used to worry about religious training of his grandsons, Mamoo Shujaat and Tazeem Mumani's children so he arranged Molvies to teach them Quran. Children can sometimes be naughty and did not want the Molvies to stay for too long, but he never quit and always brought new ones. He had a fracture in the leg in later age, which remained unhealed. He passed away in 1978 at the age of about 95 years, and almost same was the age of Nani Tashbeeh Fatima who passed away in 1989. Almost all of the older generation left around that period.

Syeda Naseer Fatima:



Naseer Fatima: Younger age and next picture when she is older.

She was a very loving, wise and hardworking lady, educated by Quran and Bahishti Zavar common among girls those days. She loved her daughters, nieces and nephews dearly.

She was Ammi's Khala Jan and my first care taker after birth. She stayed with Ammi in the hospital for my birth as my Nani Aizaz Fatima was too ill.

She had two daughters, Baseer Fatima and Rasheed Fatima. Khala Rasheeda, Khaloo Wahdat and their daughters took care of her as long as she lived. When I was married to Salim, we went to their Lasbella house to meet her. She showered her love upon us telling me that she was the first one to give shehad, honey, in my mouth after I was born. It was an honor to me. Her eyesight was so weak by then that she could barely see us.

Ammi always took us to see her and put her hand on our heads and asked to pray for us. Many times I heard Ammi saying that she realized that I have inherited some of Nani Naseer Fatima's qualities, as it was an old saying, that whoever feed the honey at birth transmit some of the qualities to the new born with it. She passed away in 1979.

Syeda Aizaz Fatima:

Youngest daughter of Tahzeebun Nisa, she was my Nani and mother of Akhtar Bano, Masoom Bano, Shaukat Husain, Shujaat Husain, Talat Husain and Saeed Fatima.

Intelligent and educated by Quran, Bahishti Zevor, very well trained and had an expertise for handwork like sewing, embroidery, crochet etc. She was expert with cooking and specials, like making jam and jelly, achar, murrabba and chutneys. Ammi learnt from her and was a master of most of it.

She was wife of Saulat Husain, first cousin through her Mamoo Mussarat Husain. She stayed in CP with Nana Saulat and had a great life there. That was the time of his rule in the districts, but he took early retirement and came to Nehtaur. She could not cope with the change in environment and it affected her health terribly. She constantly remained sick. A lot of people predicted that sickness was related to the haunted portion at the roof of Mussarat Manzil, but the fact was that she had a heart problem and doctors in Karachi found out that her heart was enlarged. They could not do much for the recovery, as less was known about the treatment for the condition.

After coming to Pakistan in 1949 she remained ill for about 5 years and passed away in 1954. I was just born and was 3 months old. She gave me as much care as her health condition permitted. I will forever feel unlucky not to remember seeing her.

Children of Taqreebun Nisa:

Taqreebun Nisa was youngest daughter of Gaziuddin Hassan. She had two daughters. Older one was Tashbeeh Fatima and second one was Mateen Fatima.

Tashbeeh Fatima:

She was slim, delicate and very fair with complexion. I have never heard any one speaking in such a polite and cultured way. She was very religious. Educated by all means of the education available for girls. She was married to Nana Ibne Abbass, her first cousin. They had three daughters Tazeem Fatima, Azeem Fatima and Waseem Fatima.

Her grandson, Hidayat Husain, my cousin told a story about her. In Karachi once she went to daughter Azeem Fatima's house with grandson Roomi, Hidayat Husain. She could

walk that distance, though it was not too close but a few miles. On their way back home, they realized that a dog was following them. Roomi told her about it. She said do not say anything or not even try to make him run away just keep walking. They safely reached back home and went into the house. The dog sat in their yard and did not leave for some time.

Roomi asked her if he should give the dog something to eat. She said no, the dog would leave on its own once knowing that they were safe, and it happened exactly that way. She told Roomi that the dog came for their protection not to harm, as she was an old woman and a child walking alone on a long distance in a late evening. The dog went away after making sure that they safely reached back into their home. Miracles happen with religious people, and they recognize those miracles too.

They lived with Shujaat Mamoo and Tazeem Mumani for the rest of their lives. She helped her raise the kids and cooked. I have always seen her in the kitchen sitting on a patri (flat stool) and cooking, or sitting on the takht in the veranda and cutting vegetables. When My Dadi Zahida asked her, she always said she cooked only the lunch and Tazeem Mumani made the dinner.

Her younger sister Mateen Fatima passed away sooner, when we all went to her for condolence she said that her sister died during Namaz in Sajda it was like "Phool soongh lia." She saw the weddings of grandchildren and saw great grandchildren too. She passed away in 1989 on 23rd March at the age of about 94 years.

Mateen Fatima:

She was the younger daughter of Taqreebun Nisa She had very mild nature with kindness, also used to speak in same polite and cultured tone as her sister. She was married to Hafiz Syed Manzoor Ahmed and lived in Domeli Punjab after migration to Pakistan. Hafiz Manzoor educated at Deoband was a BA B.Ed from Aligarh Muslim University, he was not just a school principal but was a preacher and spiritual leader for local people.

I heard from cousin Shuja, the grandson of her sister Tashbeeh Fatima, when he recently went there he met and saw people in Domeli, who are still there and remember Hafiz Manzoor and Mateen Fatima and talk about them highly even after they left Domeli, 40-50 years ago. Good deeds are never forgotten.

They had no children of their own. Her mother Taqreebun Nisa also migrated with her to Domeli, passed away in 1955 and her grave is there. She was the only one of Ghaziuddin Hassan's children who came to Pakistan. Par Dada Raffat was alive until 1958 but he never came to Pakistan. They moved to Karachi because of the eye operation of Nana Manzoor. They lived in his sister Shabeeh Fatima's house. The operation was unfortunately unsuccessful. Mateen Fatima passed away during Namaz, and later in 1985 Nana Manzoor passed away too.

The religious people like Nana Manzoor and Nani Mateen are rarely born. Their names are providing light to the small town of Domeli after several decades of their leaving the world.



Shuja and Zia in Domeli with some acquaintances of Manzoor Ahmed. Next, house in Domeli where TaqreebunNisa lived until last, with her daughter Mateen Fatima and Manzoor Ahmed. The house is still used as Madarsa for girls same way as when Mateen Fatima was the teacher about 45 plus years ago



Route to Domeli

Children of Syed Raffat Husain:

Safiul Hasan, Samiul Hasan, Mutiul Hasan, Naseerul Hasan, Hameeda and Aziza Bano.

Syed Safiul Hasan Zaidi:

He had such a noble personality that deserves a separate book about him. He had so much to offer that the whole world could learn from him. His first marriage was to his maternal cousin Badarun Nisa, daughter of his aunt Ateban Nisa. His wife had TB which was unknown to him before marriage. She passed away after three years of marriage. They had no children.

His second marriage was with paternal cousin Zahida Bano and children were Syed Sabihul Hasan Zaidi, Wajihul Hasan, Zakiul Hasan, who died at the age of 17, and one daughter Fakhira who died in infancy . He was the oldest son of Mohibun Nisa and Syed Raffat Husain, and was my beloved grandfather.

My Dada Safiul Hasan gave me a title of Mohib e Jehan in the honor of his mother MohibunNisa, as I was first granddaughter. He had a daughter, who never lived so he had great love for daughters. He asked us to call him Abba not Dada and practically raised Papa, Sabihul Hasan's children himself. His decision always over ruled our parents.' We called Dada and Dadi as Abba and Amma.

Education and personality:

He obtained a BA LLB from Aligarh Muslim University. He was a Tehsildar and Magistrate in UP state. He was very active and smart with his job, and for that reason British's favorite. He had such a good command on English that even British asked him for the corrections in their documents. I heard him speaking Shakespearean English.

After migration to Pakistan in 1950, he took a position in Interior Sind in Tharparkar as a Tehsildar. He worked there for some time, had good friendship with Sindhi Vaderas but the climate did not suit much. He came back to Karachi and started working for "Anjuman Taraqqi-e-Urdu" with Molvi Abdul Haq. I remember that because once I and sister Affo went there with him as little kids, and were running and playing in the corridor. He asked us to stay quiet as we could disturb Molvi Abdul Haq. Major Aftab Hassan was with him, as a colleague. I remember going into his room and seeing his desk and seating arrangement. Molvi Abdul Haq passed away in 1958.

Later he worked with Hakeem Ahsan, Chief Commissioner Karachi, who was a friend too. I remember going there as well. We were always invited to their private functions. After Abba retired from there, he continued visiting Hakeem Ahsan. When Abba passed away, Hakeem Ahsan was not aware and hadn't seen him in a long time. He drove to PIB colony house to inquire about his health and was very sad to know about Abba's departure.



Syed Safiul Hasan Zaidi. Next, a group of Aligs, Safiul Hasan last in the sitting row.

Dada Safiul Hasan was the man of rules and regulations. He was very proficient with English, Urdu and Persian, also studied Sanskrit. He was a man of his principles. British adored him for his qualities. He was a scholar, who was well-known, for his wit and presence of mind. Once a British priest after listening to his views about religion asked him, "Why do you not take Jesus?" He answered: "We already believe in Jesus, it is your turn now to take Islam." He left them speechless.

He read all the other religious books like Bible, Torah and more. It was very easy for him to talk with the experts of all the religions. One day, in his retired times he came back

home very late in the afternoon. I saw him tired and asked where did he go. He said he went to visit David's church to exchange views about Islam with Jewish preachers. I was surprised, that those were his leisure time activities. He knew about our religion more than many priests and Molvies.

His political views were different from Maulana Mohammad Ali Johar and Maulana Shaukat Ali's practice. He made a cartoon against them which described that an elephant leading a caravan was going and the dogs were barking. It was published in the newspaper and was described in such a funny way that he got a prize of 300 Rupees, which was a big amount in 1920s. Of course Khilafat Movement hated him after that, but they hated Mohammad Ali Jinnah too and were supported by Gandhi. Abba had shown me that cartoon in that newspaper, with the news of him winning the prize.

He was a tennis player and played tennis with British. Always used to take his sons to the tennis court and the playground, so when they grew up, were excellent with all the sports, especially tennis. Chacha Wajihul Hassan played tennis all his life and Papa was good with cricket and tennis both, as well as badminton and indoor games, and won championships.

First world war 1914-1918, followed by Influenza Pandemic:

I discussed the world wars with Dada Safiul Hasan, due to curiosity and he told about it. WWI left less impact on India as deadly bombs and the bomber jets were not too developed to fly longer distances, since Airplanes were created by Wright brothers only in 1903.

Indians did fight for British but on far away borders. Pandemic of deadly Influenza broke in 1918 and wiped a big population in the world. It took about 14 months to subside and infected about 500 million people, which was one third of world population at that time.

Second world War 1939-1945:

WWII caused a big disturbance for people of India. First of all they were subjected to the most hated British rule, then worst of all had to fight a battle for the victory of unwanted rulers. It was estimated that 2.5 million Indians were forced to fight throughout the world. The war took place at Manipur and Burma Border with Japanese forces and they got defeated by Indian forces which had a majority of Muslims soldiers.

My Grandfather told many stories as they read in the newspapers about the winning situation of the war. There were clear restrictions by the government to use black paper around the lamps to keep it dark in the night. There was no electric power so the lamp shades of kerosene or wax lamps were instructed to be kept covered, for the safety measures in case of an attack.

Also sirens were introduced if air attack took place. German Air Force was active with fighters and bombers since 1939 and so was UK and USA. Fortunately Nazi/ Hitler Forces or allies did not attack those parts of India. It was a known fact that if British were not weakened up to a poor level in World War II, there would not be an independence for India until the next few more decades.

Love for Books:

Very learned and a scholar, Dada Safiul Hasan read books of all topics all his life as a hobby. He was a regular visitor of almost all the libraries in Karachi. He loved to purchase the books that he liked and spent thousands on this hobby. That way he had his room full of books, all very expensive, special and rare.

He had the books of Islam on Fiqa and Tajweed, he also had Bible, Torah and Ramayan and Geeta too. His belief was that you can never convince people of other religion unless you know all about their religion. As a result, he knew much more about Christianity, Judaism and Hinduism than their followers. His room looked like as a library. He had specific shelves constructed by carpenters for that. All the books were well arranged. His bed used to be in a corner in the room, which was his library.

He was very simple with living, but high with thinking. When my grandmother Zahida moved to Lahore to help Chacha Wajihul Hasan, he decided to stay back with Papa and us in Karachi. He became very lonely so he had me shifted to his room and I slept in his room from the age of eight years for a few more years.

That was the time when I got the good lesson about advantages of the reading habit from him, and I got into the reading habit almost as much as he was. He got me membership of the local libraries. When I was done reading almost everything offered which was fit for my age (from 8 years to 11 years) then he had me join other libraries and I started reading from there. That way I read from at least three to four libraries until I grew up.

That was not all, he used to buy the books that I liked and wished to read again. It was like every Saturday I use to get a new favorite book, hiding under his designated place. He used to do that to boost my curiosity and happiness. He purchased the books during his trip to Urdu Bazar or other famous places. He spent thousands on his own and my hobby. My books were placed on the shelves of his library.

Just like him, I was also into reading the favorite books again and again. I remember one time he could not go and I did not get my Saturday treat of the book. I became upset. He went there right away to buy it for me. Until today, I feel very sorry about being so upset. It was not just the books, he regularly used to take us to the playground and some of my friends too, so we would stay healthy and good with outdoor sports. He was in the habit of writing Diary daily without skipping a day, that continued all life. Papa and Chacha adopted that. I tried but could not stay regular.

My life is full of his principles and rules the way he chose us to learn and do. He was a real father to Papa's kids. Every word out of his mouth used to be a lesson. My siblings and I were not the only ones, he was equally popular with all of my friends (at least a dozen of them). They all called him "Abba."

He knew about all of them and their families and residences. In the other words he was watching all this time, the kind of company that we had. One can imagine how much of his time he devoted in watching upon his grandkids. I have learnt from him how important it is to watch for your own children's company and the kind of friends that they have when they are growing.

Siblings:

His two sisters, older than him, passed away due to plague in infancy. The deadly plague in eighteenth century caused several deaths in India and continued periodically from 1855-1945. He was very close to his remaining siblings. They adored him too.

Two brothers Mutiul Hasan and Naseer ul Hassan lived walking distance away and were very frequent visitors. When Dadi Hameeda moved to Pakistan from Lucknow, after her husband Syed Basheer Hyder's death, he arranged a house for his sister and her six kids in PIB colony. He provided all kind of support.

We frequently visited them and they did too. I remember seeing my Uncles Baseer, Qadeer, Tauqeer, Tanveer and Munir Hyder at least once a day. They were excellent players of indoor games like carom, draft and cards and so were my father and Chacha. Until late night the game used to go on. Later they moved even closer, rented a house a few blocks from ours so it was easier for Dadi Hameeda and Wahida Phuppi to walk to our house. Later they moved to Nazimabad.

Their communication continued until Dadi Hameeda passed away in 1969 due to heart attack. I still remember that day. Qadeer Chacha came to our house to give the sad news. Later the sons left for USA and the daughter Wahida Bano got married.

Abba's other sister, a very loving and caring person, Dadi Aziza Bano lived in Saeed Manzil, at Mohammad Ali Jinnah road. She was married to maternal cousin Nusrat Hassan. They had no children. We visit there very frequently until she died of cancer in mid 1960s.

Dada Nusrat, kept coming and visiting us in PIB colony, even after our Dada Safiul Hasan's death, he came to visit Papa. Dada Safiul Hasan invited his Mamoo Ghufraan Ahmad from India to come to visit Karachi. He did come and lived in PIB colony house. There was other nephew Furqan Ahmed who lived in Karachi as well, but realizing the love of nephew Safiul Hasan he chose to live in PIB colony with him. I remember talking to him and listening to his stories.

Dressing:

At younger age during his job he always dressed very appropriately into the best suits, tie and a hat. Hat stayed as a part of his attire until last days of his life, also a cane in hand at the later age.

I saw all those suits sitting in his room later when retired and not used much, but he always wore pants, shirts with tie and hat until his older days. He wore simple shirt and white pajama at home. He never forgot to put Surma in the eyes and it was Hamdard Brand. It suited him tremendously. He said that is how he provided cleansing therapy to the eyes.

Friends:

Dada Safiul Hasan had few but very good and famous friends.

1. One of his good friends was Dr. Zakir Husain, the former President of India. Dada Safiul Hasan said they used to go on a walk every night together and talk about politics, that was in Aligarh. He described Zakir Husain as a wonderful gentleman. When Zakir Husain



Safiul Hasan was very well dressed in young age.

was about to accept President's position Dada Safiul Hasan advised Dr. Zakir Husain to refuse, but he still chose to accept the offer. Dada Safiul Hasan and Zakir Husain exchanged letters to each other. Later Naved Chacha got married to his brother Mehmood Husain's granddaughter Sania, so they became our relatives.

2. He was also a friend and respected by Anwer Adil, Akhter Adil brothers and Haroon brothers. He was an acquaintance of Sir Abdullah Haroon. There was exchange of visits.
3. Mohammad Hakeem Ahsan was a friend, and Chief Commissioner of Karachi. Dada Safiul Hasan worked for him too.
4. Dr. Ziauddin was also one of the good friends of Dada Safiul Hasan, the Vice Chancellor of Aligarh Muslim University. Dada Safiul Hasan and the family lived in his rental house Eijaz Manzil in Aligarh. Papa and Chacha were students in Aligarh at that time and Dada was working in Agra. Sikandar Shah Pir Pagara was also residing there as a young student, and became Papa's friend. Friendship was lifelong.
5. A poet and film producer Fazal Ahmed Karim Fazli was his friend too and only for that reason he watched his film, when he had no interest in watching movies. He liked that movie, saying that he expected a good movie like that from his friend.

Favorite magazines and newspapers:

He was a reader so had always ordered many magazines as well as English and Urdu papers. One of his favorite one was "MaArif," which was published and printed in India and they sent it to him regularly. It was an Urdu magazine.

He read Hamdard Digest, Dawn and an evening paper called "Nai Roshni." The news in Nai Roshni were older and not interesting but the reason for buying it was the pictorials in it (serial picture stories) which Dadi Zahida liked. Those were such interesting picture stories that they were liked by both elders and kids. I liked them a lot only because I could color the pictures. Later Amma (Dadi Zahida) started reading them and loved them. When she moved to Lahore, she missed reading them as Nai Roshni was a Karachi based evening paper. Abba

used to send her a week's worth of newspapers piled together in the form of a roll by mail. I can never forget that kind of care and love. Years passed by and he never missed.

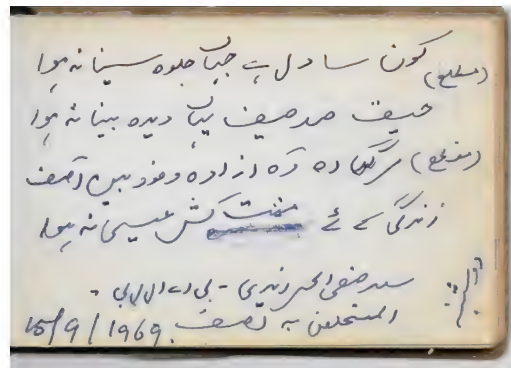
He took us kids to the office of Nai Roshni and introduced me to Sharib Qureshi the writer and artist of such beautiful pictures and interesting stories. At the same time he showed me the printing press, which was an exciting learning experience for me.

Politics, poetry and music:

He had the best intelligence for politics, so much so that he could easily become a very successful politician, but he hated the character and morals that politicians had. He never went into practical politics and advised his children and grandchildren never to participate. He said that if we wanted to become a part of the government, it was better to go there through civil services. We all always tried to remember and follow that.

When he was a student in Aligarh Muslim University, Allama Iqbal had been called for poetry recitation and he heard Iqbal reciting verses of "Baang e Dara" live. Mohammad Ali Jinnah and other leaders visited Aligarh Muslim University for introduction of Pakistan Movement but he was in service with British Government, so as a rule civil service officers were not allowed to attend any such movements. He sent Dadi Zahida and the kids instead to go there and attend.

He was an excellent poet. He took Islah (corrections) from Jigar Muradabadi. His "takhalus" was Asif. His poetry was up to the standard of Mir Taqi Mir and even very famous poets of later times, as the intelligence level was very high but he had no interest to be well-known as a poet. He wrote tragic as well as comic with equally high standards. Dada Masood who was an admirer of poetry use to sit with him and listen to his poems. Whenever he wrote comedy, the entire house used to roll up with laughter.



A page from my autograph book. Dada Safiul Hasan has written some verses from his poetry for me. He used to write with a wooden pen dipping it in bottle of Ink. He always used permanent Ink.

He wrote Sehra for many close relative's weddings and loved to read himself in the weddings. He did not like to be called as a professional poet. He always advised his children and grandchildren to never waste time in poetry. He said he was good with it but only kept it for the leisure. Never ever got it published. In the last few years, he was thinking about publishing, but it did not happen. I wished if it could. Later after his death, Chacha took some

of his documents to Lahore and I do not know much about. I wish I had any say in the matter and was able to take his memorables with me, but both of his sons were there to take care of his books and memorable inheritance. When PIB colony house got sold, which happened in our absence, we have no idea where all these things went.

He had great liking for music, but the songs of 1920s and mostly classical. The music of movies, from later on, he did not like. Not even for Lata, Noor Jehan, or Mehdi Hasan and many others, he said they did not know singing of classical at all. Any music of 1950s and onwards he did not even called it as music. He had many Gramophone records of Sehgal, Punkhaj Malik and others, which he played some time and we kids could not stand his taste of music.

Career:

There were some very interesting situations that happened during his career that he shared with us. British passed the Law against "Satti." All the high officials in the commanding and ruling position had to implement it. When Dada Safiul Hasan implemented the order in his Tehsil (district), there had been strong opposition even retaliation by Hindus as they all saw it as an act of prejudice against Hindu religion by a Muslim. He ignored the anger after once he explained why he had to follow the orders.

A young man died in his district and the relatives decided a Satti for wife as their tradition. The day came of Satti, and Hindus made all the preparations, completely disobeying the orders. At the same time Dada Safiul Hasan made all the preparation to hit back if they disobey. Though he was feeling bad to fight the religious issue and wanted to avoid any killing if it came to that. He said he got the news from his people that the Satti fire was ready but when they were trying to bring the wife who was a young girl, she set herself free and ran away, people tried to chase her but could never find her. Later the news spread that she jumped in the river and was never caught. My grandfather was happy for prevention of any bloodshed at least for once.

Another interesting incident was that one time there was a Holi festival when Dada Safiul Hasan was posted, in another district. Holi is celebrated in a way that there is lots of mischief involved, so Dada Safiul Hassan decided to stay in the house, but he was sitting in the window with the shutters down. He could keep an eye through the shutters and was watching whatever was going on.

The Huliare (Holi players) were far off, but they had to come to the District Magistrate's house and had to offer him to play. When they came and knocked the door, per Abba's instructions they had been informed that he was not available. One of the players from that group just quickly raised the shutter and saw him sitting in the window.

They all laughed a lot and said, "Oh there you are watching us playing but without participating. Ok we would not do any mischief with you but you have to come out and we will put Gulal (red color) on your forehead as a Tilak, which is a must to do." He went out and they kept the promise. Papa told me about this one, more than once, as it was his favorite joke.



A classical picture of 1944: Safiul Hassan, Zahida Bano, Zeenat Begum, Mutiul Hasan, Wajihul Hasan, Sabihul Hasan, Shaukat Husain, Shujaat Husain, Zakiul Hasan. All the boys dressed in black Sherwani, Aligarh University's uniform

Horseback riding:

Dada Safiul Hasan was not just an excellent horseback rider but also a good trainer for disobedient horses. Once, when he was going for work, the horse of the carriage refused to move. The horseman tried his best but failed, which annoyed Dada Safiul Hasan and he asked the horseman to sit at the back and took charge of the horse carriage. He made the horse run within seconds and reached to work in time.

Another incident was from his childhood. He and two more Hindu boys used to share a tanga to go to school. They were 9th graders. He told many interesting events of those days, but the more interesting one was that they had midterm exam going on, and they had a math exam that day. On the way, a black cat crossed the road. The two boys got a gloomy face that it was not auspicious.

Dada Safiul Hasan tried to console that nothing would happen, but they were not convinced. A little while later during the same journey there was a loud noise, which made the horse get scared and it went wild. That was the second bad omen.

They reached the school and took the exam, and when returning back home in the tanga they compared their answers. One of the fellows said that the exam paper was very short. Dada said that it was not. There were so many questions, more on the other side of the paper. The friend was surprised, he checked then and saw there were questions on the other side of the question paper, which he never flipped to see or attended.

The other fellow had similar kind of happening. They both failed, just Dada Safiul Hasan passed the exam. When they got the marks sheet they told him that this was the reason they believed in good and bad omens. Dada said he was also there in the same tanga with them. They said because Dada was a nonbeliever so he got saved.



Safiul Hasan with his two adorable kids, Sabihul Hasan and Wajihul Hasan. Next Picture, him alone.

Dada Safiul Hasan always said it was very difficult to do the administrative part of the job with Hindu majority, because of so many holidays related to so many Devi and Devta, that there were very few days left for the work. When he worked in Pakistan, he was very happy that at least there were limited holidays and no waste of time with work.

Dada Safiul Hasan had a good friendship with Hindu coworkers and frequently called Hindu and British friends for luxurious non-vegetarian dinners. The food prepared in the house was so delicious that many Hindus chose to become non-vegetarian to enjoy that food.

He was a great human. If he ever saw any one in need, he helped without letting the other hand know. Hundreds were at benefit if he ever came to know about their need. Our own servants also spoke about their needs to him.

One woman, who was our chef once, was ill and admitted in hospital. He heard about her from some body. He went to see her in hospital and paid all her bills. Even after his death, she was grateful telling us about his help. He used to buy from those shop owners who were going in loss. Memories are never ending.

Journey of Hajj:

In 1971, they decided to go for Hajj, and travelled in 1972. It was a group of four, Dada Safiul Hasan, Dadi Zahida, Nana Saulat Husain and Dadi Shahida. They did stay in Mamoo Mohiuddin's house in Mecca and were very pleased by his hospitality. Nana Saulat, Dadi



Visit of British collectors and officials, Safiul Hasan third in the row, on right, kids sitting are Wajihul Hasan, Rehana, Shahana, unknown, unknown, Farzana, Tausifa, Sabihul Hasan.

Zahida, and Dadi Shahida were first cousins of his father Mohammad Qaim, so he was their nephew. One place in Medina, the house where they lived was uphill.

Once when climbing up into the house he had the shortness of breath, and then again, and again. So much so, that everyone became worried. He completed the Hajj well and survived but after coming home, it happened more frequently.

Chacha Wajihul Hasan got him examined with all the tests and discovered the enlargement of heart. He was prescribed with several medicines. Amma decided to come back and stay in Karachi. We all became very sad because that was a very serious illness. He recovered a little and did not stop any routines, still went out to buy groceries and for walks. The illness stayed quite the same but with a slow onset. He grew a beard after Hajj. In March 1974, Amma and Abba decided to visit Chacha in Lahore. Before he was leaving on 17th March, he gave me 100 rupees (big sum then) and said 24th March was going to be my birthday so I could buy a present as he would not be here.

My brother Faisal asked "Abba when would you come back?" Abba said in ten days. I was surprised because Chacha would never let Abba go back after 10 days stay. After Abba passed away in Lahore and his body came to Karachi, it was that date 27th March, exactly 10 days after.

The call came around midnight to Nana Itaati's house that Abba passed away and Mujahid Chacha drove and gave the news. We were asleep, but due to discussion going in the house Affo woke up and heard about it, and woke me up and told me. Of course there was no sleep or even rest after that. Chacha brought him and Amma back to Karachi.



(Abba) Safiul Hasan had a beard that he had grown during Hajj. Next, (Ammam) Zahida Bano

Arrangements were made for final departure. PIB colony house was full of people. All of my friends, who called him Abba mourned with us too. Chacha took me to see him and say goodbye. He looked so contented as if he was planning for this day for a long time. I was remembering that he always said, "sit with me listen and learn. As I may not be able to talk with you for too long, even if I stay alive I may lose my memory due to older age." I always did as he said though he never lost his memory, but the life.

Ammam told us he was fine in Lahore until one night the same problem of shortness of breath started. It was severe that time. Chacha and Chachi Jan gave medicines, CPR and first aid but before he could reach the hospital, he passed away. It was a devastating and life changing set back that we cannot forget as long as we live. Chacha took us to Lahore for a change as we were very sad and gloomy at PIB. I saw Abba's silver bowl "pyala" there. He always drank water in a large silver made pyala with beautiful carvings. I tried to take it back to Karachi with me but Chacha wanted to keep it for memory.

Life changed. I started sleeping again in his room on his bed this time. People said that spirit return within 40 days after death. My wish was to meet him again. I used to stay awake around and after 12 midnight, but Abba never returned. Only I knew about what I was doing. I did not tell anyone. I was 19 and student of BSc at DJ Science College. He took me to DJ and got me admitted there. He used to visit there frequently to read in their library. DJ had a great library and Abba use to go there to read. As far as I am concerned, for many decisions of my life, I still follow the rules that he set, even after 45 years have passed but it looks like Abba never left.

Syed Samiul Hassan:

He was the second son of Syed Raffat Husain. He was very mild, kind hearted, and soft by nature, he never had children. He was younger brother to Dada Safiul Hasan. Very little was known and said about him as he kept a low profile. His education was with BA. When it came the time to select for the place of migration, he selected East Pakistan because the department where he was working in India had branches in Eastern part of the new country, so it was job related choice.

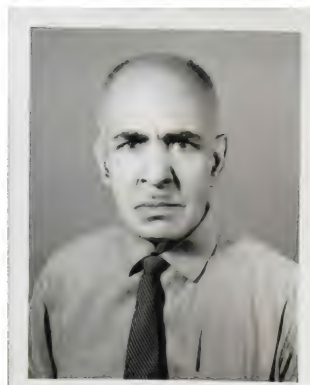


Syed Samiul Hassan

He probably was planning to come to Karachi once retired, but time did not permit it, and family heard the sad news of his death in East Pakistan. His wife was not with him when he passed away. That was the time when father Raffat Husain was alive and lived in Raffat Manzil Nehtaur.

Syed Mutiul Hassan:

He was the third son of Raffat Husain. He was our Chote Dada. That is what we called him throughout life. He was very mild and polite, and simple by living. He was married to Zeenat Begum, daughter of Dr. Rehmat Husain of Nehtaur. He did not have any children.



Syed Mutiul Hasan

He had a degree of BA and was working in a government office, and also ran a school named after his wife Dadi Zeenat's name, called "Zeenat Institute." As well as a home

coaching center. He was a great educationist . I have seen lots of kids in his house to get coaching from him after school. The place where he lived most of his life in Karachi was very close to brother Naseer ul Hasan's house and walking distance to PIB Colony, so Dada Safiul Hasan's brothers visited him and vice versa all the time. Sometimes Dada Safiul Hasan visited his brothers when going for a morning walk.

Once in 7th grade I needed help with math and simplification questions. Ammi sent me to his home coaching center and he explained simplification in a very easy and simple way. The most interesting story was when he was giving Urdu dictation to his other students of higher grade who were also students in his School. He asked me to write down the dictation too. 7th grade Urdu could be hard for English medium school kids like me, but was not for me.

I wrote the dictation too and amazingly the only one who got 10/10 was me. He told his students that they should study better as I was not even an Urdu medium school kid and did so well. Some of the words were absolutely unknown to me. The reason behind it was that I was such a time devoting reader of Urdu books that it made me on the top of the language and history.

After Dada Safiul Hasan's death, Dada Mutiul Hasan, consoled me, and said that if I needed anything, I should tell him and he would bring it for me, or do it for me. It was a kind offer. He became very ill soon after my Dada's death. I did special prayers for him and did not stop until I heard the news of his recovery.

He was a frequent visitor even after my Dada's death and it was always such a pleasure to see him in our house and in my Dada's room. He also was a great poet, but like older brother Safiul Hassan, never thought about getting published. He wrote and read Sehra for my wedding, which was an honor for me.

Papa and sometimes Baseer Chacha took care of him in the last days. He died at the age of 94 years, and lived longest among all the brothers and sisters. I was in Rochester, USA when I heard the sad news.

Syed Naseer ul Hasan:

He was the youngest, and dearest among the sons of Raffat Husain. He had a degree of BA. He was married to our Khala, Syeda Masoom Bano, the oldest daughter of his cousin Saulat Husain. He was very dear to Dada Safiul Hasan as being youngest brother. We always called him Khaloo Jan though he could be called as Dada too. He lived in Lahore after migrating to Pakistan. Masom Khala and Khalo Jan used to visit Karachi. As he loved his father, Raffat Husain, so much that he visited him in Nehtaur after migrating to Pakistan, and tried his level best to convince him to live in Pakistan, but he never agreed.

He was very sorry for his older brother Safiul Hassan's death and he tried to be his substitute to me by bringing books for me to read from some library. I was grown up by then so the books were on subjects for my age level, and had famous authors. This continued for a long time. I read books from many well-known authors those days. He also used to buy my favorite magazines and newspapers. He was an excellent player of indoor games and played draft with Papa almost every day. Later, with Faisal until Faisal became as good as a champion. He had two wonderful fruit trees in his house.



Naseer ul Hasan. Next, young Naseerul Hasan with father Raffat Husain. Being the youngest child he was very attached with the father.

One was mango and other one was Jamun. He cared about them like his children and distributed the fruit to the neighbors and all over the family. I have never tasted a better mango and definitely never a better tasting Jamun in my life.

He used to talk about his childhood, telling many stories. One of them was that he loved eating jungle fruits. Khirni, which only grew in India, was his favorite. He used to play around a Khirni tree all the time and it was a known fact that snakes liked to live around the Khirni tree, he said he was not even afraid of the snakes present around the trees.

Introduction of Tea by British in India :

Khaloo Nasserul Hasan told about this interesting story. Indians were used to of drinking milk or Lassi in the morning breakfast, which was very healthy. British decided to replace that habit by a drink called "Tea" or "Chai " in early 19th century. They distributed free tea leaf to people, who tried to cook the leaves and threw away the water after boiling. Of course the tea leaf was very bitter and had no good taste.

After realizing the error British distributed free prepared tea on breakfast stalls and hotels. Slowly and gradually they successfully introduced India to Tea drinking habit. The theory used was addiction. People slowly got addicted and could not live without a cup in the morning or more and more during the day. That is how Tea got introduced, was cultivated, grown, and consumed in India.

Khaloo Nasserul Hasan and Masoom Khala, both were famous for their hospitality. They would be upset if we missed going to their house for Eid visit and dinner, even if planned for next day of Eid. It was the most wonderful food. Masoom Khala had a chef but let the chef do everything else but cooking. She always cooked food with her own hands. They only liked food cooked in Desi ghee.

He and my Khala did not have any children so they unofficially took over my sister Farah at the age of about 4 years. Actually, because of Khaloo Jan's kind and spoiling attitude Farah took over him. She lived there, visiting us every day or in two days. Faisal was born, and Ammi was busy with him, as well as with her full time job. He used to bring Farah home at PIB to meet her parents then took her back. Later Farah used to go to the same school as ours but the school bus picked her from there. Later Farah made so many friends there that she had lot of company of her own age. Khaloo Jan called her as "Shehzadi" instead of her name.

This continued until she turned 12, that was when she decided to come back home to live with us. Her studies had been affected, as Ammi could not help her with homework and lessons at home. She moved back but both Khala and Khaloo use to come to see her every day with her favorite food cooked at their house. Our grandfather passed away in the meanwhile. Khaloo Jan retired in 1977 and became even closer to us. I was married in 1979, and moved to Islamabad and then to UK. In that time period I exchanged a few letters with him when in Glasgow, UK. I told him we were planning for Hajj with Baby Sumaiya, who was born in Glasgow. He encouraged me.

When I returned after Hajj I did not find him at the airport among a big crowd from both of our families (mine and Salim's). My brother Faisal whispered in my ear that Khaloo Jan passed away. I could not apprehend for few minutes which Khaloo was he talking about, could not be any of my Khaloo, but I was wrong. It was Khaloo Naseerul Hassan who passed exactly on Bakra Eid day about a week before when I was performing Hajj.

He had been returning back home from PIB colony house walking, and suddenly fell down close to his house. People recognized him and called a doctor but he was dead. It was an instant death. His age was about 69 years and it was October, 1980. He was the most wonderful courteous man in the world. Farah lost a father, Papa lost his chote Chacha Jan, Ammi lost her Dulha Bhai and we lost another Dada. Most of all Masoom Khala lost her husband and companion. My Dada Safiul Hasan always said the kind of love we got from him was not because he was just our Khaloo but because he, being his brother, was also our Dada.

Syeda Hameeda Bano:

She was daughter of Raffat Husain, and sister of my grandfather Safiul Hasan. She was Papa's Barhi Phuppi Jan. I called her Phuppi Jan too because Papa called her so. She was very loving, kind and very mild of nature.

She was married to Basheer Hyder of Mubarak Mehal, from a very famous, rich and highly educated family of Nehtaur. Basheer Hyder was a Deputy Collector in Lucknow, and had the title of Khan Bahadur. He got even higher titles later on. His statue had been placed in Lucknow from those times, entirely because of his popularity among the public, both Hindus and Muslims. The statue is still there in Lucknow. People who saw it recently told so.

Babri Masjid Decision by the Judge Basheer Hyder:

The biggest deed was his decision about Barbari Masjid, which first came into court when Basheer Hyder was the judge. He gave the decision that Barbari Masjid belonged to

Muslims and only Muslims. Muslims up until today refer to that same decision whenever anyone tries to reopen the case. Syed Basheer Hyder's name is written on the decision as a Judge

He and Dadi Hameeda Bano had five sons and one daughter. He did have another daughter, named Anwer Jehan from previous marriage, commonly called Apa Anno. His first wife passed away before he married Dadi Hameeda. They all lived lavishly as long as he lived, but unfortunately he passed away within the age of his 50s when still in service in 1948. All the kids were very young.

Their life took a huge turn with Baseer Chacha the oldest son just 16 years old, all the others, even younger than that. Some friends who had received favors from Dada Basheer supported the education of the kids, and after Baseer Chacha did the graduation, they came to Pakistan in 1951.

Dada Safiul Hasan arranged residence for them in PIB colony and supported his sister and kids at level best. They all had great regard for him and sons Sabih and Wajihul Hassan, my father and Chacha. Basheer Hyder's sons had the great genes so grew up highly educated and qualified. Baseer and Tauqeer Chacha were Engineers, Qadeer Chacha, a Geologist, Munir Chacha a Chemistry Scientist and Tanveer Chacha BA LLB.



Hameeda Bano. Next, Hameeda Bano, Qadeer, Tauqeer, Tanveer, Munir Hyder and Wahida Bano.

When living in PIB Colony on the festival of Shab e Barat, Dadi Hameeda Bano used to send a thali with halwa that she made. It had the most expensive halwas like pista halwa, badam halwa, and many more separately made and neatly arranged, sent to our house and presented to my Dada Safiul Hasan. She definitely spent a lot on those.



Chacha Baseer and Chacha Wajihul Hasan in PIB Colony. Next, Baseer Hyder, Naseerul Hasan, Talat Husain

I was the first grandchild from my Dada's side of the family so I had a whole bunch of Chachas to spoil me. I never put my feet on ground, and wished, to be held up by all of them.

My wish used to be their command. Ammi was so worried that they were spoiling me up to the end. As a result, when alone, I used to get a handful of scolding from Ammi. Two Chachas went to USA, later two more. After Baseer Chacha returned, he got a big house which was best furnished and lavish.

Marriages:

Baseer Chacha's wedding was the first, July, 1967. It took place in Lahore from our Chacha Wajihul Hasan's house though they were residing at a student hostel arranged by bride Roohi Chachi's side. It was a very lavishly arranged wedding on both sides.

Tauqeer Chacha visited from USA and was adored for his humor and style. He was very fair and good looking and instantly became the most eligible bachelor of the time. He did PhD in engineering from USA. He had a polaroid camera, which I never saw before, as it was less common in 1967, and was taking everybody's pictures and presenting instantly. It was so impressive for everyone. I was just 13 years old.

Wahida Phuppi asked me to sing wedding songs. I tried, but could not win from the trained group of older girls from Bride's side. In the same gathering people got the news of Miss Fatima Jinnah's passing away. It was sad news for all. More for us as she was the founder and head of our school Khatoon-e Pakistan. Ammi was the teacher, Saeeda Khala the lecturer and Affo, Farah and I were the students. Baseer Chacha has two kids Moin Hyder and Arshia, both engineers.



Brothers, Baseer, Qadeer, Tauqeer, Tanveer and Munir Hyder and sister Wahida Bano

Next was Wahida Phuppi's wedding which was in 1969 with Riaz Hyder. They have five kids: Yasmeen, Shehla, Nasreen, and Shahnawaz, and Faraz all doctors. Unfortunately, Shehla passed away of cancer a few years ago. Good days came back but Dadi Hameeda also had heart issues. She saw the marriage of two kids and then passed away in 1969.

Qadeer Chacha's wedding with Shahida Chachi was in 1970. It was at Chacha Wajihul Hasan's house in Lahore. He has two daughters Shazia and Attiya. He also left for USA. He was very close to Papa so before leaving he insisted to Papa that he should move to USA too, as four of the brothers were in USA.

Papa casually agreed, Qadeer Chacha really sent the sponsorship. That was all which was a requirement those days. Papa got the immigration with the family (all of us). Somebody else would consider himself as very lucky but Papa had no wish to leave the country. Years passed by, he kept getting reminders from US Embassy, he delayed and delayed, finally in 1974 sent the refusal. Qadeer Chacha was very unhappy with Papa but eventually Papa convinced him.

In 1974, Tauqeer Chacha got married in Karachi with Farhana Chachi. It was a memorable wedding. Munir Chacha later got married in USA. Tauqeer Chacha arranged Munir Chacha's marriage. Tanveer Chacha never married. He lived with Baseer Chacha but in the end moved with Wahida Phuppi. There was a letter and pictures exchanged between Papa and all his brothers from USA.

After my marriage I was planning to go to UK with Salim in 1979. On a Bakra Eid day, Qadeer Chacha, Shahida Chachi and a baby came to visit us. I saw him after a very long time and was very happy to see them. Qadeer Chacha was my favorite among all Chachas. He met Salim and told him that I was a very "ladli beti" of our family, always take a good care of her. I can never forget the time of my childhood when he played riddles with me.

Tauqeer Chacha visited us too with family and just one baby daughter in 1977. Later, he had another daughter and a son. We heard about Tauqeer Chacha's death in 1981, He was hardly 50 plus. It was heart breaking. He had three very young children, his son was hardly a year old. He always sent Papa the pictures of his kids. Qadeer Chacha died soon after that in 1982. That was very sad. He was also about 55 years old. Baseer Chacha, Papa, and rest of the family felt heart broken.

Munir Chacha was the one who contacted me in USA in 1987. I spoke only on the phone, could not travel a thousand miles to meet him as he lived in Madison, which is a long distance. It was a pleasure to connect with him. I spoke with his wife Rizwana, and she was very friendly. They had two sons.

Munir Chacha later on came back to Pakistan. His wife and two sons remained in USA. He had been in our PIB colony house until late nights. He lived with Baseer Chacha then later rented an apartment. Ammi gave him a Bengali chef who was best with cooking. The chef later on said that Munir Chacha was a wonderful man, asked him to cook good food but ate very little and told him to distribute rest of the food to poor or send to Masjid.

He passed away when one evening was coming back after Namaz. He was found by other Namazi. Immediate care was tried but he passed away. It was 1998.

Tanveer Chacha was living with Wahida Phuppi. He passed away soon after, due to heart trouble. Papa said until his last days, Tanveer Chacha visited Papa in PIB colony.

I met Tauqeer Chacha's family in Philadelphia, USA. In 1986 we went to meet Waris Bhai who was Salim's longtime friend from Islamabad. He happened to be our relative too, through Apa Anno's husband Dr. Yousuf who was his Mamoo. Apa Anno was daughter of Basheer Hyder. Salim, was always connected with Waris, after he went to USA, but these details about his relationship with me was found out when Waris Bhai came to meet us, with family after we moved to USA and he invited us to come and visit him. He met and knew about Papa.



Mid 1950 's Wahida Phuppi with Farzana, Shahana Phuppi and Saeeda Khala.
Next, Qadeer Chacha's family, Shahida Qadeer, and daughters, Shazia and Attiya.

When we went to Philadelphia I mentioned about Tauqeer Chacha's family, without the knowledge that they still lived there. Waris Bhai said they still did and connected me with Farhana Chachi. She invited us and we went to their house. It felt very sad going to Tauqeer Chacha's house without him being there.

He had a beautiful family, kids and house but the whole atmosphere was gloomy. His oldest daughter was early teen, about 13, younger one 11 and the son who was his ditto copy was only 4 or 5 years old.

I met Farhana Chachi's mother there, who was telling me about the details of his departure. She said she was very happy for her daughter being married to such a wonderful man, but misfortune had strange ways to hit. Whenever I spoke, Farhana Chachi got tearful, when I asked, she said when I speak I sound just like Tauqeer Chacha. His way of speaking was very soft and sophisticated. We connected after that for some time, like exchanged calls on Eid or Bakra Eid.

I came back to Pakistan in 1988 with a thought that Salim, who had to resume his Islamabad job, may try to settle back in Pakistan since we had our own house in Islamabad, but it did not work out because we missed USA a lot.

When we returned back to USA, and I tried to call, Tauqeer Chacha's family changed the residence and even Waris Bhai did not know their new phone number. It was the time of only landline phones so a new house meant new phone number. They did not have our new number after we came back to USA so there was a disconnection since then.

In 1989, we were still not sure to stay in Pakistan or go back. In one of our Karachi visits, Baseer Chacha called us for dinner.

I met Farhana Chachi and kids there. It was a very pleasant surprise. We spoke about my visit to see them in Philadelphia. After the knowledge of the way how I tracked them and reached them in USA, Baseer Chacha complimented me saying that “Rasho Bibi relationship boht achi tarha nibhati he.” It felt very good to hear that.

I met Baseer Chacha and Wahida Phuppi’s family in 2008 in my daughter Sumaiya’s wedding in Karachi. It was the most memorable event. It was the last meeting with them as Baseer Chacha passed away in 2009, and Wahida Phuppi in 2019.

Later, not until recently I connected with Qadeer Chacha’s family. I always knew that his older daughter Shazia was married in the same family in Karachi as my childhood friend and neighbor Dr. Shabana. Shazia was married to the younger brother. Ammi, Papa and our family were invited to the wedding and met Shabana there.

Very recently I got connected with Shabana, who moved to USA, and became friends on Facebook. I got connected with Shazia and younger daughter Attiya too. It was really good to know about them.

Wahida Phuppi passed away in 2019, she was with paralysis. Ammi remained connected as long as she lived but I lost connection with Baseer Chacha and Wahida Phuppi’s family. On hearing of her death I called Dr. Shahnawaz, the son and refreshed memories. She has three daughters all doctors and two sons. Dr. Shehla the second daughter passed away a few years ago from cancer.

Syeda Aziza Bano:

She was Syed Raffat Husain’s younger daughter, Dada Safiul Hasan’s younger sister and Papa’s Choti Phuppi Jan. She was straight forward and very loving, just like all her siblings.

She was married to Syed Nusrat Hassan, my grandfather’s maternal cousin, and Dada Safiul Hasan was married to Nusrat Hassan’s sister BadarunNisa for the first marriage. Dadi Aziza and Dada Nusrat did not have any children. They lived on Saeed Manzil at MA Jinnah road in a large flat, which had a small Sehan too (a yard). She always called us on annual Niaz dinner, “Koonde.”



Aziza Bano, and Syed Nusrat Hassan.

Dada Nusrat was a religious person, so much so that he was into Peeri Faqreei and it was known that he had communications with many Jinns. There used to be very clean rooms especially one with all white sheets. When I and sister Affo saw that, we started playing and running around in there.

When Dadi Aziza saw, she stopped us and asked us to come out without telling us the reason. I asked other elders, only Khaloo Nasserul Hasan told the real reason. Dada Nusrat used to do preaching on Jinns and that day he was supposed to have lot of Jinns as visitors, to listen to his lecture on Tabligh of Islam. Some might still be sitting there, that we could not see when running around there, and it could cause offence to them.

It scared us so much that we rarely even walked around their house. Actually, we kids tried to avoid going there. Dadi Aziza visited our house a lot. She wore a grey Burqa.

Every time when we saw her, she was sicker and weak. In the beginning, she was mistaken for late age pregnancy, but in reality it was a malignant tumor or cancer and she passed away in mid 1960s.



Syed Naseerul Hasan and Syed Nusrat Hassan

It was very sad for her brothers and sisters and their families. Dada Safiul Hassan and other brothers still kept visiting their house at times, mostly Khaloo Naseerul Hasan went there who missed Choti Apa a lot. Dada Nusrat never stopped visiting PIB colony. He lived until the age of 90'plus and I saw him in our house at PIB until even after Dada Safiul Hasan passed away.

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Chapter 4

Migration to Pakistan 1949

The Residence:

The Classical 208 Frere Road:

After the Partition in 1947, the life was tough for Muslims in India. British left and with Hindu Government, and Hindu majority, there was discrimination upon the religion. Most of the Muslims saw a bad future for themselves and their children. This led to migration of a massive amount of Muslims towards Pakistan.

Our grandparents were planning to migrate but were not even close to an early retirement age. They waited for next couple of years. Nana Sadaqat convinced them to apply for early retirement, as he was retiring too and being in railway service it was easier for him to move all of them safely.

Nana Sadaqat Husain was oldest among his siblings, single with no children and he thought about all the siblings and their children as his own. They respected and followed him likewise. When he insisted and helped all the siblings to migrate from India to Karachi in 1949. Nana Saulat and family migrated about three months earlier.

Nana Sadaqat thought of it as his responsibility to house them and settle. He asked for help from their youngest brother Nana Itaaf Husain who migrated to Karachi, Pakistan in 1947, and resumed his civil services position from India. He was well-settled by 1949, living in the house 208 Frere Road Karachi.

Nana Itaaf Husain and his family with seven kids had been a picture of hospitality. The three families with 2-6 children each per family, came to Pakistan and lived in the ground floor of their house.

It continued for next five to six years. The house was very large, but more was the space in the hearts. The three separate families lived with three separate kitchens and the rooms. There came the end time when Nana Itaaf Husain got a transfer to USA and left with his family in 1954.

A few very important events took place before they left. Nana Sadaqat was the one who arranged marriage of my parents (off springs of his two siblings). Ammi said that he called her aside and asked if she had any objection upon his decision. When Ammi agreed then he proceed further. That kind of fairness was rare in that generation.

My parents were married in that house soon before Nana Itaaf's moving to USA. They remember it as wonderful six years of living together with Nana Itaaf and his family even before they were married.

Mamoo Shujaat Husain and Tazeem Mumani's wedding took place in Lucknow in that duration and their Valima celebrated at 208 Frere Road.

Two kids were born in that house: Naved Husain, Nana Itaaf's youngest son, later, Imran Matanat Husain, Shujaat Mamoo's son.

My mother Akhtar Bano also completed her BA from the same college with Nasho and Rani Khala, the well-known St. Joseph Girls College. Papa and Chacha Wajihul Hasan and

Rehana Phuppi went to DJ Science College, and later studied Medicine and did MBBS from Dow Medical College. Others as well continued very well with their education.



Shahana, Farzana and Rehana Phuppi with Nasho Khala. Next, Nasho and Rani Khala with Rehana Phuppi.



R to L: Sabihul Hasan, Akhtar Bano, a friend Peel, Farzana Phuppi, Wajihul Hasan, Shahana Phuppi, Rani Khala, Rehana Phuppi, Saeeda Khala and Ameena Khala.

Next Picture: Rani Khala, Ammi, Farzana Phuppi, Peel. Naushaba Khala, Rehana Phuppi.

These Pictures are courtesy of Papa, Sabihul Hasan.



Akhtar Bano, a friend Peelu, Farzana Phuppi, Shahana Phuppi, Saeeda Khala, Ameena Khala, Nasho Khala, Rani Khala Rehana Phuppi Next picture, Sabihul Hasan, Raana Jafer, Rehana Ahmed, Naushaba Burney, Wajihul Hasan, Mujahid Husain.



The above picture is with the courtesy of Khalid Chacha. He saw the gathering of all relatives and called a Photographer and had them all photographed.



Above is the list of names of all the people present in the previous picture. The list was made by Dada Safiul Hasan in his own hand writing ,after the original picture was presented to him. The hand writing, he always used is called “ Khat e Shakista ” It looked classy though hard to read for younger generation.

Description of PIB Colony Residence:

Ownership: Syed Sadaqat Husain

Location: 167-168 PIB Colony Karachi

Sadaqat Husain was determined to help in settling his siblings by all means, so for that reason when Nana Itaat left for USA, he purchased four houses in PIB colony which was a moderately posh colony of 1940s, 50s and 60's. One of the houses was this big house 167-168, constructed on the land for two houses, close to the bus stop and market, three smaller ones with three bedrooms each were located deep inside PIB colony.

He gave the option to the families of three siblings to choose from, if they wanted to live in smaller but independent house or together in one large house. It was 1954 and family values and love among brothers and sisters was at its peak. They all chose one big house to live together. He rented the remaining three and moved to the big house with his siblings.

The house was large enough for everyone to live comfortably. He distributed the rooms of the house among siblings depending upon their family size. The three kitchens, were distributed as one per family too. They all had a separate living though still living under the same roof, in the same house with some common areas used by all, like two verandas, one upfront and the second inside. There were nine bedrooms in the house, so each family took three bedrooms each. There were three small godowns for luggage and storage, so one each was given to each family. There were six bathrooms, and the front yard was big enough for many large trees to be planted, and the other yard inside was called Sehan.

The outer yard was called Baghia, which means small garden. In reality it had trees and plants no less than a huge big garden. It had three guava trees each belonging to three families planted by each of them. A large neem tree was there, planted by Nana Saulat, who also planted flowering trees like jasmine and raat ki rani, bela. Fruits like sharifa and even banana and papaya. Katchnar tree and badam was rare one, flowering trees like gold mohr and amaltas tree and Har Singhar planted by Dada Safiul Hasan. Later Papa planted Mango too. All these gave lots of fruit and flowers. Many flowering shrubs were planted, the most loved one was Mehndi tree. The whole neighborhood used to pick from our house and used mehndi, especially in Eid.

The most beautiful gesture of all was that when Nana Saulat, in jasmine blooming season used to go to everyone's room and present the most fragrant bela flowers from his bela and jasmine shrubs. He used to put some under his pillow so whenever we passed by his bed, it smelled like jasmine all the time.

Nana Sadaqat had a wooden train like Bogie constructed as he had passion for trains, where he planned to use as his office. That did not happen and we had the Bogie sitting at the outer side of the garden and later rented to a tailor shop. It was one of a kind tailor shop, which looked so stylish. Nana Sadaqat bought few other rooms on the outer side around 167-168 PIB which were rented also. He chose the smallest room of the house for himself but next to his dearest sister Bali, pet name for Dadi Zahida Bano. She took care of him. His food was cooked by her chef, with her family. Sometimes personally by her. When my grandmother Zahida Bano told about his illness and death none of us could control our tears

even when we kids did not ever see him. He lived in the house for just one year, the house that he purchased for so many people.

The houses that he rented, later after his death, the siblings kept using the rent until 1971. When they sold those houses, they have gone for Hajj together. When we grew up I always heard from my grandfather Safiul Hasan that he never saw an individual as selfless and of high character as Sadaqat Husain. His passing away was like 167-168 PIB colony lost the father.

Life style and standard of living:

As I mentioned earlier there were three kitchens in the house, not just in name but also used by three different households. Each of them had their own chef. It was a tradition observed by great grandfather, Nana Mussarat and Dada Raffat's family that though their ladies were well trained for excellent cooking, they never let their wives cook and always hired chefs for cooking. It was a courtesy towards their ladies. Our family was a perfect example of that courtesy.

After migration to Karachi Pakistan, they all were only moderately well off, but to follow the tradition, they liked to rather pay a chef to work, than save that money. Those among them, where both the parents worked like my mother and father, there was additional help available, like extra washing and cleaning servants and maids for childcare. This way a big group of people were hired as our employees. This tradition continued for decades. Later, when older generation of workers stopped working, their children took over. All of such people who served us were well respected, and became as important as family members. In childhood it was hard for kids to distinguish among servants and relatives. We thought of them as the same.

Most of them, helped our family for years and generations, I have a lot of respect for them. Some of the relatives still keep the memory of those employees, because they met them and still remember them. I would like to list the names of a few who served us for decades and were like family members to us. All the ladies who came to work for us and had children they automatically were called in reference to their children's name. In order to give them respect, did not call them with their own name. It was another tradition:



Babu ki Amma served PIB colony with her family for almost 25 years

1-Babu ki Amma worked from 1954-1970. She worked for Dadi Shahida's family, her husband, Khansama cooked for Dadi Zahida until he died. Zohra, their daughter helped Ammi with me and Affo, as a maid. Babu was her younger son worked to help

Shujaat Mamoo's kids as long as they lived in PIB colony but around 1958, they moved to Nazimabad.

2-Haseena ki Amma worked from 1954 onwards, used to call Ammi as Dulhan. She was hired, since when Ammi was married. Her daughters worked for us too. Haseena was a maid to take care of me, later Zarina for Faisal.

3-Noor Jehan, a young girl who worked as a maid to help me and Affo.

4-Razia, a Bengali lady who came to work for us as cook in 1963 she stayed continuously for the next 30 years. Her daughter Ruqaiya was my friend. Razia worked later for Masoom Khala.

5-Sultan Khan: His wife worked for us, after her death he took over. His daughter used to help Ammi, for some cleaning and sewing work on weekends, that continued until year 2000. Also, since 1969, Bengali boys started working for us. Ammi trained them for our style of cooking, and they even lived with us and slept in the front yard outside. Most of these servants kept coming to visit PIB colony all their lives even when they were very old. They freely rested and ate whatever food was cooked. Ammi paid some of them when retired, on monthly basis as small part of their salary. Papa called it as Ammi paying them pension. Zakat, was also strongly observed, so some got their share in Zakat. In Bakra Eid they received Qurbani meat.

Cultural and religious observation:

The Burqa was common in our family in 1950s and 1960s. Later it had been replaced by coats, and scarf in 1970s, further by a chadar or shawl. Younger generation of my age group did not use any mode of parda. We were just dressed appropriately before going out.

Namaz was a five times practice especially with elders like Nana, Dadi and Dada. Youngers were equally punctual. Men used to regularly go to Masjid, ladies prayed at home, and kids were trained to pray as well. Fajr time was a very busy time because everyone was at home, and in hurry to catch the Fajr prayers then go to work or college. In Ramadan, Roza was with full practice. Season did not matter. Sehri and Iftari were specials.

Doing Salam was a must thing to do, in the morning, we all did Salam to our elders. My manners and religious habits like doing Salam to elders in the morning, were admired, in my Susral within my in-laws after marriage. My mother in law gave examples of that to the others and asked them to learn from me. I received lot of respect in later life for being raised by and even living around such wonderful people. I received first hand teachings, knowledge and opportunities to learn. Nana Saulat sometimes used to give Waaz, the religious teaching to all the family members of house and few times even arranged Waaz and Milad by well-known Preachers.

These elders lived in the PIB colony house from 1954-2012, which is 58 years. If they left, it was only because they had to move out of the country, city or within the city because of family expansion, after marriages or death kept them apart. The last one who left, departed in 2012—My youngest Mamoo Syed Talat Husain.

It surprised everyone that how come such diversified people managed to live together for decades, where there was a need of extreme degree of sharing, tolerance and understanding. Of course only the first generation were siblings. Their children were cousins, and grandchildren were only second cousins. The prime factor they all observed was respect

for each other, each other's space and privacy and of course love. Love and care they all had for each other.

Indeed, they were highly educated, cultured and respectable people. They were offspring of Nana/Dada Mussarat Husain, and Raffat Husain.

Early Tragedies :

The house saw two major tragedies after everyone moved there. Nani Aizaz Fatima who was continuously ill after she moved to Nehtaur, became more severely ill with heart condition, and passed away in 1954. Her death left the family very sad as Talat Mamoo and Saeeda Khala were young. Ammi who was recently married took complete charge of her father's household and children.

The family hardly survived from one death, soon after that, Nana Sadaqat Husain who had a fall and broke the backbone, remained ill with the bone never properly healed. He passed away in 1955 at the age of 71 years. He hardly lived in that house that he purchased, for only one year. It was a shocking tragedy that his siblings took a long time to cope with. Papa used to quote Nana Sadaqat that Mamoo Jan always joked that he was so strong and healthy that he would at least live up to the age of 100 years. He joked upon Nana Saulat who was thin and lean though very athletic, that he did not care to gain weight so he would pass away sooner. The reverse happened. Nana Saulat lived up to 97 years of age, and Nana Sadaqat died youngest among all the siblings.

My Grandmother told me a lot of stories of that time. When Nana Sadaqat passed away, I was only a year old. I do not remember seeing him or Nani Jan.

People called that house as very inauspicious as there were two deaths in first two years after buying it and moving there. Many suggested that remaining members should better sell the house and go somewhere else. Nana Saulat, who was the senior most member and very religious, said he did not believe so, and would continue to live there and so did all. There had not been any more deaths or even serious illness for next 20 years until nearly twenty years later in 1974, when my Dada Safiul Hasan passed away, but that happened in Lahore where he went to visit his son, Chacha Wajih ul Hasan.



Masoom Bano, Akhtar Bano, and Saeed Fatima. Three sisters in PIB Colony



Outside of the house, with Chacha Wajihul Hasan in 167-168 PIB Colony.

Eids at PIB:

Life was beautiful at PIB but the most exciting among all times were Eid and Bakra Eid days. Preparations used to start a month earlier but Chand Raat, Choorian and Mehndi was the last and best. Ladies of our family had a sewing woman hired for the job. Nobody called her by her name but as Farida ki Amma. She worked just for sewing. She used to come and sit in our house to complete all the sewing tasks about a week before Eid. My Dadi Zahida who only wore gharara suits trained her to cut and sew perfect gharara. The woman became such an expert that she used to sew ghararas for weddings in many other houses in PIB and even other localities outside. I saw her since my childhood, and later her younger daughter became my friend. She sewed ghararas for all weddings from the times of Shaukat Mamoo's wedding until the times of mine and Affo's (Arifa) weddings.

Eid in our house was memorable for our dishes, food and our beloved guests. In the morning, all men in new clothes together went to Namaz. Ladies used to get the breakfast prepared before men arrived home. Eid breakfast was siwaiyan for sure, kababs, eggs omelets, puri, and aloo sabzi, among others. For afternoon it was ALWAYS sheer and urad gosht and rice. It was staple food for Eid for our family from Nehtaur, India. Kababs and many other novelties continued until dinner. Ladies got dressed after breakfast, actually closer to lunchtime after completing the work. Eid day was a Holiday for servants.

By the time the men arrived and were having breakfast, the guests started arriving too. First guests almost always used be Nana Itaath Husain and Nani Nafeesa, sometimes with Mujahid Chacha who drove them, with Ameena Khala, or Naved, Guddu or Khalid Chacha. Nasho and Rani Khala came later because they were married with children. They all loved the food in our house, as it was traditional cooking of Nehtaur.

Second visitors arriving around the same time were Dada Mutiul Hassan and Khaloo Naseer ul Hassan and Masoom Khala. They lived about less than a mile away and close to each other so usually arrived together with our sister Farah who lived with Masoom Khala and Khaloo Naseerul Hasan.

Shaukat Mamoo, Mumani and kids, lived about half a mile away, always used to visit in the afternoon. Shujaat Mamoo and the family usually came in the evening as they

received guests in their own house in the morning. We loved to play with our cousin brothers Roofi, Salman and Roomi, as we have always been friends since childhood. They called themselves as very mischievous and some other relatives confirmed that but we never found them as mischievous or aggressive but only friendly.

Eidee collection was also part of Eid, and was taken away from us by Ammi so we do not waste any. That was always disappointing. The most interesting Eidee was what Nana Jan, Saulat Husain used to give to his two sisters Dadi Zahida and Dadi Shahida. It was a small amount but showed lots of care and love which they used to cherish with prayers of his long life and health. He passed away in 1987. The two sisters mourned for his death for a long time. They called him Majhle bhai. He called my grandmother Zahida Bano as Bali, and Shahida Bano as Shaddi though later called her by her real name.

Eid Activities:

Friends from a close neighborhood visited me, then together we used to go to the houses of friends of distant ones. It was the most fun part of Eid. I had no less than twelve to fifteen friends since childhood from the neighborhood houses.

The closest friends were Shani, Ruby and other sisters (5 sisters). Their grandfather's house was just next door and their father's was the next after that. They were my first friends of the life. Fortunately they still are. They also belong to Nehtaur, India, and their elders remembered our elders from Nehtaur. We had very strong family ties with them.

The next day after Eid we used to visit the relatives who could not come because were too old, like Ammi's Mamoo and Khala. My mother always visited Shujaat Mamoo's house to meet her Mamoo Ibne Abbas and Mumani Tashbeeh Fatima who were the parents of our Mumani Tazeem Fatima, and also used to go to see Baby and Babbi Khala, Ammi's cousins and Tazeem Mumani's sisters, as well as a few other relatives. Another place where Ammi never ever missed going with us was her Khala Jan, Naseer Fatima who was older than our Nani Aizaz Fatima.



A big group of friends on Eid day. Next, Rasho and Affo with Shani, Ruby, and Rani.

Bakra Eid had its own specials:

In mid 50s there used to be a sacrifice of one cow and a goat in PIB house. Later more people in the house grew up and started earning and became eligible to do Qurbani so the

number of animals to be sacrificed, especially the cows grew more, and later in 1960s and 70s, I had seen no less than five cows in our house per Bakra Eid which was unbelievable. Four were tied outside at the front bagh and one in Sehan inside. As young children we loved to feed them without going too close.

On Bakra Eid day and the next day, kids of the whole neighborhood used to watch the Qurbani of cows. We had regular butchers and Qasai, who showed up every Bakra Eid to help sacrifice our cows then we had meat distribution to all the shareholders. Nana Saulat took care of all the other aspects of Qurbani. He used to go to the rooms of everyone and called them to watch the Zabiha because he said it was the Hukum of Allah to see the animal sacrifice. It gave strength to the heart of an individual to tolerate sorrow. Even women of the house liked it or not, had to come and watch. Nobody could disobey.

Ammi, Dadi Zahida and Shahida along with a fleet of servants used to balance and make seven shares of meat per share holder of every cow, and relatives who did not live there arrived and took their shares home.

Food trend was to Fry Liver and spleen for the snack and cooking a dish of cow brain for lunch. I cannot forget the taste of that ever. When Ammi came to live with me in USA I got a chance to taste that again. Of course many other dishes followed for days to come. The share for the poor and charity was distributed among poor and there used to be a line outside the house of needy people. Some said they waited for the whole year because largest number of animals were sacrificed from that house, so they got bigger portions. Another share was for relatives, so it was sent to their houses in packets. Only the last share, which was one third, was left and kept for the consumption of the members of the house. All the rest were distributed. This trend of Bakra Eid continued from 1954- 1986 until Nana Saulat passed away in 1987 and Papa took over. Number of cows sacrificed was reduced. Just one or two cows purchased, only for the share of those who were living or the close ones who passed away. Family trend was that descendants sacrifice for their dead parents or brothers and sisters if they could afford it, and distributed the meat to the poor.

Pets:

Even the pets of the PIB colony house had historical significance. There were always five to ten cats in the house as the cats had litters too. Their food was bought on daily basis from local butchers. Most significant was "Peeli billi." She was in the house prior to my birth. She saw Nana Sadaqat and Nani Jan at those times. She knew about me since I was born. I saw her growing old and cannot forget her maternal and kind looks she gave me. She died when I was older than 10 years. She gave many litters of kittens, one most remembered was black nosed cat: "Kali Nak ki Billi. She was a good hunter for mice. Later there had been many, many more.

Another most significant pet was a talking parrot. He came and sat on our Gold Mohar tree, it was large in size, and was sitting there and talking. It was noticed by women of the house, Dadi Zahida and Shahida, they thought that it would be a good idea to keep him as a pet but the difficult part was how to catch a flying bird. Nana Saulat's Chef Jamila said she could try and she threw her dupatta and got him. He bit Jamila. We found out that it was not just a talking parrot but a biting bird too.

The parrot had its wings cut short so struggled but did not fly away and they all thought it was in the bird's best interest too to stay with us and remain safe, otherwise it could not fly away to protect himself from predator animals.

It was around 1961 Mumani Shamim was there too when they tried to capture it. It remained in our house for almost next fifteen to twenty years. It was a bird with significant qualities. It talked clearly "Mian Mithu Khana Khai ga." Later it learnt many more words. When Ammi called me and Affo by name, he used to call after Ammi, "Rasho, Affo." He only ate good quality fruits that we purchased for him, not any kind of junk food that all the other birds eat. Farzana Phuppi was the one who took care, and spend on his food. He never bit her.

It bit all the others especially children. Surprisingly he never bit men. When I returned back from Islamabad the first time after my marriage I did not see him since he had died. His cage was never left out. In cold he was moved to a bathroom. In winter, the cage was covered by blanket. There had been other parrots on the side but none like him. Papa loved and kept small parrots and birds, and fishes as pets. Faisal kept pigeons, which stayed for over fifteen years.

Weddings in PIB:

1. First wedding in my memory was of Rani Khala's, daughter of Nana Itaat Husain, in 1958. She was married to Hassan Jafer. It took place in Nana Itaat's house, at their Mohammad Ali Society residence. I was about 4 years old. I remember everyone getting ready, only some servants stayed in the house because each and every member was leaving to attend the wedding. I remember lots of it. I was with cousin Salman who was the same age.
2. Next wedding was Shaukat Mamoo's wedding, Nana Saulat Husain's oldest son. I was a little older, so remember that wedding very clearly. Mumani Shamim Fatima was very nice and with mild nature. We have many pictures of that wedding. She lived with us in PIB colony house until older son Aleem was born.
3. Next was Rehana Phuppi's wedding in 1964 with Zaheer Phuppa (Papa's Aligarh class mate). That wedding took place in their Phuppo Nasima's house. She had three kids: Saad born in PIB, and Shoaib and Ali at her Sind Muslim Housing society residence.
4. Saeeda Khala's wedding was in 1969: She was married to Khaloo Yasin Ahmed, a second cousin, son of Maqsood Ahmed, my Nani Aizaz Fatima 's first cousin. She moved out from PIB. She had three kids: Saima, born in her Jahangir Road house, Ayesha born in PIB colony Karachi, and son Fowad born in Libya.
5. Later in 1972, Farzana Phuppi got married to Saeed Ahmed. That family was not related to us previously. She stayed at PIB. Only occasionally she moved out to her sister in law's house when her husband visited from UK. She had two kids born in PIB colony house. Fatima and Haroon.
6. Next was Shahana Phuppi's wedding with Saud Hasni Phuppa in 1977. He was not a relation to us from before. She moved out from PIB. She has two sons and one daughter. Hasan, Husain and Amna.

7. Next wedding was of mine, Rashda's in 1979, with Mohammad Salim, not related previously. We moved out to Islamabad then UK and later USA. We had three kids born in UK and Islamabad, Sumaiya, Sara, and Samra.
8. Next Wedding was of Arifa. She was married to Mohammad Ozair in 1983. She moved to USA in 1984 and had three kid there, Sobia, Sana and Sumair.
9. Talat Mamoo got married in 1994 with Mumani Farah.

These were the weddings that took place among the people living in PIB.

The first few kids born when living in PIB colony house were Salman, Rashda, Arifa, Farah Faisal, Roomi, and Aleem.

Our family Doctor was Qayyum Baig. He treated each and every member of the house.

The description of the house will not be complete without talking about the "Motchi," the shoe repairman who sat outside the house under our Neem tree. He came from Tribal areas of North West Frontier Province in 1961. Though he was very young, but was very fatherly towards the kids of our house. As a young child I used to talk with him a lot. There was a bonding which developed with him and he did many other things for our family as a courtesy and used to get many favors from us in return. A lot of people said the show of the house and its outside look was compromised because of his shoe repairing shop, but elders thought we were getting a guard for our house. He continued doing shoe repair until after 2012, which made a good 51 years.

After Talat Mamoo's passing away the house lost its last resident, and was sold.

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Chapter 5

Generation After the Previous

Offspring of Syed Safiul Hassan Zaidi:

The eldest son was Syed Sabih ul Hasan Zaidi (My Father):

The meaning of his name Sabih, was "Beautiful".

He was a man of a million qualities. No one ever disliked him or heard anyone say a bad word about him. He was loved by everyone whoever met him because of his humble, kind and helping nature. I asked my grandmother how he looked like when born and later when he was a baby. She described him as "Gulab ka Phool" or a rose. He was very fair like his mother, blue/green eyes, curly hair, which he got from the mother. He was dearly loved as he was first child to parents and first grandchild to the paternal grandparents.

A younger brother followed him, just one year and four months after. He was as fair and beautiful as him, with blue/green eyes and curly hair. They both looked alike, and were raised like twins. Papa loved the baby brother and in his baby words started calling him as "Baiya," which meant "Bhaiya." The parents were so pleased and amused by that name that they started calling my Chacha Wajihul Hassan as "Baiya" too and they all called him as Baiya

all their lives. I asked them about it when I was a child and my grandparents told me this story behind it.

He and Chacha Wajihul Hassan called their mother as Apa because Dadi Shahida who was their heart favorite aunt also called her as Apa.

Later they were followed by one more brother, Chacha Zakiul Hasan as beautiful in looks but born many years younger, and later a baby sister Fakhira whom Papa always mentioned as "Munni," but she did not survive any longer than 3 months. Chacha Zaki lived for 17 years but died of Typhoid fever as there was no cure in 1946. Antibiotics, Penicillin and its derivatives reached India in 1947.

Early Childhood:

Papa grew up in a very rich household, but in the districts where our Grandfather Dada Safiul Hasan was working. Most of those districts did not have good schools. That was the reason that Nana Saulat Husain sent his sons and daughters to the best schools and colleges in other developed cities, even if they had to stay in hostels.

Dada Safiul Hasan decided to hire private tutors for all kinds of education including Islamic, Quran and Academic school courses with books ordered from big cities. Papa told me that it was at least four to five hours of tutoring at home every day, which continued for no less than five years. It was bothersome and boring as there were just the two of them not the whole class room full of students. The standard of education was very high because the tutoring was provided one on one.

They grew up very simple, soft and kind because no early exposure to different kinds and variety of classmates, and were extremely obedient to their parents.

Horrifying Incident:

My Dadi told me about a horrifying incident of Papa's early childhood. The kitchens used to be on the outer side of the house to avoid smoke and sharp smell of spices inside the living area. Today there is no choice because houses are smaller and compact, and actually we like the smell of spices because we become so used to of it.

My grandmother went to the kitchen to make something for her child. Papa who was hardly one and half year old went with her. She made a little roti for him, placed it in a plate and gave it to him. He walked back to the house to eat there. In order to go back he had to pass through an open corridor with just a roof as shelter, surrounded by garden and huge trees. I saw the similar kind in Chacha's old house in Lahore. That house had a similar pattern as the houses in India.

When Papa started walking in the corridor with baby steps, suddenly a huge red faced monkey jumped right in front of him snatched the roti from his hand, pulled out the bite he already took, from his mouth and pushed him in the chest so he fell down. Terrified, he screamed and his mother, who almost saw all of it, ran towards him to rescue, but monkey already completed his job, ran away and was sitting on a tree branch, mocking and eating that roti. Dadi Zahida was furious because the monkey pushed the child seeing him as little and helpless. She of course consoled the child then sent a messenger to Dada Safiul Hasan to come home for a break. The court where he worked was only at walking distance.

He did come home right away after knowing that child was hurt. Dadi Zahida asked him to bring his gun and shoot the monkey who was still there on the branch.

Dada Safiul Hassan as well was upset but advised her to calm down as there was Hindu majority and monkey being their God were considered sacred. Monkeys were there in plenty because nobody could harm them which made them very aggressive. It could be a matter of law and order if a monkey had been killed. She asked him to give the gun to his peons and to ask them to shoot. He refused to do that either because the consequences could still be the same. The monkey was saved, and nobody could forget the mischief for a long time.

Childhood games/Pets:

Papa remembered going to hunting expeditions with his brother Wajihul Hasan and Abba Jan, father Safiul Hasan. When they brought a hunted animal home my grandmother had the best meals cooked with it.

They also had a female deer as a pet. It was found and brought as a baby. Dadi Zahida used to feed her with a bottle of milk, once used as a feeder by her kids. The baby deer survived and grew up. Dadi Zahida named her as "Chunni." It lived in their house for a long time. When Dada Safiul Hasan got a transfer to another Zila (district), the deer went with them. That house was close to the forest. One morning she was disappeared and was never found. It was a thought that it went away with a group of deer in the forest. Kids were sad for the deer for a long time.



Syed Wajihul Hasan. Next, Syed Sabihul Hasan. Next, Dada Safiul Hasan with Sabih, Wajih and Zakiul Hasan

Dada Safiul Hasan bought a pony for the boys so they could learn horseback riding from childhood. It worked well and they learnt horseback riding. Papa said they practiced and learnt playing Polo on the horseback but after coming to Karachi as young boys they did not get opportunity to practice more as they could not bring that horse with them.



A custom made Eid card that Dada Safiul Hasan got printed with Papa's picture on it.
Next, a picture of Sabihul Hasan from his US stay.

He also told me that he loved playing with kites, but kites were very strictly prohibited by my grandfather. His theory was that whoever flies kites always breaks legs, because usually people do that on the roof of the house and at one point get so overwhelmed that forget where they were and take a wrong step and fall down the roof, which breaks not just the leg, but all the bones, and could be fatal. My grandfather told me the same caution when I asked for a kite, just not to fly a kite.

The second in his list was the top "The Lattoo." Dada Safiul Hasan prohibited playing with the Lattoo as well. His theory about that was that whoever plays with it has good chances of hitting it in eye and losing the eye. He was so firm with his prohibited items that Papa and Chacha never played with kites and tops, unless in the absence of their father.

Papa told one story that they used to wait for the days when their father had to be on tours so they could enjoy the kites and tops. For those kind of times Papa made beautiful kites at home. Of course he could not go and buy them. He was very creative right from the childhood, so he did buy the paper, used sticks from the brooms present at home, glue (gum) and colors from his mother's dupatta dye, which she had available in plenty of lovely shades, because those days almost all women dyed dupattas at home to match their clothing.

He was planning to fly those kites one day when his father was gone on a tour. He was about to start when he saw the horse carriage of his father entering back into the yard. He came back home early. Papa was on the roof and got scared and grabbed all the kites to

hide them somewhere so his father could not find them. There was no time left as his father was almost getting in the house. He found a safe place to hide them, it was to hang them in the chimney opening on the roof from the kitchen, thinking that he would get them out and hide them at a better place once his father was asleep.

After only a few hours when he went to the roof to get the kites out as it was a safe time, to his extreme disappointment he saw that all of the kites were destroyed with holes in them or burnt brown because of excessive heat. He said he never felt as disappointed and heartbroken as that day all through his childhood. His father bought most beautiful and expensive toys for the sons, even ordered them from bigger cities but kids love to get excited playing with the ones prohibited, like kites and tops.

Prohibitions included some food items as well. My grandfather hated eating Bair. Small and large both were disallowed, so nobody could buy or give to the children. I once asked him why, and he said that Bair is a bird food so give it to our parrot. The same rule was there for some kinds of Sharbat, sour drinks only. Another one, was also no playing outside the house after Maghrib. These are few of the many rules, which were extended not only for his children but also the grandchildren, which was us.

Another very interesting story was told by Muzammil uncle, Sumaiya's Father in law. His father Mahmood Husain (older brother of Dada Masood Husain, Dadi Shahida's husband) and my grandfather Safiul Hasan were good friends. So one time my Dada went to visit their house with Papa and Chacha who were very young kids.

Muzammil Uncle described them as two very neat clean and well-dressed boys with their hair neatly done and clean socks and polished shoes, well groomed and sitting very well-mannered without even any movement. He said that there were 12 kids in their family, some were the same age as Papa and Chacha, and very mischievous of course because there were ten boys, so it was very hard to spend that much time in grooming of all. They were watching behind the curtain but not warming up enough to come out and make friends.

The Sharbat was served. To everybody's surprise especially to their family boys, Papa and Chacha did not even touch the glasses. Mahmood Husain asked them why they did not get some, not to be shy and have the Sharbat. Papa asked the father, "Abba Jan can we drink this Sharbat?" he allowed them, "Ok but not more than half glass." They just drank only half glass and placed their glasses back neatly in the tray.

He said they were surprised with the obedience and manners. I could not stop laughing as I have gone through the similar curfew from Dada Safiul Hasan my grandfather who had a thing about some kind of Sharbats (only the sour ones like Lemonade). All the things that Papa spoke about being prohibited to him were also banned upon us.

Education:

When, it came to the time for Papa and Chacha, to be definitely admitted to school, their father rented a house in Aligarh and shifted the sons and his wife Dadi Zahida there. The house named Eijaz Manzil and was located in the compound of Dr. Ziauddin's house with his own residence. He was the Vice Chancellor of Aligarh Muslim University and a former acquaintance of Dada Safiul Hasan. He had seven big houses in the huge compound of his own residence, which he rented to high profile tenants. Each house was named after each of his daughters and one son.

That was the beginning of long friendship between Dr. Ziauddin and my grandfather Safiul Hassan Zaidi. My Dada who was by nature not an easily trusting person, did trust Dr. Ziauddin to leave his wife and family there alone and himself retuning back to his district of work. He was only visiting on the weekends.

Papa and Chacha who were educated by private tutors, were admitted to grade 7th directly. Definitely the education provided by private tutors was good enough to cover six years of schooling. Papa was assessed for 8th grade but he chose to be in the same grade as his brother, since age difference was only one plus year his request was accepted by their father. That was why both got into 7th grade. They were very disciplined, so admired by their teachers, and good with academics and sports too. They won championships for the school with indoor and outdoor sports as they visited the sports clubs with their father all their life.

Papa won the draft championship and got a trophy, presented by the hands of Nawab Ismail Khan, the vice chancellor at that time. He proudly spoke about shaking hands with Nawab Ismail Khan, Quaid e Azam Mohammad Ali Jinnah's partner and colleague in Pakistan Movement.

Pir Saheb Pagara:

Papa told a very funny story about when one of Dr. Ziauddin's houses got new tenants. Those were two heavy built early teen boys who came without parents but with some guards. They were about same age as Papa and Chacha. One of them became the classmate. His name was Sikandar Shah. The younger one was Nadir Shah.

Their father was assassinated by British, and the boys were captured. British took the responsibility to house them and educate them, far away from their surrounding which was in Sind, so that they do not grow up as rebel like their father.

Papa said one day he heard lot of loud noise in the compound and saw a big box full of raw meat with the chef, which he was carrying to cook for the hostel students. Chef was shouting to stop these two boys as they were in a mischievous mood and throwing the meat up in the air so all the wild birds were gathered in the sky and catching the meat that they threw up for amusement.

They were very rough, so it was hard to control them. The guards came for the rescue of the chef and removed the boys from that site. The boys needed lots of education, taming and learning of languages since they came from interior Sind with a totally different environment.

Papa's friendship started with the older one, Sikandar Shah later known to the world as famous "Pir Saheb Pagara." The friendship continued for lifetime. Papa taught him how to play cricket, tennis and all the indoor games, which he saw as a favor and never forgot.

Sikandar Shah was a lover of cricket and have played a huge role in later years in the training of Pakistani team by offering the big yard on his own house in Karachi to develop a pitch which was similar to England where Pakistani team was leaving to play a tournament. The practice helped Pakistani team to win the match and the series in England.

Earlier after British left in 1947, they took both the boys with them to London and they lived and were educated there. Later, when he returned back to Pakistan in 1954, one day Papa found him standing outside our PIB colony house.



Pir Saheb Pagara, Papa's friend Sikandar, at younger and later age

Of course Papa was amazed and asked how could he find him. Sikandar Shah said that after his return from UK he had to do a great deal of search to locate Papa. Through and through and with the help from several common friends he managed to get the address and drove to PIB Colony to see Papa. He never forgot the teenage friendship.

He and Papa met many times until later. He told Papa that he was going to be a "Gaddi Nasheen," and soon to become a Pir, because of Hur Population's demand. His father was also a Pir and chief of Hurs of Sind. Being an older son, it was his turn. He was sad because then he was going to be prohibited from watching movies and listening to songs which were his favorite hobbies, and he had to live in interior Sind mostly like the life of a Sufi. It happened exactly like that but he fulfilled his duties as a Pir very honestly and successfully.

Whenever Papa visited him, Pir Saheb told his staff to never ask to observe any protocol for Sabihul Hasan, no shoe removal required, and to leave him alone with his friend.

Another famous person was film actor Habib who was a student of Aligarh University around the same time as Papa. My Mamoo Shaukat and Shujaat Mamoo, stayed with them for their education from the University. It was so good to have company, and four boys together paid more attention to education.

Later Dadi Shahida also moved to Aligarh for Rehana Phuppi's education and lived in Ziauddin compound close to her sister. The name of that house was Shamim Manzil upon the name of Dr. Ziauddin's daughter Shamim. Later on his daughter Dr. Eijaz Tajammul (Eijaz Manzil's one) had her own hospital built in Karachi as famous Ziauddin Memorial Hospital.

Papa said that in 1947 Pakistan came into existence and the chaos started. He had a lot of friendship with Hindu boys, but the news spread about killings and looting, so all the Muslims out of precautions brought weapons and used other measures for protection.

Papa and Chacha brought bottles full of Sulfuric acid to throw in case of an attack. Dada Safiul Hasan had guns as well as hunting knives as he was also into hunting hobby. Hunting equipment could be used as weapons.



Sabihul Hasan, in school age. Next, in Dow Medical College.

There were no riots in Aligarh and they lived peacefully for two more years until 1949. When they packed up for migration Papa dug a hole in the ground and poured sulfuric acid there. He said they kept looking at the bubbles it made. Indeed it was a very pure and absolute sulfuric acid. He said he was glad that he did not have to use it on people.

Papa loved that time period of his student life tremendously. Actually, he loved Aligarh very dearly. He was very sad when moving to Pakistan. His Hindu friends were very sad too, and insisted that if he ever wanted to come back or visit, their doors were open for him. They had been in touch even after coming to Pakistan.

Papa completed one year of BS (Biology) when the decision was made to migrate. The two families started together, including Dadi Zahida and Dadi Shahida's family with Nana Sadaqat Husain, who was a railway officer. The hardest part of the travel was to keep Nana Sadaqat from talking about politics to passengers, adversely about Nehru and Gandhi. Until the border came, it was still an Indian territory and Hindus were travelling along for shorter distances. Papa said he was afraid that talking about politics would annoy people and cause problems.

The second problem was that my Dada Safiul Hasan was still in service, and had six more months left to retire as an early retirement. He accompanied up until Amritsar only to say goodbye. My Dada told me about it in detail. At the Amritsar railway station, Dada Safiul Hasan had an argument with a stationmaster for some reason related to his returning back tickets from Amritsar.

After he got out at Amritsar rails, and waved goodbye to his family, and the train left for Pakistan, he felt very sad and depressed, and with a very heavy heart sat on a bench in the lawn at the station. There was some time left before the passengers could start loading for the train back.

His thoughts got interrupted by a tea serving man who brought tea for him. He was surprised as he never ordered it, actually he was never a tea drinker. The man pointed in one direction, telling who sent it. Dada Safiul Hasan looked in that direction and on the second floor, he saw it was same stationmaster standing and looking at him. Dada said that he definitely must have looked gloomy that even the stationmaster he had an argument with earlier was sympathetic. Dada waved thanks to him, but after he left Dada threw the tea under the bench. My Dada told me no matter how good was his gesture, under the circumstances he could not trust him. I still feel the sadness of that day that my grandfather had to face alone.

The rest of the story was told by my grandmother Zahida Bano after that. Six months had passed and no news came about Dada Safiul Hasan, and no letters answered. The only way they satisfied themselves was the information that letters were held back and not reaching many people. She was worried to death if somebody harmed him in any sense. Her brothers and sister also came to Pakistan, so could not ask anyone to go back to India to search.

The residential problem was solved as they were staying with Nana Itaat and family but the money was used up in six months. Boys were admitted to colleges, and their tuition was being paid. At last, the news came that Dada was arriving and he arrived back safely in 1950, exactly six months after. He did take the early retirement so he could find a job in Pakistan and did go back to the position he left but in interior Sind near Tharparkar.

Papa and Chacha started at DJ Science College. Papa passed with BSc Honors, which was more prestigious of a degree. BSc was at preference for selection into Medical College, so they applied and were selected for MBBS. Papa was placed at 2nd position in the list of selection at Dow Medical College. It was an honor itself. His passion for sports continued and he played and won the draft championship and got a trophy again at Dow Medical College. He won a few more medals for other sports too on the side. I have seen those trophies filled in his cupboard.

Marriage:

After Papa and Chacha started college and medical education, it came to 1953 when elders were talking about settling Papa's marriage with his cousin, my mother, Akhtar Bano, daughter of his Mamoo Saulat Husain. Marriage was supposed to take place after his completion of the MBBS degree, but Nana Itaat Husain and family was to leave for USA and everybody wanted them to attend so it was decided that he get married and the college could continue on the side after the wedding.

He told a funny event that happened. Though they lived in the same house it was crowded with four families and he rarely got a chance to speak with his fiancée in private. One day he decided to make a phone call to the house and thought he would ask for Ammi and could speak with her on the phone. He made that call and Nani Nafeesa picked up the phone. He felt shy but asked for Ammi with a little change of voice. She asked who was he? He felt even more shy to tell his name and said that he was Shaukat (Ammi's elder brother).

Nani Nafeesa said "this was not Shaukat's voice." She refused to call Ammi and while placing the phone down Papa heard her saying that it must be Sabihul Hasan trying to talk

with Akhtar. He said he was very embarrassed. It was not a good thing for even soon to be married people to meet or talk over the phone, before marriage.

The wedding was memorable with all of his medical college students attending and dozens of cousins in the house for the rituals. I heard from all the Phuppis and Khalas about the details of the wedding and it felt as if I was already there. The details were so interesting that I loved to hear them over and over.

Wedding Pictures of Syed Sabihul Hasan and Akhtar Bano



Bride groom with father and uncles, and Talat Husain. Next, Bride groom with Baseer Hyder, Wajihul Hasan, and Dow medical college friends Shakir and Sultan.



Sehra recitation by father of the groom, Safiul Hasan Zaidi



Wedding of Sabihul Hasan and Akhtar Bano.



Sabihul Hasan In PIB Colony. Next, Akhtar Bano and Sabihul Hasan after the wedding.

I was born, and later after me was Affo. Papa started working part time at the Fisheries Department of Zoological Survey. It was a very prestigious job and paid well too. He was still a medical student fulltime and completed two years of MBBS. He started the third, when the Fishery Department offered him with a Fulbright Scholarship for going to USA for one year. This was a great offer. The problem was the discontinuation of MBBS. He asked the authorities at the college who said no problem with that and to come back and join after one year. A Fulbright scholarship was very prestigious and rare, obviously nobody let go once they get it offered. He accepted and left for USA.

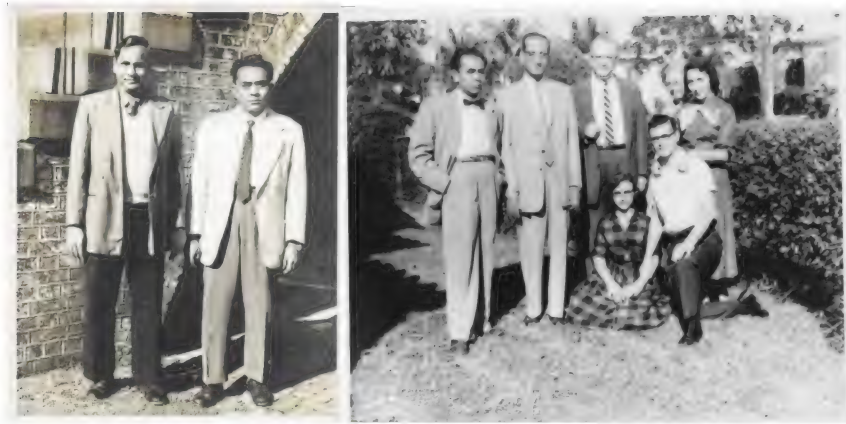
I still remember the night he was leaving. It was late at night. I remember Ammi placed me and Affo to sleep. I remember not sleeping as I overheard that Papa was leaving for some place. My mother said I was not even three. I saw Talat Mamoo going after him

saying they were leaving for airport. I called for Papa and he returned hugged me and Ammi scolded me that I would wake up the baby if I cry. I said goodbye. Something was telling me that he is not coming back tomorrow or anytime soon. I was right. I missed him the full year, did not forget to ask about him even a day.

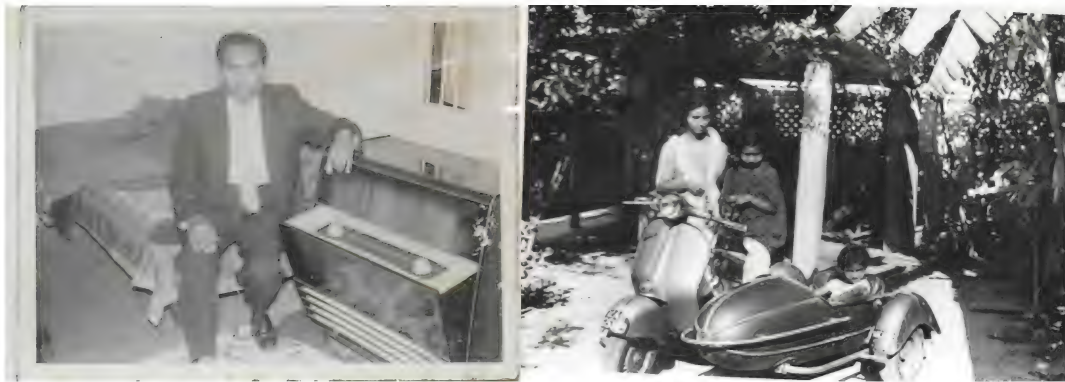
My Dada Safiul Hasan was sleeping in Papa's bed with my bed close, and every day I asked several questions like if America was so far that none of us could go to meet him, how come he went there and we cannot. He explained the reason and told me my father would be back soon.

Papa came back and I remember running under the protective railing at the airport and hugging him (security was negligible in late 50s). He had a big doll in his arms, which he presented to me right away. Papa brought lots of things like a Westinghouse refrigerator, a Radiogram and a Vespa scooter. Many, many things more, but what he lost was his place in Dow Medical College.

They told him that there were new rules that if there was one year of discontinuation then the student could not continue from where he left but had to restart from the first year. He spoke with the principal who did not agree for him to continue where he left, and Papa instead of starting as a fresh new student, decided to concentrate on his job, where he was already promoted because of his education in USA.



Sabihul Hasan Zaidi with his Professors and fellows in USA



Papa with his favorite Radiogram, he brought from USA in 1958, Next, Papa's favorite Transport Vespa Scooter and side car. He brought them from USA. A very popular transport of Sixties.

He told many stories from his visit to USA. There was one most horrendous incident in USA. He went on a ship with his professor and staff on specimen collection trip from the Atlantic Ocean, and to do research on it. Unfortunately the ship faced a serious ocean storm and started tumbling when in the middle of the ocean. Things became much worse and that ship began to go up very high with high tide and fall down into the sea when the tide returned. This was very frightening and happened over and over constantly. He said that he thought that he did not come this far from his home country to die getting drowned.

He asked the professor to turn the ship back. The professor, who was familiar with the nature of such storms, said that it was the best time for collection of the desired specimen because all the deep ocean creatures used to come up. Papa stayed calm a little more then asked the same thing again as things were getting worse. Finally, the professor ordered to return and the ship hardly made it up to the dock. The way Papa described it, we became very scared.

Sad at heart, he had to let go of the medical career and progressed with his Research officer career, which went out very well. He climbed up the ladder became class one Gazetted officer in Zoological Survey Department. He also got another Masters in Marine Biology from University of Karachi. Chacha Wajihul Hassan and Rehana Phuppi completed their MBBS from Dow Medical College and continued with their careers as doctors. Later Chacha moved to Lahore and Rehana Phuppi went abroad.



Sabihul Hasan at Fisheries Department Job at West Wharf Karachi.

Time went by and Papa had four kids, my sister Farah and brother Faisal were born in mid 1960s. He was a very mild natured father unlike his own father. I believe that he developed his personality to be very mild practically. Anything that was prohibited by our mother we got it reversed by using him and his right of opinion as a parent, which annoyed Ammi terribly. One time in an argument between me and Ammi. Ammi said angrily about me that, “who is the mother here she or me?” Papa who was listening smiled and said his classical sentence, “It depends upon whoever has more wisdom, not older by age.” Until today me and Salim laugh at that joke as I shared it with Salim after my marriage. Papa was very witty and used to joke instantly.

He was on a high position of Assistant Director in Zoological Survey. Qadeer Chacha filed for his immigration for USA, which was granted to him with family, after looking at

Papa's qualification. Somehow he could not make up his mind to move to USA leaving everything and everyone like his parents behind. He delayed it until we got into mid 1970s and then he finally refused.

He had a big house built in North Nazimabad, but decided to rent it as we were all settled and loved living in PIB colony. Papa due to his mild and forgiving nature could not collect the rent very regularly.

Come back of Medical Career as a Doctor:

In 1974, we got the blow of departure of our grandfather Safiul Hasan. Chacha took me and Affo to Lahore right away so we would not feel too sad and depressed. When we returned and I got out of the train on the railway station. Papa, who came to receive, us told me that Dow Medical College has offered him to resume his MBBS from where he left 16 years before.

The college said that rules had changed again and this time in Papa's favor. The students could resume from where they left many years ago in 1958. He met the principal, amazingly he was the same person as the one in 1958. Papa agreed to start from 3rd year of Medicine but told them he could not leave his job because he had a family with four kids. Everything was agreed. He restarted his medical career and finished his MBBS in early 1980s.

Whoever heard about it said he deserved a salute. I was a student in University of Karachi doing my Masters. All of my friends saw Papa as a hero, so did all the relatives and as a family we were proud of him and followed his footsteps where ever we could. This was story of a hard working man's success and glory. He changed into medical profession as a career and worked as doctor ever since for the next 20 years. After completing his degree he constantly has been passing many additional courses of specialization on the side. This gave him expertise in various areas of medicine. He received awards for the great performance at many of such institutions where he studied to do the courses.



Sabihul Hasan Zaidi winning an Award. Next picture, in Rochester.



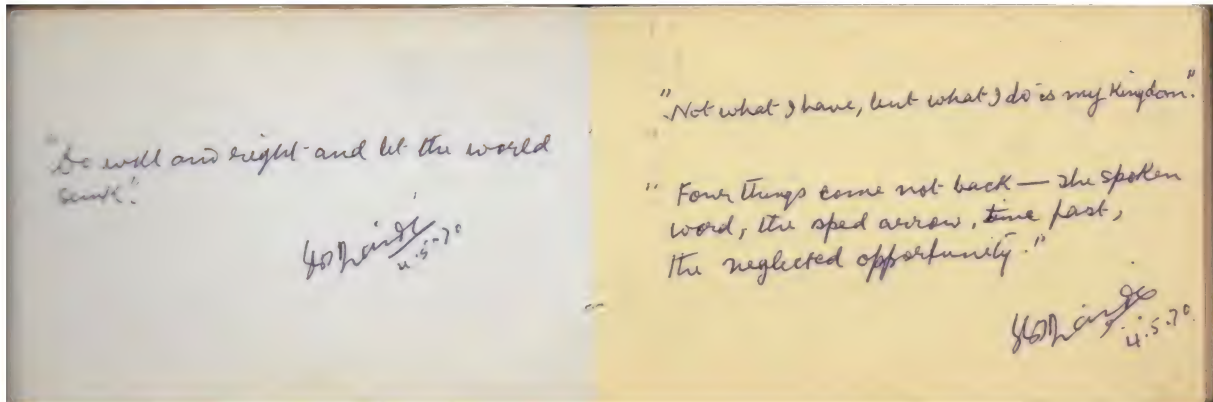
Akhtar Bano Zaidi (Ammi) and Sabihul Hasan Zaidi (Papa) in Rochester

Syed Sabihul Hasan's additional certificates of achievements:





Certificate of Achievement



Two pages from my autograph book with Papa's advices for me.

Favorite Food:

Favorite food was Fish, Fish and Fish. He ate about every item of food but fish was the most favorite, in all forms, mostly fried one. When he worked at Fishery's Department he used to buy tons of it, and shrimp, even lobsters, fresh catches at the wharf. Ammi's job was to clean all and get them cooked, and stock the rest in freezer. We distributed among the relatives too.

I got married in 1979. My sister Affo got married in 1983 and he had grandkids. Because of his loving and mild nature my daughters adored him. He never stopped the kids from causing any damage or breaking things so it was kid's dream to be around him.

The biggest among the problems was his health. In 1991 he had a heart attack and had been told that the activity of the heart was low due to blockages. Bypass was less common and he was not too strong to withstand. His cardiologist, Dr. Farooqi who was the best in town placed him on medication along with lots of restrictions. The news was devastating for all of us. Chacha came from Lahore and stayed with him and took care for months. His mother Dadi Zahida was living in PIB, praying for him for as much as had been told to her.

Another huge loss for our family was losing his only son Faisal who died of heart failure. Losing the son was even more of a sorrow for the parents, especially when Papa was already so ill. The family survived anyway.

He did recover temporarily until 1994, when there was a relapse, again controlled with a weight loss, so much so that it was hard to recognize him. When he arrived in USA to meet us with Ammi, I went to receive him at JFK, NY airport. I could not recognize him and he did not recognize me either. I recognized when heard him inquiring about us from an airport official. I called him, and he did not recognize me at first, and told me that it was because I started wearing glasses.

When we came home to Rochester, NY he was forgetting a lot. Our hearts broke looking at him. He left back for Pakistan with Ammi. The next time they came back again in 1996, this time with Chacha who lost Chachi Jan, Dr. Nabiha around that time. The entire family was struck by sorrow in many ways. We were very happy to see them, especially Chacha Wajihul Hasan, as it was a dream come true to see him in my house. Papa seemed a little healthier and less forgetful. He was almost back to normal. They visited my sister Arifa as well in Tallahassee, Florida.

They went to perform Hajj in 1996 with a huge group of family members including Shujaat Mamoo's Family, Baby and Babbi Khala, and Shaukat Mamoo and Talat Mamoo. Farah accompanied Ammi and Papa too and took care of them. Papa was prohibited by doctors but he still performed Hajj and proudly told that he stayed well there.

Time passed for a few more years. My Dadi Zahida Bano passed away in 1998, which was another blow for the family. Chacha moved to Toronto, Canada with son Goshi (Dr. Arif Hasan). We visited them and were very happy that they lived so close to us in Toronto.

Papa visited in 1999 and this time without Ammi who had some immigration problems. He stayed and left. He came back again but again without Ammi, as the immigration problem was unresolved.

We wanted Ammi and Papa to move permanently to Rochester, USA. I showed him the houses, in case if he wanted to have one here, otherwise we wanted them to live with us. Papa kept declining saying he did not want to move here, and wanted to live in Pakistan. Chacha moved to Toronto, which made Papa think about moving. He said it would be his second migration in life after the first from India to Pakistan.

I took him twice to meet Chacha and later Roofi (my cousin Imran Matanat Husain) and their family. Papa was getting very tired by the travel. For last three visits he was very

lean but enjoyed the travel and was ambitious to see new places. He was very adventurous by nature.

Still he enjoyed the winter snow, and even got out alone when we were not home and told us in a joking way that he slipped in the snow, and did not even break a bone and managed to get up himself. He used to exercise on the bike and kept track of his weight. One day told me that he gained 12 pounds ever since he came to live with me. I could not figure out that if it was good or bad for him to gain 12 pounds. He hated the loneliness, as Ammi did not come this time. Chacha who was in Toronto called him every day and tried to give company for at least a couple of hours daily.

We got the news of Rani Khala passing away in February 2000. We did not want to tell but he found out and was very sad to hear that. He told several stories about her from their childhood.

He was impatiently waiting for Farah and her immigration case to be completed and if she could join him soon. She was the one who took care of him with single hand, actually to both parents and even Dadi Zahida, Dadi Shahida and brother Faisal.

I used to make Papa's favorite food but he remembered the ones made in PIB colony house under Ammi's supervision or by Ammi. He was used to a different dish on every meal so to make a change we bought fish burgers for him as he liked those. He even had a preference for Burger King and did not like the fish burger from MacDonald's.

He was very happy and welcomed year 2000 saying that all his life he used to think about ever being able to see the new millennium, as it always looked so far. He was thankful to Allah that he lived to see it.



Sabihul Hasan, at Islamic center of Rochester.

It came the time when he had to go back to Karachi, he was very happy to go home actually was waiting impatiently, talking about Karachi and PIB colony house all the time. I heard him saying one thing many times that he felt very sorry that on each of his visits Salim had to drive 300 miles to NY city to pick and drop, total of 600 miles which made him feel very uneasy for Salim to travel that much on every visit. He said, "what should I do that Salim does not have to do that this time or again."

We both, Salim and I, told him it was our pleasure or he would have to catch the connecting flight and come to Rochester which was bothersome to him. He was humble and still felt bad.

On one particularly unfortunate day he was finally successful in preventing Salim's travel. It was just five days before his departure to Karachi, which was set for Saturday April 16th, 2000. Sunday night on the 10th of April Rehana Phuppi who moved to Chicago called us. She and Papa spoke for at least two hours. She spoke with me, and it was getting closer to midnight and Papa was yawning. Rehana Phuppi a very close one among cousins told me when speaking with me that she knew that Papa was there for the next five days but something inside was telling her to talk to him that day or she will not be able to talk with him again. She was an ultrasound specialist in a hospital and she gave the reason for calling that day that she had the working week and she gets tired after work and had to rest.

I kept complaining about Papa that he did not listen when we asked him to eat well, which he was listening to on the other phone. Actually, my heart was aching with the thought that he was leaving in just five days, though this time he had stayed with us for six months.

I went to sleep after that phone call, but was woken up by Salim telling me that Papa was not responding and he was lying still on his bed with open eyes. We called 911. The ambulance was there in less than five minutes. They tried to revive him, and there were heart beats, which got better then worse again. This continued in the ambulance and later in the hospital until 2:30 am when they announced his death. There were five doctors attending him.

The shock was hard to explain in words. The news was conveyed and I started receiving endless calls. The funeral took place in Rochester, NY. It was one of the largest in Muslim Community of Rochester. The lines of cars was as long as that for a President or a Prime Minister with police guards for make the other traffic stop and give a way.

An Egyptian gentleman offered a coffin soaked in Aab-e-Zamzam, Papa had one in Karachi from Hajj time but did not bring to USA with him we felt sad as we did not have such coffin but Papa did get one anyway which felt good.

Looking at Papa the last time I saw he had a humble smile on his face as if trying to thank all those who came for the funeral. I looked at the ladies in the hall and there was not a single one without tears. My sister Arifa took a flight and reached too.

That was the end of an era of us having two parents. Ammi got the immigration problem resolved and did come in only a few months after Papa's departure. Farah came about one year after, which was a little too late. Papa had missed her visiting. We visit his grave often. At least that is possible for his being here in Rochester with us.

Syed Wajihul Hasan

The second son of Dada Safiul Hasan was Wajihul Hasan, my dearest uncle. He was just one plus year younger than my father Sabihul Hasan, and was raised like his twin. He was very handsome like his name Wajih. He had mild and loving nature, extremely good looking, very fair, blue/green eyes and curly hair. He loved his brother dearly and brother's kids like his own.

His childhood was almost the same as Papa Sabihul Hasan, because both grew up together. He was a lot more social and had a big group of friends. He was more into sports than Papa and was very well dressed, and loved to spend on good clothes and shoes, hotel food and good living.

I can never forget that my Chacha had a watch shaped mark in the watch area of his wrist. He was hit by a swing on the wrist exactly where he wore a wrist watch in his childhood and the cut never got stitches so it looked like as he was wearing a watch, but it could be hidden under a real watch.

Education:

Early education was almost the same as Papa, both even studied in the same class at Aligarh Muslim University. They had the same early friends, and played the same games together in the childhood. We kids were very attached with our uncle. When Papa went to USA, Chacha took very good care of us.

I remember he took me along to many movies. A special one was "Cleopatra." I went to that one with Chacha, Shahana and Farzana Phuppi. I was in 3rd grade and could not understand a movie like that, but because I saw them going I insisted and he did not turn me down. I sat next to Shahana Phuppi (everybody's favorite) and all the time she was translating the movie to me. When I came home I was telling the story to everyone the way she explained to me.



Syed Wajihul Hasan

In DJ Science College and later the Dow Medical College, Chacha and Papa being good sportsmen won many championships. Chacha was into tennis, and could never be beaten if he was participating the tournament. Papa was into cricket, draft and carom. He won championships too. It was a known fact that if these two brothers ever stepped into any game it was hard for the others to win.

Chacha pushed me into sports too, and taught badminton himself. Later I got into girl's tennis at YWCA, like him, until my Dadi Zahida found out and scolded Ammi that why did she allow it, because what if I being a girl, break a leg or arm it would be difficult for everyone. She had a belief that outdoor sports were only good for boys so I had to quit.



The two brothers with their football. Next, Wajih ul Hasan and Sabihul Hasan.

He completed MBBS from Dow Medical and practiced as a doctor. Being a doctor, sportsman, and with a very handsome personality, he was the most eligible bachelor of his times. I overheard lots of such conversations among our family members about many relative and outsider girls, whose parents had shown interest and they were under consideration to send proposals.

Dressing:

He was the most well-dressed man of his time, like father Safiul Hassan when he was in service and was young. Chacha Wajihul Hasan used expensive and fashionable clothing, shoes, and perfumes. He definitely looked and lived like a prince. When it came to dressing, Papa and he were opposites. Papa was very casually dressed though still wore suits.

Chacha always took me and later all of our sisters and brother for shopping and bought expensive most dresses, shoes and many other things, and actually let me buy with my own choice which was rare with Ammi.

He purchased his first car, Morris in the year 1960, which he used in PIB. Later he took it to Lahore, when he moved there.

Reading Hobby:

He was very much into reading hobby. I saw him buying and reading several English books and magazines. Reader's Digest was his favorite and he continued reading it all his life. I loved to do the book shopping with him because he used to buy some for me too in those trips.

Career:

He worked in Karachi for a few years and soon took a very good position working as in charge of Army medical depot for the medicines in Lahore. He worked there from early 1962 until he retired. He was the Director there.

When he started in Lahore, they gave him a huge, old but beautiful house behind the Medical Depot in the Cantt area, it was connected by a back door. Sometimes he used to go to work from that door which opened in his lawn. Later our Aunt Chachi Nabiha made it more beautiful with her ideas to keep the house decorated. We loved her taste in decoration. She used the rooms in back of the house for her clinic.

Cantt area was a posh locality with mostly army officials as neighbors. We made friends with his neighbors too because we met them every year or in two years whenever we visited him in Lahore. He was popular in the neighborhood because of his social nature.

He had a gardening interest so that big lush green lawn was full of beautiful flowers, especially roses, and had a vegetable garden full of vegetables. The job gave him a gardener (Mali) for that. The brick fence around that few acre lawn of that house was low but so broad that we kids use to comfortably walk on it. There were servant quarters where I made friends with their kids.

The Kitchen was distant and away from the house with a pavement to the kitchen which was covered by a shelter roof. Khalid Chacha's wedding took place in that house around 1964 and though we did not go but heard it went out fantastic in that house, with Valima in its big lawn. The house has accommodated all the guests. Dadi Zahida told us about the details of that wonderful wedding.

The house was very auspicious for weddings and marriage, as many took place there. Later Baseer Chacha's, Qadeer Chacha and Chacha Wajihul Hasan's own wedding took place there including a few from Chachi Jan's family. All were very successful and happily ended.

Chacha joined the Army club and started winning tennis championships there as soon as he moved to Lahore. I liked that club as it showed Sunday movies and we watched many Urdu and English movies there on our Lahore visits.



Meeting with Syed Alim Zaidi and his family in Shalimar garden Lahore, 1964
Dada Alim, Chacha Wajihul Hasan, Dada Safiul Hasan, Dadi Zahida, Sabiha Essa, Akhtar Bano, Huma Alim, Bina
Hyder, Rashda and Arifa (the kids).



Wedding 1965, Wajihul Hasan and Nabiha Hasan. Next picture, Dada Safiul Hasan with Bridegroom and Qazi

Marriage:

Army club was where he met Uncle Nazir Rizvi, Chachi Nabiha's older brother who mentioned about his family and invited Chacha. Later, my grandmother went to see Chachi Nabiha with one of our female relatives who was Chachi Jan's patient. They went to see Chachi Jan in Ganga Ram hospital where Chachi Jan worked. Later, Chachi Nabiha used to laugh a lot that she would be dressed especially for that if she knew that her future mother in law was visiting to see her.

Dadi Zahida liked Chachi Jan, the proposal was sent and accepted, and Chacha's wedding took place in May of 1965. It was a beautiful wedding. We all went to Lahore, our exams were close as of May, so we stayed for a shorter time. I was a fifth grader, about 10 years old. All the girls from the neighborhood and daughters of Chacha's friends together with us made a long Barat with all singing and dancing. On the other side Chachi Jan's nieces gave a good competition.

I remember Urfi Chachi (Khalid Chacha's wife) gave a fight for the groom's side at Juta Chupai. Chachi Jan's nieces did a good job too and stole the shoe. Everything had a happy ending. I remember the girls gave Chacha some Kheer to taste and of course the ring was hiding in it. Dadi Zahida quietly told in his ear to be careful and not to swallow the ring.

A relationship and also a friendship was built with their family, which stayed a lifetime. Her brothers and sisters kept visiting us even in Karachi. We attend all of their weddings, and they did for our side. It continued even after Chachi Jan's death and is still there, up to some level. We all thought what a wonderful family it was. It was very rare to find such nice people even in the 1960s.

Arif Hasan (Goshi) and Faaiz Hasan:

Chacha had two wonderful sons. They were the apple of eye for both Papa and Chacha's families. Goshi and our brother Faisal were just one week apart in age. Those were the wonderful days, when our grandparents were proud to have three granddaughters and three grandsons.



A Family group after Valima in Chacha's front yard. Sabihul Hasan Akhtar Bano Dadi Zahida, Nabiha Hasan, Wajihul Hasan and Dada Safiul Hasan. Next, another Valima group. Urfi Khalid, Dadi Zahida, Nabiha Hasan, Nafeesa Itaat Husain, Akhtar Bano with Farah. Rashda, and Arifa among the kids at the back.

Dr. Nabiha Rizvi/Hasan (our Chachi Jan):

Chachi Jan's maiden name was Rizvi. Later, she took Nabiha Hasan as her last name after marriage. She belonged to a famous Syed family of Ambala India, which was in civil services. Her father was an Embassy personnel in Indian Embassy, in many countries through undivided India. Chachi Jan was born in Bahrain, when her father was placed there. Her uncle had a title of "Ghulam Bhek Nairang," a very prestigious civil title of that time.

She was youngest among eight brother and sisters, with four brothers and three more sisters. All were very highly educated and career oriented people, very loving and respectful. They remained in touch always after her wedding in our family, even after Chachi Jan's death.

Chachi Jan and sister Dr. Wajiha were both in Medical profession with degrees from London, Dr. Wajiha as FRCS and Chachi Jan as MRCP. Wajiha aunty was placed in Rawalpindi in Army and Chachi Jan in Ganga Ram Hospital and Fatima Jinnah Medical College as Professor of Medicine in Lahore. She studied from Fatima Jinnah Girls' Medical College and served FJ, working there as a professor all her life, and later became a Principal of FJ. She was popular among the students and colleagues, known as the best Principal FJ ever had. Until today there is a huge full size picture of her placed at the entrance in FJ.

She was a very friendly and respectful person. She regularly visited Karachi at least once a year and lived in the PIB colony house. Her brother and one sister lived in Karachi but she always stayed in PIB Colony house though she used to go and meet them several times. That was the phenomenal character for a daughter in law.

She was always dressed in sarees but rarely in shalwar qamees as well. Shopping was one of her hobbies. She always went to the shopping centers of Karachi, and we loved to go

with her. She loved to buy and give gifts. I admired her taste in dressing, shoes and handbags, and always asked for her opinion before buying if she was around.

Another of her hobbies was going outdoors. She always liked to arrange a big picnic. There was always a sea side picnic. The families would all go together, including her sister's and brother's families and their kids, and Papa's family and us. That way we all got a chance to know each other more and a relationship was built over the years. She and Ammi made friends with each other at once after her marriage and remained as close friends always.

Singing hobby:

Chachi Jan was great with singing. People told about her beautiful voice. Once she told me a story about herself. She was very much interested in Qirat as a young child and had a good voice for it, so she went to meet a Qari. She wanted to become his student and learn Qirat. He was not too happy to teach a girl and asked if she did Namaz five times a day. She told him the truth, that not regularly. He refused to teach her, saying not to come back until she started doing five times prayers. She could not go back again though got regular with Namaz and continued with singing as a hobby, but always felt very sorry that just because of an unnecessary restrain upon a child, a voice which could be used for doing Qirat of Quran got diverted.

Family and Siblings:

Her father passed away when she was young and the older brother took care of all siblings. He educated them to become doctors. Later, on scholarships they went to UK for higher degrees. We met her mother who sometimes came to live with her. When her mother became old and sick her nurse used to come and stay with her.

Among her brothers the one we all met mostly was Syed Qasim Rizvi, a CSP officer and Commissioner of Multan and later Lahore. Because of his great sense of humor and down to earth nature people loved him. Whenever we met him, were amused by his jokes and wit. He had a beautiful and graceful Kashmiri wife, Zeba aunty and no kids. He had worked with Quaid e Azam Mohammad Ali Jinnah at a young age and used to tell many memories with him. Unfortunately, Bhutto Government had a problem with Qasim Rizvi as he did not allow Bhutto to have a procession in Multan due to a law and order matter and restrictions by past government. Bhutto remembered that and as soon as he gained power removed him among his first top five.

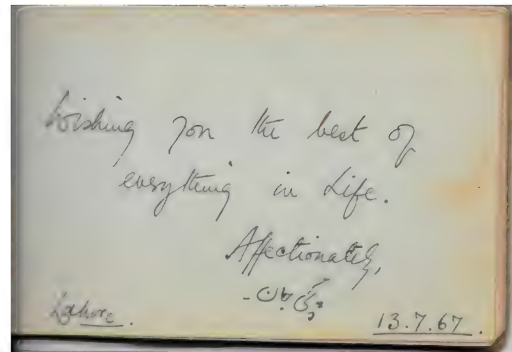
Qasim uncle took it deep on his heart, ended up soon with heart attack and such a lively gentleman, passed away due to a heart condition. It was a huge sorrow for not just his own but also our family. Wonderful people like Syed Qasim Rizvi are rarely born.

Among her sisters, Chachi Jan was closest to Dr. Wajiha, who was next above her. The whole family was a group of intellectuals, even nieces and nephews. Dr. Wajiha was married to Dr. Rasheed Khan, a famous surgeon of Rawalpindi, Islamabad. They always visited me and Salim when we settled in Rawalpindi then soon in Islamabad, and gave several great advices when we were building our house there. They had two beautiful kids, Naomi and Haroon, both doctors. Naomi is married in our family. She is daughter in law of Mohsin Husain's son Majid Husain, first cousin of my daughter Sumaiya's husband Mazin.

I still remember that once our daughter Sara was only a few months old. She got a fever which shot up high. We took her to Holy Family hospital in Rawalpindi but they were delaying her admitting or giving us room. It was so frustrating, we took Sara to Dr. Wajiha's house, who was gone for vacation with kids to Europe. Her husband Dr. Rasheed was home and fortunately, he took measures to bring Sara's fever down, and there was a fall in fever for 2- 3 degrees. When she was better he drove with us to the same hospital and within seconds got us into the best room. We heard Salam for him, from everywhere as he passed. That morning he even prepared breakfast for us himself. He was such a famous Surgeon and so humble.

My daughters loved Chacha and Chachi Jan. When they called her Chachi Jan she always answered as "Yes meri Jan." It sounded so cute. She loved children, especially mine. Chachi Jan even bathed my kids when we visited saying she thought I needed some relief from the full time job of being a mother and watching kids. I thought who would care for you like this other than your own mother, but that was my Chachi Jan.

One day at lunch time Salim and I entered Chacha's dining room. We were stunned to see that Chacha was sitting there on his chair and my two daughters, Sumaiya age two, and Sara hardly one, were happily walking on the dining table, which was sparkling clean and with a lot of space as it was a twelve seater. Chacha was laughing and enjoying the sight. I said "Please stop spoiling them." He took their side and said they are amazingly good kids just walking and running a race on the table not destroying anything. There was just the salad served and they were eating peas, no hot food, he said, "Everything safe." That was my Chacha. Papa was the only other person who could do that as he was the biggest spoiler for kids. His own and mine.



Papa, Chacha and Chachi Jan, Next, a page of my autograph book with Chachi Jan's wishes for me

Whenever Chacha came to Rawalpindi he always visited us with Dr. Rasheed and Dr. Wajiha, and the kids of Chacha and Dr. Wajiha would come and played in our house for hours. Salim loved to play with them. The kids loved Salim for that and still remember. Chacha always dropped Dadi Zahida in my house to stay as she loved to stay with me and Salim. A very Funny story related to my Dadi Zahida's stay was that she did daily exercises that she learnt from Nana Saulat, who was an expert and regular until his last days. She always performed most of those exercised without fail. When she used to do jogging in my backyard, of course wearing Gharara , she told me that my neighbor ladies used to peek

from their balconies and could not figure out what the older lady was doing trying to run in a jogging manner.

Role of Dadi Zahida in Chacha's life:

My Dadi Zahida visited Lahore to see Chacha from around 1963 but moved to live there for the majority of the time around Goshi's birth. She lived and took care of Chacha's house and kids, as they were younger. Faaiz was born 5 years after.



Our family visit to Shalimar Gardens. Next, our family in Chacha's front yard. Rashda, Akhtar Bano, Arifa, Zahida Bano, Goshi, Farah, and Faisal.



The beautiful view of Chacha's first house, where many wedding including his own took place.

Chacha and Chachi got their own house constructed and moved there around 1972-73. They spent a lot on that house. Each and every item was selected and matched. The garden and house was not as large as the old house but was newly constructed and more comfortable. It still had a garden, which was full of even the rare fruits and flowers. It had a few servant quarters. Chachi Jan had a clinic there too. Things went very well until 1974 when My Dada Safiul Hassan passed away in that same new house. His death was shaking for everyone, even the little kids who understood very little but were very sad. Life went on even after that.

In 1977 when we visited Lahore, Chacha made a plan for us to see Islamabad and Murree. We went there by train and stayed at Dr. Wajiha's house in Rawalpindi. Chacha

drove Papa, Affo and I to Murree, which was a wonderful trip. We remembered it as special even though later, after my marriage, there were several trips to Murree during my Islamabad stay.

Chacha's kids grew up and have done exceptionally well with education. Both were students of Atchison School and College. Later, Goshi went to King Edwards Medical College and Faaiz went to Lums for an MBA. Dadi Zahida also moved to Karachi as she was getting old. She lived with her sister Dadi Shahida in PIB colony until she passed away. Before this Nana Saulat passed away, and later Nana Itaas as well. PIB colony was the best place for her before those deaths. Goshi came for further education to Karachi and started living in PIB house for a few years. Sometimes Faaiz came too, so Chacha and Chachi were left alone in Lahore, and they came and stay in PIB colony more often.

Goshi got married and had the cutest baby girl Rida. His wife and the baby stayed in PIB colony too. They lived in Dadi Shahida's room, which was as large as two rooms. It was a pleasure for Papa and everyone. Both I and Affo had left after our marriages and lived in USA, so the house was not too full either. Dada Masood and Dadi Shahida were gone, and Farzana Phuppi lived in UK. Shahana and Rehana Phuppi still lived in Pakistan but in their own houses.

In 1994 after Chachi Jan retired and she started doing visits to villages around Lahore to treat poor for free. Her clinic was still going. She adopted a girl who still lived in the girls hostel but her expenses were taken care of by Chachi Jan.

At some point Chachi Jan began feeling some swelling around the rib area and had difficulty breathing. At first she didn't think it was anything serious, but then had to pay more attention. It was discovered that Chachi Jan had malignancy and quite well spread. It was diagnosed too late. It was the very sad news for the entire family on either side. She could go to UK or USA but decided to have the treatment in Pakistan.

At Shaukat Khanum Memorial Hospital Imran Khan had once offered her the highest paying job which she declined, later she chose it for her treatment. Unfortunately the illness was beyond recovery. Faaiz's marriage was settled and she asked to have it very soon. Faaiz got married and Chachi Jan passed away soon after that. She was hardly 67 years old.

Not just the family but entire Lahore mourned for her death. She had served and cured thousands of patients, mostly with Cancer. She worked over 50 years in Ganga Ram hospital, her personal Clinic and Fatima Jinnah Medical College. I still get friends and colleagues in USA, who, if doctors and from Lahore have been Dr. Nabihah Hasan's students or her patients. Sumaiya's mother in law Dr. Zarina was also Chachi Jan's student and was from her first batch of students. Some students are always near and dear and Chachi Jan always spoke highly of Dr. Zarina and vice versa.

In her one life she made and saved the life of millions. That was not the end of glory because the glory is continued as long as her students and patients are still living.

Chacha was lost with grief. He came to Karachi and started living in PIB colony. Papa, Ammi, Farah and Dadi Zahida took care of him and tried to make him happy. Farah used to drive him to tennis courts in Karachi. Farah said he was so depressed that he who was a champion once, missed several shots.

Around the same time Papa and our family lost Faisal, which was devastating. Farah was alone in PIB colony to take care of everyone. She did a great job and we all owe her for that.

Later in 1996 December Papa, Ammi and Chacha came to visit us in USA, as usual we traveled to NY city to receive them at JFK airport. It was Chacha 's first time for USA. We let them rest in a hotel in NY as they were tired with the long journey, before starting for Rochester which was 300 miles away. We went to meet Shahana Phuppi who was happy to see us. We also showed Chacha all the important places to see in NY city. We went to see the twin towers which were still there then, the Empire state building, Statue of Liberty, and many other locations. We reached Rochester after a few days and the house felt honored by their visit.

I remember taking Chacha, Ammi, and Papa to Canada, Toronto, Niagara Falls, and the Thousand Islands. We have lot of pictures from that visit. Papa and Chacha enjoyed all those visits and it took their minds off the sorrow. I was so proud for being able to do all that. They also went to stay with our sister Affo in Tallahassee, Florida, where she did her share of the entertainment.

In the later years Goshi got the immigration of Canada and he came there with his wife and two daughters. Chacha came back with him, but lived in Toronto. We visited them and met Chacha. They sold their house in Lahore which hurt us, as we loved that house a lot. Goshi said that he loved my Islamabad house a lot as he played there as a child and was very sorry when we sold it after moving to USA.



Sabihul Hasan (Papa) and Wajihul Hasan (Chacha) in Rochester. Very memorable visit.

Faaiz was in NY city with his wife for further studies. I remember visiting him there and staying in his apartment. That time we did lots of visiting to monumental places in New York City to show around Faaiz and Amina. I remember going by boat around the Statue of Liberty in the Atlantic. Faaiz and Amina had visited us already and were a very cute couple.



Papa, Chacha and Salim, at our front door.



Chacha Wajihul Hasan at the Charging Bull monument in New York City. Next, in Tennis Attire, PIB

Whenever we looked at Faaiz, heart got filled with the same maternal feelings even when he was grown up and married. He still ate with my hands as in childhood. If he refused I insisted. Goshi was no different. Chacha's two kids have been like our two eyes.

In 1999 Papa came back. It was an immigration related visit and we insisted for our parents to move to Rochester, USA so we could take care of them as they were getting older. We took him to meet Chacha. The brothers visited each other frequently when in Pakistan. Papa went back to Pakistan but had to come back to USA later in 1999. That turned out to be Papa's last visit as he passed away on 11th April, 2000 at the age of only 75. Considering the age that we get in our family, he died very young.

It was heart breaking for Chacha as the two brothers always lived for each other. Chacha went to Pakistan and started living with Farah in PIB colony so she would not miss her father. Later Ammi left for USA as her immigration problem was fixed and she decided to live in USA, and eventually Farah came over too.

A year or two went by, and we met Chacha a few more times until he left for London to visit Faaiz who moved and settled in London for his job. At one time Chacha told me that he fainted on the way when he went for a walk in their London neighborhood. He was revived by a neighbor who recognized him. Chacha did not tell this to the sons as they could we worried, but told me and also that I should not tell them either. I was full of worry but

could not do anything. He promised to take good care of his health. Chacha was diagnosed with Angina, and was taking medication and treatment for that.

During that time, Goshi who was never happy living in Canada decided and moved back to Lahore. He took Chacha with him. He said he actually did this for his Abbu as he was used to of living in comfortable houses, and was very uncomfortable living in small apartments in Toronto. He had no servant to cook or help. Goshi rented a good sized house in Lahore and resumed his work there with a few of the servants for home care. Some of them were the same old ones that we knew for years from Dadi Zahida's time. Actually, I felt very contented for Chacha. It was not his age for bearing the hardships in Canada. Obviously, it takes time to settle in these countries and they were just starting there. Goshi built later a beautiful house in Toronto, a five bedroom. His wife with daughters lived there as they were school going. He was happy in Lahore and so was Chacha. We visited them in Lahore.

We visited Faaiz too in London and met his son Umer who was as cute as his father. It came to year 2008 when we came to Pakistan for Sumaiya's wedding. We were waiting for Chacha and Goshi's family to arrive in Karachi, but instead heard the news that Chacha was hospitalized. Goshi said it was food poisoning but actually was more. After the wedding we went to Lahore to see Chacha. He looked very sick, also forgetting a lot. He was very thin, wanted to sit on the dining table but was just playing with food and not eating it. He spoke less but kept looking at my face with a kind smile as if he was looking at Papa.

Later when about to leave I saw all of my daughter sitting with Chacha and tears flooding out of their eyes, Then I saw that Chacha was also tearful. This was the first time ever I saw Chacha emotional. My daughters told out of courtesy Chacha was talking with them in English, as they have better expression with English, that's how kind was Chacha.

As we all realized that it was the last reunion, I was in touch with Chacha over the phone frequently after returning back to USA, and he sounded well. One day I received a phone call from Faaiz that "Abbu passed away." It felt as if we lost our father once again. Chacha fell in the bathroom, became unconscious and then left our world.

That was the end of the journey of Syed Safiul Hasan Zaidi's beloved son, the last one, Syed Wajihul Hasan. He passed away in 2010 at the age of 82 years.

Syed Zakiul Hasan:

Our Chacha Zaki was the third son of Dada Safiul Hasan. He lived for just 17 years and died in 1946. He was as fair and handsome as the older two brothers, with blue eyes. Ammi remembered him as the fairest and cutest. Papa said he was stubborn and strong willed. Older brothers used to play and joke around with him. For their jokes he sharply answered back.

He got Typhoid fever when he was 17 years old, which continued for 28 days. It was said those days that 21 day Typhoid breaks the patient but 28 days fever is rarely survived by the patient and always fatal. Papa said his fever got down that day but he had no strength left. Typhoid actually attacks the intestine and makes the patient food and energy deprived. The antibiotics were not present those days, but in 1947 they became available in India as Penicillin. How unfortunate that it was only available one year after his death. On the day of

his death Dadi Hameeda was visiting with family. He was mourned by the family for a long time. I heard them quoting for him all the time, calling him Munna Marhoom.

Baby Fakhira (Munni):

She was the last child of the family, very dear when born but Dadi Zahida got terribly ill after her birth and could not feed her. She stayed in her parent's house, Mussarat Manzil. Dadi Mushtaqun Nisa did her level best, but mother's feeding had never been replaced. The infant could not digest the substitute, which was no other than cow or goat's milk. She started being sick and finally passed away at the tender age of 3 months. They always talked about her in the most sorrowful manner. She was my only Phuppi.

Offspring of Syed Saulat Husain:

Nana Saulat Husain and Nani Aizaz Fatima had three sons and three daughters. Masoom Bano, Shaukat Husain, Shujaat Husain, Akhtar Bano, Talat Husain, and Saeed Fatima.

Syeda Masoom Bano:

The first child of Nana Saulat Husain was Syeda Masoom Bano. She was the first grandchild of Mussarat Husain's family. Upon her birth there had been a Naubat (celebration with Drum as a music)

Complexion was wheatish but extremely beautiful features. She was raised in Mussarat Manzil like a little princess, loaded with gold right from the childhood. That was our dearest Masoom Khala.

She was apple of the eye of Dada Dadi, who spoilt her at their best, as she was their first grandchild. She told many stories about her childhood, one was when she was living in CP with parents and was admitted to a local school. Every day in the morning Nana Jan used to send a peon to pick her up and drop off at the school, back and forth.

One day when she was waiting, a stranger with new face came telling her that he was sent by her father to do the job of dropping her to school. She was reluctant but did leave with him after hearing that. At a short distance from home he stopped and asked to give all of her gold jewelry to him, all of that she was wearing. She refused but he pulled it, and ran away. She came back home walking and crying. When Nana Saulat got the news, being a Magistrate he sent a bunch of Police constables to search for him and the robber was caught. Being a very fair judge he called Masoom Khala to the court to identify. There were more than one suspects but it was easy for her, she pointed with her finger towards him telling the details how he bluffed her. Masoom Khala said he started laughing as he disguised himself a little at the time of robbery, but she was smart to still remember, and got him punished.

She soon had a little baby brother whom she loved dearly and continued up until her last breath. That was Shaukat Husain, our dear Shaukat Mamoo. She used to hold him in lap and walk away with him as she was only a few years older. Whenever caught, elders stopped her from picking up the baby, being very young herself. She never stopped, and whenever she got the chance she used to hold him and walk away.

She said that one day she was walking holding him in the sehan, their yard, she tripped on a chakki which was fixed in that sehan and Shaukat Mamoo got dropped from her hands into that chakki. It was not running at that time. He cried and suddenly stopped. She got dead scared and people ran to the site of the accident. The biggest worry was that Shaukat Mamoo was not crying which was more of a problem for everyone. Then somebody noticed that he had a little channa in his mouth that he was sucking. When he fell into chakki it had some channe, the chick peas there were being grinded in that chakki. Everyone laughed at this for years. She had another brother Shujaat Husain, than another sister Akhtar Bano who was 12 years younger.

When she grew up to go to secondary school, Nana Jan decided to send her to Dehli and live in a hostel to continue her education. She was a brilliant student with mathematics as a strength. I find it unbelievable in early 1930s for a father to send a girl to a distant but more cultured city with high rating institutions. She was a daughter of an intellectual father who was devoted in the education of his children with no discrimination of male or females.

When she was in 10th grade, almost completing her Matriculation at the age of sixteen, she got the news that her marriage was fixed with Naseerul Hasan, son of his father's uncle, about 6 years older than her. He graduated with BA from Aligarh University. She wanted to continue education to college level or more as she was so good with grades but her Dada Mussarat and Dadi Mushtaqun Nisa wanted to see the marriage of their first granddaughter as their health was declining.

She passed Matric with 2nd Division which was a big credit for a girl because many boys of the family did not do better than 3rd division.



Masoom Bano's Certificate of Matriculation from Aligarh Board



Masoom Bano in PIB. Next, Naseerul Hasan, Masoom Bano and Shujaat Husain.

Her wedding was a memorable one in Nehtaur in 1936. She received gold, which was 40-60 seer and Chandi with mounds. Ammi as a little girl remembered most of it. Masoom Khala made a beautiful bride.

After marriage they moved to different places depending upon the job postings of Khaloo Nasserul Hasan. They lived in Dehli too in Balli Maran Muhallh, and later in Lansdon, a hill station. She could have continued the college but was told that it was not necessary, as she was already very highly qualified for the standards of female education in 1936.

That year she had another baby brother Talat Husain and in 1941 another baby sister Saeeda, born few years after her marriage. She used to tease her that she could easily be her daughter, but born as a sister. Saeeda Khala was 25 years younger than Masoom Khala. Masoom Khala and Khaloo Jan never had their own children.

There were beautiful memories that Papa and Ammi shared. One of the memories was, when Masoom Khala and Khaloo Jan went with Dada Safiul Hasan, Dadi Zahida and the kids to see Taj Mehal, Lal Qila and all the historicals. Papa and Chacha called her as Baji Masoom and that is what they called her throughout the life. They called Khaloo Nasserul Hasan as Chacha Jan as he was their real Chacha, youngest brother of Dada Safiul Hasan.

Chacha Wajihul Hasan remembered that his Baji Masoom was the prettiest lady of her times. Other cousins thought so too.

She was honest, fair, strong willed and stubborn. She was outspoken and honest up to the point, that she could absolutely keep no secret. She simply told everyone among brother and sisters that do not tell her the confidential information, as she could not promise to hold it. We all thought that it was cute.

Whenever Salim's mother, my mother in law, came to PIB colony she spent time with Masoom Khala telling me how much she admired her. They were the same age. Salim's

mother went to school until primary school, that was 5th grade, so was also fairly educated of her times.

Masoom Khala read Jung newspaper regularly. At one time I gave Masoom Khala, Akhbar-e-Jehan to read telling her that reading is the best hobby to kill time and that magazine is best for ladies of her age and taste. She did say that it was written in small font and her eyesight was not perfect. I was not sure if she would really read it, but to my surprise she started reading right away and I saw her reading it years later which made me feel so proud that she kept up with my suggestion.

She had a chef who helped with other sort of work but not cooking. She loved to cook with her own hands and she cooked up to almost the last years of her life. The reasons were that she was very conscious about cleanliness, secondly she and husband liked the taste of her own cooking. We all loved her cooking more than in our own house as hers was more spicy. She cooked using real ghee or butter to make her own homemade ghee. She used the chef for roti only, or the dishes.

After migrating to Pakistan Khaloo Jan resumed his job in Lahore. They lived there for a good ten to twelve years, only visiting Karachi once or twice a year. As a little child, I loved their visits as they were very gentle and kind towards kids in general, and loved us dearly in particular. I do not know what I saw in her that I called her Nani. She did not mind that. Later Ammi told me, that I should call her as Barhi Khala, the older aunt.

Later in around 1960, they moved to Karachi and got a house in Hyderabad Colony, Government quarters, it came with Aam and Jamun trees. They lived there until 1980 when Khaloo Jan passed away. When they moved to Karachi, it was a pleasure for the entire family that they moved so close at a walking distance. Dada Safiul Hasan was happiest because he walked only half a mile to go to his brother's house.

The house did not remain without a child for too long as Farah adopted them as parents when she was four years old. Later when she could talk and understand she explained that she decided to live with them because she found them as very gentle and kind people who never said "No" to anything she wanted. She loved Khaloo Jan more because Masoom Khala was stubborn to make her do right things. They accepted her as God's gift. She stayed in their house for almost 8 years. Connection never stopped after she moved back to PIB at twelve. They visited to see her there, everyday bringing her food cooked in their house.

Today when we hear Farah talking, we hear Masoom Khala and Khaloo Jan talking. She phrases her sentences in the same manner. She does Qurbani and Khairat for them exactly as a daughter would do, with as little as she has. Who can say that they never left a child behind.

Khaloo Jan retired around 1979 and decided to not go back to work. He had excellent typing skills. In 1980 when on Bakra Eid day he was returning back home from PIB colony walking, he passed away and fell very close to his house. Masoom Khala moved to PIB colony with as little as she had. Our hearts ached for her. Both of her Phuppies lived in PIB colony, Phuppi Zahida and Shahida and father Nana Saulat. It was also her father Nana Saulat's household.

The most interesting part was whenever there was a guest in PIB Colony house she always presented her own refreshment to him to eat, in her own dishes. That amused the

guests because they already ate one set of refreshment in our house with Ammi. She had very heavy copper cooking pots from 1930's, which were the most expensive ones with a great resale value. She always liked to cook on angithi, the slow cooker. So she made very old fashioned kitchen which was no more in use in PIB. Ammi told her to give away those pots as aluminum ones were lighter to handle and wash but she unhappily declined, that they were given to her in her wedding so would never give them up. Life was still beautiful then, with all these wonderful people as inhabitants of PIB. Salim loved our family and PIB with all these people always trying to pamper him as soon as he entered.



Masoom Khala, Farah and Mumani in PIB colony. Next: Khaloo Naseerul Hasan.

My daughters, all three, remember and loved Masoom Khala because she gave them good things to eat and played with them, telling old stories. Showing them albums, with pictures of their ancestors.

Nana Jan passed away in 1987, Dadi Shahida in 1990 and Nana Itaat in 1994. Even Dadi Zahida in 1998. Talat Mamoo got married and his wife started living in PIB colony. Talat Mamoo cared for Masoom Khala a lot. Our father passed away in 2000. Ammi permanently moved to USA but Saeeda Khala arrived in 2000 with family so Masoom Khala got the company. Those days there was a fleet of servants in PIB as helpers. There had been the horrible incident of Saeeda Khala becoming paralyzed. It hit her own family, and the extended ones terribly.

Later, Farah got her immigration in 2001, which she was waiting for 9 years. She left leaving everyone sad behind her. Farah came to USA, and was married. Ammi regularly remained in touch with her brothers and sisters. Saeeda Khala recovered very little. Every Sunday Talat Mamoo and Masoom Khala used to visit Saeeda Khala's house in North Nazimabad and console her children. This went on for the next few years until Saeeda Khala passed away in 2004.

Masoom Khala was not too healthy after that. She had a well-trusted doctor in PIB colony Dr. Asad. She visited him as she said that he was the only one who understood and suited with her kind of health problems, actually there were very little.

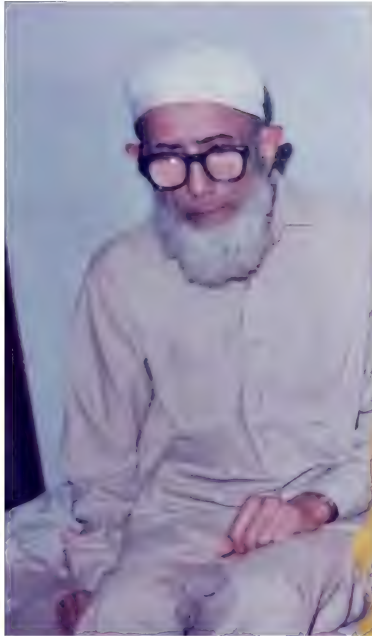
In 2006 Ammi and I came to Karachi for Saima's wedding. We found out that Masoom Khala was forgetting a lot. When she saw Ammi she said "Rasho is that Affo?" I said "That is your sister Akhtar why did you not recognize?" she said because "she looked very thin." Ammi said later that Masoom Khala gave Ammi some money and told her to go buy

some fruit and eat it as she looked very weak. I was touched with the degree of love and care Masoom Khala had for her younger sister. She could not go out to buy fruits so she gave her money to go and buy. I found her looking at my face for a long time when I was talking to her and Talat Mamoo. Masoom Khala came to live in Saeeda Khala's house when we were there. I realized she called out for help all night to take her for bathroom, I woke up and took her. She looked at my face that said you do not have to do that. It was obvious that she needed a constant attendant. The wedding was over and we finally left for USA with lots of worries for her in our hearts.

In 2007 one day when Saima called her, the servants picked the phone and informed that Masoom Khala had the fever from few days and she was not responding at all, and nobody was home with Talat Mamoo at work and Mumani gone somewhere. Saima and Fowad came to PIB and took her to get admitted in the hospital. She survived but the memory and recognition was in poor condition. Saima did not let her go back to PIB, and took care of her in their own house. She stayed in Saeeda Khala's house until her last days. She was admitted to the hospital for a couple of months. She needed a transfusion, which Fowad gave her a few times. She could not move legs and arms but life was left only for breathing. Until her last day she called out the name Shaukat.

Masoom Khala passed away in July 2007. Ammi mourned the most, and of course Farah who was with Susral those days. Masoom Khala lived until 90 years of age. Janaza was from Saeeda Khala's House. Ammi felt very sad and lonely and told all the callers of condolence that Ammi was the only one left among sisters.

Syed Shaukat Husain:



Syed Shaukat Husain



Shaukat Husain with Sabihul Hasan, in PIB colony house

He was second child of Nana Saulat Husain. The first grandson, of Syed Mussarat Husain was Shaukat Mamoo. He was born in Jabalpur, where the family was settled at the

time. He was very much loved and taken care of. He was born after just seven months so very thin and lean, though later grew very tall and strong. Masoom Khala, a few years older, loved and took care of him very dearly. They grew up together. One childhood story that Masoom Khala told about him was when they were very young kids, one day Masoom Khala got colorful and attractive bangles. She wore them and was very happy. Shaukat Mamoo who was watching as a young child suddenly started crying. When he was asked for the reason, he said “hum bhi Choorian pehne ge” which made elders smile. Of course he was presented with some other toy.

Education and Personality:

Later, he was sent to Bombay to study at a high rated convent, St Xavier. He stayed in a hostel there. He enjoyed the independent life of hostel but his health deteriorated in Bombay's heavily moist climate. He therefore decided to go back to live with his parents in Jabalpur, a small but important mountainous garrison town in the Madhya Pradesh of India, then known as CP. He passed his intermediate exams from Robertson College Jabalpur. Later, he and Shujaat Mamoo the younger brother, were sent to Aligarh where they completed BA. He pursued his graduate studies in English Language and Literature. Shaukat Mamoo had great command of English.

They lived with their paternal aunt Zahida Bano and her family. Papa remembered the times when all four boys used to go to college together. In the vacation, they returned back to Nehtaur to visit family. He was an excellent swimmer and marksman. He was able to swim in the open sea. Nana Jan used to take them for shikar regularly.

He was a quiet person by nature, but childhood hobbies were cycling, hockey and cricket, which he loved the most. He shared his opinion about affairs of cricket through “Letters to the Editor” in Dawn and The Pakistan Times. One day he wrote about a bad performance by Pakistani team recalling a brilliant performance of a former Indian cricketer K. C. Ibrahim. Incidentally, the letter was read by K. C. Ibrahim himself, who lived in Karachi. He answered back as they both studied in St Xavier College in Bombay. The meeting was arranged and both met and shared hours of memories of early adulthood together.

Reading was definitely his hobby, including reading Dawn newspaper up to its last page, Readers Digest and Life magazine. He had a huge collection of books on hunting from famous people like Jim Corbett, Kenneth Anderson and Willard Price. He was a regular writer of the Shikar memories in some papers like “The Morning News,” Karachi and Dacca, The Pakistan Times, Perspective, and a few other journals. He used a pen name “Shahid.” He was proficient with Persian and often quoted Maulana Rumi, Sheikh Saadi, Hafiz Shirazi and Jaa’mi.

He loved literature and poetry. His favorites were Shakespeare, Milton, and PB Shelly. In Urdu poetry, Ghalib, Bahadur Shah Zafar and Akbar Allahabadi. Among the recent ones, Nasir Kazmi, Faiz, Sufi Tabassum, Ahmed Nadeem Qasmi, Pervin Shakir, Amir Meenai and Mahir ul Qadri.

He was a great supporter of ideology of Pakistan, and the leaders as Quaid-e-Azam, Maulana Johar and Sir Syed Ahmed Khan.

Tommys and the Killer Bees:

Aleem, his son, once told a very scary story that he heard from his father. That was the time when Nana Saulat was a Tehsildar in Jabalpur. There was a British army base there. The British soldiers were called Tommys, which was the nick name they got from the time of 1857, War of Independence.

Once on a Sunday, they playfully decided to go for boating. There was a distant but deserted Island in Narmada River which attracted them and they decided to sail there and have a picnic. They went to that island, and in jovial mood tied up the boats and stepped onto the Island. They hardly walked a little distance, then suddenly got attacked by a huge bunch of angry bees. The bee sting was so fierce that none of them could withstand it. They wildly ran here and there, but there was no shelter, eventually they all died helpless, absolutely none survived. It was a breaking news of the country and remembered for decades.

Migration to Pakistan:

Time went by and Nana Jan migrated to Pakistan with family, sons and daughters. They came through Tharparkar. They had to travel on camels to cross the dessert. In Karachi, they also lived in 208 Frere Road, and the house was also part of their memories.

Marriage and Children:

Later, in 1960 he got married. His marriage was the first one I saw in PIB colony house. I remembered Ammi cutting, and making ghararas for Mumani and decorating beautiful gota designs on all the dresses.

I remember matka full of chware and batashe covered with red cloth and gota wrapped on them. It was a memorable wedding. Dada Safiul Hassan wrote and read Sehra. We had his Valima in our outside garden (Baghia) which was easily capable of accommodating over 200 people eating in two shifts (male/ female separate). I was very excited as everything was so interesting, but most of all for the addition of our new family member, Shamim Mumani Jan.



Shaukat Husain and Shamim Fatima

Mumani Shamim Fatima:

She belonged to a family of Syeds from Sehwarra India. Apa Beebo, one of our close relatives, arranged that wedding.

She had a very nice and with mild nature, was thin, fair, good looking and polite. I was very happy to have her in the house and loved her bridal appearance. I was into her room all the time and she was so loving and welcoming. Ammi used to take me away as a five years old child could be disturbing.



Dulha, with Shujaat Husain, Safiul Hasan, Aamir, Rasho and Affo. Next, Safiul Hasan reciting Sehra, Rasho and Affo, Tahir Zaidi, Shujaat Mamoo and Ibne Abbas in background.

She always asked Ammi to let me stay as she said I was a good company. She lived before marriage with her brother Sajid Raza and his family in PIB colony, located deep inside the Colony. Her brother Zahid Raza lived there too. I remember each and every family member, being a curious child. When the wedding was being fixed I went there a few times with Ammi and out of curiosity I used to go into every room, mostly in a small room that was her's and talked with her asking all the questions. She answered kindly with a smile. Even from before the marriage there was a bonding between us.

She had two lovely nieces who became my friends instantly. Shalera four years old was a blonde and white. She looked like as British, and Shaista was the younger one. Shamim Mumani's sister in law Mussarat Bhabi was very friendly and beautiful. Her mother used to sit on a big Takht and with Pan dan, her mouth red with pan. I used to go and talked with her too. Later after marriage I was introduced with more of her nieces and made friends with some until we grew up. Baby Ismat was the one who moved to Islamabad after marriage. I was also living in Islamabad so we met there again. Mumani Jan brought Ismat to my house.

Mumani Jan's family members frequently visited PIB colony and we invited each other always in all gatherings, weddings etc. The relationship extended for all life.

Shaukat Mamoo and Shamim Mumani Jan had Abdul Aleem, the first child. He was the cutest baby that PIB colony had in a long time. Everyone loved the baby. Dadi Zahida and Shahida were full of instructions and training to the new mother and father. Ammi and Saeeda Khala loved him dearly. I as a child was always around him but not allowed to hold him up and only allowed to watch from a distance. They moved to a government quarter residence close to the one where Masoom Khala lived, and that was where Kaleem and

Amin were born. Shamim Mumani made many friends in the neighborhood. I saw some of them, whenever we went to their house. The kids started growing and frequently visited PIB with Shaukat Mamoo. He was a very responsible father. One day Farzana Phuppi said that she was impressed to see Shaukat Mamoo holding hands with Aleem and Kaleem in school uniform and walking them to school. They went to Happy Home, which was a very well reputed school.



Sajid Raza and Mussarat Sajid with Talat Husain in Frankfurt, Germany



Shaukat Husain and Shamim Fatima, with Aleem, Kaleem and Amin.

Life in Islamabad:

Time went by and Shaukat Mamoo moved to Islamabad with promotion, in September 1972. If ever Ammi found anyone travelling to Islamabad she sent the gifts for the kids. The brothers and sisters missed Shaukat Mamoo and his family. He loved his brothers and sisters a lot.

In 1979, I got married and my husband Salim lived in Rawalpindi, not too far from where Shaukat Mamoo lived. Salim worked in Quaid e Azam University, Islamabad. It was a pleasure to have my own Mamoo living so close, we could walk to his house.

I still remember when after our wedding we arrived in Islamabad. Salim and I stayed in Salim's father's friend Rizvi Saheb's house, but when we went to our house I saw two young boys standing outside. One was Aleem and the other one was Zia, Babbi Khala's son. We saw them all grown up after many years. It was a pleasure. They came to meet us and to find out if we were there. Ammi wrote them telling my new address, which was in Satellite Town, Rawalpindi.

Shaukat Mamoo took very good care of me, so much so that I did not miss my family at all. That was the first time for me to be away from home. He visited me every Friday after work, which was so comforting. Salim was very impressed by his personality, wisdom and general knowledge. Until today, he quotes Shaukat Mamoo time to time. Shaukat Mamoo told me so many old stories of the childhood, mostly the shikar stories. The ones I have quoted earlier are from him. I used to visit him too, and never left without getting the best dinner cooked by Mumani Jan. I used to go and sit with her in the kitchen and talked endlessly. My brothers who were grown up got along with Salim a lot as Salim is a kid's person. Kids of all ages, mostly fall in love with him automatically, so did Aleem, Kaleem, and Amin. This good time continued for just six months, then as planned we left for Glasgow, UK on Salim's sabbatical leave.

We came back after one plus year with Sumaiya as a year old and Sara on the way. The routine continued as before. Shaukat Mamoo had a new house, very large and spacious. They have planted vegetables in the garden. Sara was born and Ammi came to live with me. Mumani Jan was in Karachi. Later, a few months after, Sara got ill with high fever and I had to stay in the hospital with her for a few days. Mumani Jan stayed with me, which was so comforting as if Ammi was there.

We built our Islamabad house and moved there. Aleem helped Salim painting the window and the grill. Shaukat Mamoo visited that house too on Fridays with boxes of my daughters' favorite chocolates and biscuits. Many times, I left my kids at Shaukat Mamoo's house and they were very happy and comfortable. The girls loved Shaukat Mamoo and called him Nana Jan. They loved Mumani Jan and my three brothers who knew how to handle little ones. Shaukat Mamoo used to tell them kid's stories.

Samra was born and Ammi visited again. Soon after that, we went to USA and Shaukat Mamoo taught me a special prayer for safe travel. He was worried that, I traveled such a long flight to USA with two under the age of five kids and a baby. I regularly used to write letters to Shaukat Mamoo from USA and received replies.

Shaukat Mamoo retired and went to Karachi where he had his house constructed in Samanabad. Nana Jan passed away in 1987. His house, in CP Barar housing society, was sold and everyone received a share. All brothers and sisters decided to keep one share separate, where the money was kept to help any of the brother or sister who was in need and did not have enough money for treatment when ill or old or any other reason. That fund was set up as of Shaukat Mamoo's suggestion. Saeeda Khala got benefit by it later when she was paralyzed, and her funds had not transferred from Libya. Kaleem went to Canada for further study and before that when I came back to Pakistan we attended his Nikah ceremony in

Islamabad. It was a very nice ceremony. Later, we decided to go back to USA. Aleem did a great deal of convincing that how beneficial it was, until we agreed. Shaukat Mamoo gave it a try to move to Karachi, in his newly built house there but Aleem and Amin were not happy as life was very different there. They sold that house and moved back to Islamabad. Amin completed his MBA and started a business.

When I visited Islamabad in 1996, I met them again. Aleem was married and I met his wonderful wife Saima. Shaukat Mamoo was very thin and laid back. It felt good to meet them all. I sold my house too as we were well settled in Rochester, USA with our own house there. That was the last meeting. Later, Aleem had two lovely daughters and a son. Amin got married in London. A few more years went by. In 2009 I heard the news about the passing of Shaukat Mamoo. I was thinking a lot about him one day with everything related to him coming into memory. That was the day when I got the call from Roomi about his passing. It was very sad and heart breaking for us. He was 90 years old, and was hospitalized for a few days. Shaukat Mamoo was not my father but in all ways no less than a father. Ammi was very sad for Bhai Jan. Our entire family was very sad because of his role as a father to our family. Four years after in 2013 we heard the news about the passing of Mumani Jan. She was a very dear aunt who played a big role in my life whenever she could.

Syed Shujaat Husain:



Shujaat Husain. Next, very old age Shujaat Husain and Tazeem Fatima.

He was the second son of Syed Saulat Husain. He was Chote Bhai Jan to Ammi, Talat Mamoo, and Saeeda Khala, and our dear Shujaat Mamoo. He was very intelligent and smart. Shujaat Mamoo and Papa had their Bismillah together for the reason that either of the family was visiting the other. He received good schooling like Nana Jan's other children did, and later was sent to do Matric from Lucknow staying with his Mamoo Ibne Abbass.

For college, he was sent with older brother Shaukat Husain to do BA from Aligarh Muslim University. They stayed at Eijaz Manzil with Dadi Zahida, his Phuppi's family. Papa had good memories and longtime association with them.

Childhood stories:

Ammi had many memories with him as Ammi was born next after him and told many funny stories about their childhood. He was very active and was full of mischief, in comparison to Shaukat Mamoo who was very gentle and sober.

Ammi was the only girl left in the house after Masoom Khala's marriage, and was 12 years younger than her, so was very dear to Nana Jan and actually spoilt by him. She always reported to Nana Jan if Shujaat Mamoo teased her or took away and broke her toys, and Nana Jan scolded Shujaat Mamoo.

One day Nana Jan was going to a job related tour to go out of the town. Nana Jan asked the boys to get ready and accompany him. He thought it could be a recreation for them. Ammi as a little girl pushed that she wanted to go as well. To see her crying Dadi Mushtaqun Nisa who was visiting them told her son Nana Saulat to take Ammi too and not to make her cry, and also to take care of the little girl. Nana Jan took their female horse that day with the carriage. When they reached the destiny, Nana Jan told the kids to stay in the carriage and left to the office where he had some work to do. The boys got down the carriage with Ammi still sitting there.

Shujaat Mamoo who was angry with Ammi for coming along to almost every outdoor trip to ruin their fun, was arguing with her and she was answering back. Suddenly he picked the whip they used to control the horse with, and hit it touching the horse. The horse took it as a sign to run, and started running faster and faster with Ammi sitting alone in the carriage. She was about eight years old and being alone she was scared to death and screaming. She could not jump out as the horse was fast. There was the keeper, Cayse of the horse with them but he was also standing down when it happened. Ammi said she saw him running after the horse but could not match the speed. Amazingly, the horse covered all the distance that they traveled and safely brought her back home and stood in its stable. Nana Jan got that horse from British. It was well-trained, and understood instructions only in English.

Ammi said she regularly used to go and feed that horse in the stable for fun. The horse recognized Ammi very well. Later, their Dadi Amma was very angry with Nana Jan for leaving the kids alone, and Nana Jan was very angry with Shujaat Mamoo for that could have been a very dangerous mischief. Shaukat Mamoo remembered this too and confirmed.

Nana Jan was training the boys for swimming and took them regularly for that. Ammi about seven years old also insisted that she wanted to learn swimming. Nana Jan who did not want to disappoint his little daughter took her too. She went to some lessons and learnt a little then Nana Jan asked Shujaat Mamoo who already learnt swimming to help her getting practice by placing hand under her belly when she was in the water. She said he did that but when she was in deeper water he took the hand away and she started drowning into the water, which scared her so much that she decided to stop going with them. She could not learn swimming all the way, but did learn a little. Nana Jan also taught all his boys hunting and use of guns and practice to have good target.

Education and Career:

Shujaat Mamoo had a degree in education, BA with B.Ed, the bachelor in education. He had been an educationist all his life. His students had reached very high positions. Some

of his famous students were Dr. M.U. Baqai, and Dr. Muhammad Ali Shah, who kept visiting him at his Nazimabad residence.

Shujaat Mamoo was hardworking, fair and honest. Once Ammi as a Principal hired an accountant. He worked with Ammi for some years. When the accountant found out that Ammi was sister of Shujaat Husain, he said that he worked with Shujaat Husain too who was the Principal where he worked before. He said there were amazing similarities in the work pattern of both brother and sister. They both were very fair and honest and education promoting.

When his niece Arifa's husband Mohammad Ozair first saw him on a visit to their house, he excitedly told everyone that he had gone to the same school where Shujaat Mamoo was his Principal. He said he was so happy to know that, and never thought of himself to be sitting next to the Principal, and in his Principal's house.

Marriage and Children:



Wedding of Shujaat Husain and Tazeem Fatima. Next, Syed Shujaat Husain

His marriage was arranged a long time before as a Nikah with his cousin, Mamoo Ibne Abbass's daughter Mumani Tazeem Fatima. The Rukhsati took place in 1951. He traveled from Karachi to Lucknow for that, as he migrated to Pakistan. After the ceremony, he brought the bride to Karachi, Pakistan and the Valima took place in Karachi. Saeeda Khala who was just 11 then, talked about their very interesting way of celebration. They mixed rang, the color and water in a pool that was when they lived in 208 Frere Road house, and played by throwing the color at each other. Saeeda Khala told a funny story that she herself, Mujahid Chacha and Ameena Khala were the young kids under the age 11 and were very mischievous too. On the day of Rang celebration Khalid Chacha was going out in one of his best suits to attend some other occasion. Mujahid Chacha threw a pot full of rang on him spoiling his suit and causing the delay. It annoyed Khalid Chacha, and he grabbed Mujahid Chacha who was hardly nine years old and dipped him in that pool of rang, the color, a few times. When they grew up Saeeda Khala and Mujahid Chacha used to talk and laugh about it.

We have pictures from that wedding like all the others ones. They had a baby son named Imran Matanat Husain, who was born in Parsi Hospital. Later, Mumani Jan made a trip to Lucknow, India with the baby to meet her parents. In return Shujaat Mamoo went to bring her back and the baby, but it was a fun trip since he took the return tickets to go through Karachi to Bombay by boat then from there to Lucknow. When they returned they went back through the same route.

Later, Shujaat Mamoo moved to PIB colony house too with the rest of the family, where the second son Salman was born in Parsi Hospital. After this the youngest son Hidayat Husain (Roomi) was born. They lived in one room in PIB, which was getting smaller as family was growing. They got their own house constructed in Nazimabad and moved there. I was about four years old. I remember feeling unhappy because of their move as I used to play with them, and was growing up with them.

One incident I remember that they had a dining table in their room, which had a transparent hard plastic cover. We as kids were running around the table, over and over trying to catch each other. In the process my leg got brushed against that sharp plastic corner and got a deep cut in the thigh. The blood remained unstopped for a while. Elders were thinking about taking me to a hospital for stitches but then the bleeding finally stopped with ice and home remedies, so no stitches or hospital was required, but as a memory I still have an inch long scar mark on the leg above the knee.

We enjoyed their visits to PIB and played happily together. Later, they had a baby daughter Qamar and in our family we had Farah then Faisal.

Mumani Tazeem Fatima:

She was the first daughter of Nana Ibne-Abbas and Nani Tashbeeh Fatima. She received a BA from Lucknow and was highly educated among the girls standards of 1940s and 50s. She started teaching in school.

She was thin, fair and very hardworking. Ammi and Tazeem Mumani got an opportunity to live together in their house in Lucknow where Ammi was sent to study. Tazeem Mumani had two younger sisters Azeem Fatima (Baby Khala) and Waseem Fatima (Babbi Khala). Later, her parents Nana Ibne Abbas and Nani Tashbeeh Fatima moved to Pakistan and lived with them in their Nazimabad house. We kids liked going to their house and playing with their kids.

She later did B.Ed and worked as a teacher, later became a Principal. She worked for more than 30 plus years. The kids started growing and got the best education. The eldest son Roofi (Imran Matanat) was a brilliant student he did engineering with mechanical Engineering as specialty. In Matric and inter science he had been an outstanding student. The second son Salman took commerce as a degree and made banking as a profession, and reached up to the rank of Assistant Director. The third son Hidayat Hussain, Roomi, made his career with an insurance company, and the youngest daughter Qamar took medicine as profession and became a doctor.

Nana Ibne Abbas and Nani Jan passed away, and our Mamoo and Mumani took their place as elders. Time went by and kids grew up and got married and had their own kids, and

Shujaat Mamoo's house became filled with the happiness and joy brought by extended families for children.

The best part about their house was that the sons decided to continue living in the same household together with the family, which had been getting rare in 1980s. The house went through more construction and extensions and it became a two story then a three story house. They all happily lived together. It was always a pleasure to visit there and meet them all. They performed Hajj together in 1996 with Ammi, Papa, Farah, Shaukat Mamoo, Shujaat Mamoo, Talat Mamoo, Tazeem Mumani, Farah Mumani, Baby and Babbi khala, Shuja , Roofi, Zeba, Roomi, and Shezi who all went together. They talked about excellent memories. Farah tells about all the details of the trip.



A memorable group of Eid day. Baby Khala, Roomi, Tazeem Mumani, Aamir, Roofi, Salman, Shujaat Mamoo, Tahir Khaloo, Babbi Khala. Front row, Ishtiaq, Azra, Qamar, Afaq, Zia, Shuja and Saba.

At the time of Sumaiya's marriage, I gave RSVP rights to Shujaat Mamoo and family which they did perfectly. Roomi took care of printing and distribution of cards. Salman took care of my shopping needs. He took me for Tariq road many, many times as I needed. I know it was hot weather and he came directly from work tired but was always willing to help, which was wonderful.

Roofi traveled all the way from Toronto, Canada to attend the wedding which showed so much care. Most of all, Mumani Jan took me to Paposh Nagar market many times. We went in rikshaw and she walked through the market from shop to shop with me. I can never forget that kind of care. No doubt she was not just the Mumani but also a Khala as being Ammi's cousin sister. Only Saeeda Khala could have done that but unfortunately was no longer alive. I pray for Mumani Jan that Allah give her a long and healthy life. I sometimes call her and talk with her. I get a lot of prayers which are priceless.

Last meeting with Shujaat Mamoo:

Shujaat Mamoo became weak and forgetting, and in 2012 when I came to Pakistan and met him at Roomi's daughter Fatima's Birthday. He saw me, and after Salam called me

Akhtar. It was heart breaking. Saima introduced me but he repeated my name with not much recollection. It was sad to see my Mamoo like that. We visited their house to see him again and Salim sat and talked with him. When he heard that we came from USA he said we should meet his son Roofi who lives in Canada. We told him that we do that all the time. It was a comfort to know that the memory loss was partial. He was introducing his children to us by names.

Another huge loss was the youngest brother Talat Mamoo's departure in 2012, only with two days of illness at the age 75 years. Talat Mamoo was still in job. I do not know if Shujaat Mamoo even knew about it.

It was 2013 when we got the sorrowful news of Shujaat Mamoo's passing away. The last of Ammi's siblings who left the world was Shujaat Mamoo. It felt like a signal for Ammi that maybe she should wind up too. She used to call his house more and more often asking "how is Bhai Jan doing?" and then remembering he was no more and correcting herself.



A group of me and Salim with Shujaat Mamoo and Mumani Jan, Roomi, Shezi, Fatima, Salman, Azra, Saad, Ammar and Jawad. It is Fatima's Birthday, in 2012.

In 2013 the same year Ammi became seriously ill with a rare auto immune system disease, which has 1/1000 occurrence. Miraculously she recovered completely, but only lived for three more years after that, and not in a very healthy state.

Akhtar Bano Zaidi:



Akhtar Bano Zaidi

She was the second daughter of Nana Saulat Husain, and my dear mother. She was the picture of beauty and grace. She was fair, slim, active, and athletic, and had looks and features which could never be forgotten if somebody met her once. She was highly educated with BA and B.Ed, started her career as a teacher and later a Principal. She retired after 40 years of government job. She had a glorious life, personality, and career, and was popular among friends and relatives.

Early age and education:

She was very much loved and pampered as a child. In childhood she was the only daughter left with parents. She started her schooling in the schools available in CP. She had all the Hindu friends in her school because of the Hindu majority, and Hindi was taught as the schools were Hindi medium. She remembered verses from Ramayan and Geeta. Later, some of my Hindu friends said that even they did not remember those. She was excellent with reading and writing Hindi. In St Joseph College Karachi where she completed her BA, they used her as an interpreter and to translate for Hindi letters.

Her second cousin Mohammad Shafiq who was son of her Phuppi Ashfaaq Fatima remember a memory when she was under the age of twelve, and was very active and into sports. She loved to fly kites. When she did that she always asked Shafiq mamoo to hold the spool and run with her. He was around the age of seven years, also told that Apa was full of life and energy those days. Ammi said she was into gymnastics when at Karamat Husain Girls School Lucknow, and was trained and participated in that.

She was with many talents. Not just high with education and career but great with cooking and hand embroidery, crochet, and knitting which she learnt from mother Nani Aizaz Fatima who was an expert. I learnt from Ammi and later even her granddaughter Sumaiya who still have the patterns saved of those samples from Ammi's embroidery training to her. Ammi knitted as a hobby until her last days, even for Sumaiya's children, and we have them saved as a treasure. When she was knitting a few months before her illness

and death it looked like she wanted to complete the sweaters or shawls as fast as possible, as if was about to leave for a journey.

She used to get nurses visiting her for taking care and doing checkups on her, in her last months. They were interested in her knitting designs. One day I found her teaching and they were learning knitting from her.

After doing 5th grade at CP Hindi school, she was sent to Lucknow for further education. I saw a letter from her to Masoom Khala from those days. It said how inspired she was by her elder sister, especially her living in hostel. She mentioned that she met some of Masoom Khala's friends who spoke highly about Masoom Khala and her aptitude with math and all the courses. Ammi was telling her in that letter that she wanted to be like her Apa. The letter was written when Ammi was just twelve years old.

Education at Karamat Hussain Girls School in Lucknow:

She stayed with her Mamoo and her Nani Amma for some time then shifted to the hostel probably to prevent commute. The education, as well as the stay was memorable. Ammi told a lot of memories from those days.

Breath taking incident of Khan Abdul Ghaffar Khan's daughter:

Ammi told about an almost deadly incident during her Karamat Hussain school time period, which happened to Ghaffar Khan's daughter when she was student of that school. It was a prestigious girls school and college, and because of its high ratings Muslims from far off provinces used to send their daughters for best of education, also Lucknow was culturally well developed.

Once when Ghaffar Khan's daughter was returning back home during Summer vacation by train, she realized that a dacoit was trying to climb into her compartment through the window. She was all alone as she used to get the whole compartment booked for her comfort, and also because she was very brave and bold by nature. She attacked the dacoit before he could climb up and get inside. The train was moving and picking up the speed. She scratched and hit with fists and beaten him up fiercely, so much so that he fell from the window, where he was hanging as she never gave him the chance to get in.

Ammi said this incident was told to all the students and girls to learn from it, and never to lose senses in a situation like this. Ammi remembered the lady as very tall, fair and strong, who always travelled all alone from Peshawar to Lucknow as a hero.

Ammi completed Matric then some college education as well, and came back to Nehtaur as Nana Saulat took early retirement. She completed the remaining years from Aligarh Muslim University Ammi recalled that when she came to Nehtaur as only a teenager, her mother Nani Aizaz Fatima was ill.

She was very worried and sad to see two younger brother and sister with lack of care. She took charge of them immediately. Saeeda Khala was three, and Talat mamoo almost eight years old. She got admission in Aligarh Muslim University and started studying at home as a private student, when appeared in the exams, she passed with second division, though there had been a transfer from Lucknow and had gone through a lot of changes with

mother's illness and responsibilities. Ammi said that Allahabad board was tougher than Aligarh board, which was easier.

Mussarat Manzil was known to be haunted on the roof on one side. Ammi heard the rumors too but it never scared her. Right from childhood she was punctual for Namaz, just like all the children of Nana Saulat Husain.

She said that she used to put Musallah in that potentially haunted area and always did Namaz there. She said that after taking shower, sometimes she sat there with open hair to dry it while studying. She had the longest and most beautiful hair in the family, undoubtedly her hair was long enough to touch ankle. I heard that from many relatives. Her cousins measured her hair for fun and it turned out as 1 yard 2.25 inches long. People said to her that sitting in haunted area with open hair was dangerous as it was known that Jinns get the ladies with long hair. Ammi said nothing ever happened and she never got scared. Shaukat Mamoo told me that he believed that their mother became ill after moving to that house and it was because of Jinnat living there.

Ammi always taught us that if you have completed reading Quran, all kind of fear should get out of your heart. I finished reading Quran at the age of eight, so whenever I was afraid to go to the bathroom alone she always said, "You already completed reading Quran, why are you scared? Just recite Ayats and Surah from Quran and fear will disappear." It always worked whenever I did that.

More time passed and Nana Jan decided to move to Pakistan. Education wise for the children, it was the best time, also Nana Sadaqat convinced him about that. Nana Jan migrated to Karachi Pakistan with family few months sooner before Nana Sadaqat did in 1949. Ammi told very interesting stories about that, which later Shaukat Mamoo confirmed. By the time they reached the border travelling through the Rajasthan desert on camels, it was Maghrib. Nana Jan who was very punctual for Namaz, stood for Maghrib prayer after doing Azan and with Allahu Akbar. Other people who traveled to cross border stood for Namaz with him.

After completing Namaz, they had been told that Indians close the border at Maghrib, and when the border is closed it does not open until the next morning, and same Quli who brought their luggage start looting and run away with it. They got worried and started walking very fast towards the border. Suddenly it started raining when they reached there. The guards from Pakistani side told them not to worry because when it rains the law is the border stays open all night. Pakistani Military which was present on the other side of the border said, "we saw you all doing Namaz so we did not close the border so, welcome to Pakistan."

They all safely entered the land of Islam, Pakistan with loud recitation of Allah o Akbar. Ammi used to say that when you take a step in the way of Allah, the Almighty doesn't let you fail. She was also a very firm believer of Bismillah, and would never forget to recite that before starting anything. Nana Jan's family stayed with Nana Itaat Husain. A few months later Dadi Zahida and Shahida's family with Nana Sadaqat came to Pakistan. Ammi got admission to St. Joseph College where she completed her BA. She used to cook for Nana Jan's family, took care of her two younger brother and sister and ill mother who did not get any better. By that time, Ammi had several proposals from family and outside, but the one from Dadi Zahida for son Sabihul Hasan was accepted.

Marriage and Career:

The wedding took place in 208 Frere Road house. It was known as the most memorable one. Ammi said she had to prepare the dresses and Gharare for both hers and bridegrooms side. Ammi was great with needle work and there was no daughter present on Dadi Zahida's side to help her prepare for bride. I have seen those lovely suits, and remember them very well. When we grew up as teenagers Ammi let us wear them. The item I was most interested in was Ammi's red colored Maxfactor beauty box. It had the best quality goods and was made with cushion like red satin interior. They stopped making those afterwards because I saw many beauty boxes all my life, and none could match that one. I was crazy about that beauty box as a child. I used to put makeup on myself and even on Ammi who was never into makeup. She always had a simple looking attire.



Akhtar Bano a classical picture. Next, picture with Bride and Groom with Ameena Saiyd



A beautiful couple

Ammi and Papa, were a very good looking couple. Everyone said that they were different by nature. Ammi was very active and practical and reacted fast, and Papa was slow moving and slower in making decisions. He was slow walking and with very mild and sweet temper. People used to say he was born as a Farishta in disguise, and the same with Ammi but they were just made with different elements. They stayed happily married for 46 years

until Papa decided to leave first at the age of 75, leaving Ammi as a widow. Salim and I never let her think she was alone. She ruled my house for 16 years.

After marriage when they moved to PIB colony, they had a baby daughter very fair, blond and chubby. That was me. Dadi Zahida wanted me to be named as Fatima Zehra but Dada Safiul Hasan liked Rashda better, saying that Hazrat Fatima's name already there as Zehra. Papa liked Seema, but who would listen to him, as it was Dada's right to name grandkids. Later, was called as Rasho to make it short.



Akhtar Zaidi with B.Ed degree. Next, a group from her first job at Mrs. Idrees's School. Akhtar Bano, third in the row. Mrs. Idrees, sitting in white at extreme right, had short hair.

Ammi decided to work as a teacher and one relative mentioned a vacancy in a school in Guru Mandir area. It was a nice school run by a lady called Mrs. Idrees. Some more of our relatives worked there too. I was well taken care of by my Dadi Zahida, and a maid hired for me, until Ammi had a second daughter, Arifa Zainab. She was very small by birth with just five pounds. Ammi had great difficulty raising, and especially feeding her.

Dadi Zahida had to take care of her, which was not easy, so Ammi decided to take me to school with her, as some other teachers did so too. I could not be admitted because I was less than three years old. I have a lot of memories from that school. I was told to sit in the staff room with some toys, which bored me up in a very short while. I used to jump down the sofa and walked to the class rooms in search of Ammi. Ammi has strictly told me never to leave the staff room and if any teacher was there they as courtesy used to take care of me, even gave me a bottle of milk which was there in my bag.

I used to go to sleep on the sofa, drinking it, but if no teacher was there I used to sleep sucking my thumb. Ammi always made a trip in between changing classroom or end of the thirty minutes periods and used to feel very sorry to see me having gone to sleep sucking my thumb, without the bottle of milk. She said people always congratulated her to have such an easy going child who did not even cry for milk.

Ammi pulled through the job with two kids born just two and a half year apart. That was the time when Papa got Fulbright scholarship to go to USA. After he left Ammi decided to go further with her career in education. She joined B.Ed. It was one plus year course and much harder than she thought. She became very, very busy with a job and B.Ed. She passed with flying colors. When she was a student there, though married with two kids, she was so pretty and slim that when the college had their annual function they offered her the role of "Anarkali." She refused to do it as she said there were males playing roles in that play too.

There had been advancement in the career and it was possible because of the help of her mother and father in law who were her Phuppi and Phuppa too. It came the time when she applied for the vacancy in Khatoon-e-Pakistan Fatima Jinnah School. It was a great English medium school with the well-known founder, Miss Fatima Jinnah.

It was a convent style English medium school. Miss Jinnah was best with only English or Gujarati. Her Urdu proficiency was just so and so. It was a great opportunity but very hard to achieve. When Ammi went to the interview, she found Fatima Jinnah interviewing the candidates herself. There was a line full of women who came for the job and were coming out of her room rejected, with unhappy faces or wiping tears. Ammi thought there was very slim or no chance. When she was called, reciting Bismillah she went in. She saw a very strict looking lady dressed all in white with grey hair asking questions in a straight forward strong and firm tone. Miss Jinnah looked straight in the eyes, speaking high class English and expected answers in nothing but English. Ammi fortunately had high proficiency with English. Her degree from St. Joseph improved it. She answered back confidently.

It was indicated to her, on the spot that she was selected. She worked at Khatoon-e-Pakistan for fifteen years, teaching at various levels, but History & Geography were her specialty. She had been teaching English to some classes. Khatoon-e-Pakistan had convent-level standard of studies with all the courses. The only difference was they taught Islamiyat and Arabic too.

After the observation of seniority and outstanding performance, Ammi got promoted as a Principal for Nationalized Schools. Okhai Memon School was the first one, through the board of education, A few years later Rizvia High Secondary School, and then at Qaimabad School Liaquatabad. With the grace of God, career at all these institutes was glorious. She was not just the best at education but she introduced punctuality of Namaz among teachers and students. Only by looking at her doing it without fail, all of her staff followed her. Ammi retired after 40 years of job as a Principal and educationist.

She created excellent students. Some that I remember were Nasreen Sattar, a doctor, sister of Dr. Farooq Sattar of MQM, in Khatoon-e-Pakistan. The family, even Farooq Sattar still remembers Ammi. They were PIB colony inhabitants. Daughters of Rukunuddin the contractor who built Mazar-e Qaid were her students. There was also daughter of Mushir Ahmed Pesh Imam, a political figure of 1970s, and many, many more. There had been position holders in the board from Khatoon-e-Pakistan those days.

Our relative Umaima Yousaf (Daughter of Dr. Yousaf, Professor at Karachi University and Anwar Apa/daughter of Basheer Hyder) got second position in Inter Science in Karachi board. Every year there was at least one position from Khatoon-e-Pakistan either in Matric or Inter Science or Arts. Girls eventually used to get married and take care of their family and

children, but did academically well when students of Ammi, and Ammi built their strong foundation.

My friend and classmate Samina Iqbal Husain was Ammi's student for many years in Khatoon-e-Pakistan. She achieved a silver medal for second position holder in Sind Medical College, awarded by President Gen. Zia ul Haq. Later, she married one of the friends of my cousin Imran Matanat Husain. She always kept coming to see Ammi in PIB with her kids, even after I was married and had gone to USA.

Interest building way of teaching:

Ammi had a strong interest in creating new ways of teaching. She used to teach by providing connections and linkages so it was not easy to forget anything that we learnt from Mrs. Akhtar Bano Zaidi. The course used to be memorized in the classroom.

I had been a student of the classes where Ammi was a teacher. I was not allowed to call her Ammi at school, but only Mrs. Akhtar Bano like other students did. When she taught history, the whole class was involved and feeling as if they were a part of the history. When she taught Mohammed bin Qasim, our heart beat used to rise and we students so much wanted to go back in the history and kill Raja Dahir. I still think nobody can teach Nawab Sirajuddaulla and Tipu Sultan better than Ammi, as her voice was loud and face bright red with emotion of faith and loyalty towards our national heroes. I so much thought if Ammi had a sword in her hand and the traitors of Islam and Muslims standing in front of her she would not spare a minute to behead them.

Geography was her favorite subject. She wanted to do Masters in Geography, even filed admission at Karachi University, but because of family and four kids, and need of not to quit her job, she did not proceed, and did always regret not doing it.

A truth about her exceptional knowledge with Geography was that when years later after growing up, I appeared in the exam of Zoo Geography in my M.Sc in Karachi University. The exam paper was completely unexpected. The teacher did not teach the way he asked the exam questions. The whole class was sitting in the exam room with droopy faces and hardly attempting the paper, except for me. The evolution of animals, and qualities developed in the animal kingdom due to their habitat and region of their residence, was automatically known to me. Actually, I understood it so well that I never forgot after Ammi taught them in our geography class in school days.

I completed the whole exam paper with ease and when the result came in, I got a straight A. My friends hardly passed, and felt betrayed that I did not tell them earlier how and where to study about this course, actually no one believed about my source of knowledge. Even the professor was surprised about my answers because he never taught all that in class. That was the kind of mother I had, I was proud of Ammi.

All the students loved her though she was a very strict teacher. She used a big handkerchief in hand and drew a circle on the blackboard by using the handkerchief as a radius then used to draw free hand world map as good as an atlas on that circle representing the world map and teaching the class showing agriculture, climate, animals and many, many more of the information country-wise, using colored chalk. Even if the students tried they could not forget it.

Children:

Ammi had four children. Eldest is Rashda, then Arifa, next Farah and the youngest Faisal. Faisal was very much loved and somewhat spoilt by Dada Dadi. Dadi Zahida moved to Lahore to give help to Chachi Nabiha with their kids, so Masoom Khala took care of Faisal when a maid took him to her house early morning.



Rashda, Arifa and Farah ready for School. Faisal, the baby.

Dada Safiul Hasan also accompanied in this transition. Ammi brought him back after school. This continued until Faisal grew a little older and started staying home with Dada Safiul Hasan and a maid.

The children had been good education wise. All the girls were educated at Khatoon-e-Pakistan, which gave us a good foundation, and Faisal had gone to BYJ school, which had good standards. It was chosen because it was located in Hyderabad colony and he could go back after school to Masoom Khala's house.

I did M.Sc in Parasitology from Karachi University, and worked for a short time. Later, after moving to USA, I achieved a degree in Medical Technology, certified from ASCP board of Pathologists, and am still working at University of Rochester, NY, USA.

Arifa chose and obtained engineering from NED Engineering College in Mechanical Engineering, a career that was only designated for boys in mid 1970s. She competed with boys with the high score that was the requirement, and had been successful and worked as an engineer. Later, she did Masters in Mechanical Engineering from University of Tallahassee in Florida, USA, and worked for the state of Florida.

Farah when she was young was a bit naughty and not as serious in studies. She had not been allowed by Ammi to waste any time when it came to education. She did her M.Sc in Marine Biology, from University of Karachi. Later went to USA, earned a diploma in Lab medicine and another one in teaching profession and certification after that. She is currently working as a school teacher in Rochester, NY USA.

Faisal completed High school with Science group, was admitted to PECHS foundation Science College for Inter Science. Only, life did not permit him to achieve any higher degrees like his sisters. He passed away at the age of 27. Losing Faisal was the darkest spot of our family. The parents definitely deserve medals for bearing with that sorrow and immense sawab in return.



Akhtar Bano Zaidi in the office as a principal. Next picture, during her speech in a school function.

Love for her parents, brother and sisters:

Ammi loved her parents and siblings dearly and unconditionally. She took care of her ill mother and very young brother and sister. After her marriage it was fortunate that she lived in the same house with the parents and the family so she never quit.

When her mother passed away she took care of the family's needs. She practically raised Saeeda Khala, admitting her to school and teaching her at home. Scolding and rewarding for good and bad performances, helping her shop and get dressed. She advised Talat Mamoo, and guided him to go to School, College and further education and career.

Later, she arranged for their marriage and getting them married. After marriage when Yasin Khaloo went to Germany, she had Saeeda Khala and two kids living in PIB colony, and helped them with food and taking care of children. She helped in arranging marriages of brothers, Shaukat Mamoo and later Talat Mamoo. After being a widow, Masoom Khala stayed in PIB, with all kind of help provided to her. The fact was that all of these brothers and sisters were very close and sincere to each other.

Moving to USA:

Ammi had a wish in 1990s to move and settle in USA, but it was impossible at first because of responsibilities of elders. Daughter Arifa took care of her immigration with parental sponsorship and later for Papa, Farah and Faisal as well, but nobody came to USA other than Ammi and Papa's two yearly visits, until 2000. After Papa's passing away, Ammi decided to migrate as Faisal was gone as well, and Dadi Zahida was gone too in 1998. Masoom Khala was in PIB safe with Talat Mamoo and Mumani. Farah too was soon to be coming to USA.

It was a pleasure that she decided to live with us, daughter Rashda and son in law Salim. She immediately started taking care of our house and made us feel that actually we were living with her in her house. I was very busy with my demanding job and kids who were

grown but busy with their studies and in the process to make their careers. Ammi took care of all their needs, which were missed by me.

She knew when the lawn mowing person did not come to do his job, or any item was about to be finished in the kitchen, other than the regular groceries. She who always had a chef in her house all life and a few maids above that to clean and help out, happily did cooking for us for almost all 16 years. I only had to cook Saturday and Sundays.

She always said “why it felt so good and easy to do it for you?” It never was so easy to cook when she was in Pakistan. Everyone appreciated with the depth of heart what Ammi did for us. Actually my daughters felt proud if Ammi asked them for any help.

As of personality Ammi was very authoritative and commanding. She had been an administrator for many years. It still feel good in the heart to hear when we were told to do things, as I lived without her for about two decades, living far away from her. Ammi ruled my house for 16 years and we all followed Ammi’s law and order. I felt a huge gap after she left. Eyes still search for her.

Popularity in Rochester:

My friends arranged welcome dinners in honor of Ammi when she arrived from Pakistan. Later I took Ammi to some gatherings, parties and weddings in Rochester. She had a personality that gained admiration from everyone.

Some friends had Quran Khani during the day time and I could not attend because I used to be at work so they came to my house and took Ammi with them and dropped her back. Later, things came to the point that I was invited by some people because they knew Ammi more. My friends spoke highly about her. She was so knowledgeable about almost all the subjects.

One day I found her sitting with some Memon ladies in one gatherings. I knew about them casually. I heard Ammi was talking about the casts and classes of Memons and they were happily telling Ammi which cast they belonged to. Until a long, long time they keep remembering Ammi, and called me to their parties because of Ammi. For her doctor’s visits and her hospitalization, she became a popular patient. She spoke with good English expression. She could handle doctors and nurses but I still used to stay with her like a shadow.

Sometimes she hushed me off, that she would tell about herself as she is the patient. In the hospital if she rang the bell for a need and nurses did not show up right away, they got scolded by her, but she rewarded them too by asking me to go buy gift cards and distribute among them because after all they helped her a lot. Nurses were not allowed to accept any money so Ammi chose gift cards. She especially gifted the night duty nurses saying that their duty was tough. She also asked me to buy a few dozen donuts and keep on the main counter of that floor where she was admitted, so all the doctors and staff could eat them.

Ammi, was admitted several times and released whenever she got better. When the day Ammi passed away in the hospital those nurses and doctors had tearful eyes and some cried.

Greatgrandkids:

Allah had granted Ammi an opportunity to see great grandkids. Sumaiya had Haitham and Inshirah, and Sara had Ayat. Haitham still remember Ammi and missed Barhi Nani when came to visit us in Rochester. She knitted sweaters for all of them which Sumaiya and Sara cherish.



Akhtar Bano with first great grandchild Haitham.



Akhtar Bano with great granddaughter Inshirah

Illnesses:

Ammi has been a pretty healthy and athletic person who could do all kinds of difficult exercises. Nana Saulat Husain had introduced interest for doing exercise among the family members.

In 1975 she was operated with successful hysterectomy at Jinnah Hospital. It is very common these days and in USA even done by robotics, but those days it was a scary procedure. We used to visit her at the hospital. She was fine for about 25 years. Later, in mid

1990s she developed a hernia. It was known later that people who had hysterectomy, by the old fashioned way developed hernia later in life. Chachi Nabiha took Ammi to Lahore with her and that was where she had the surgery for that. She recovered and remained well after that.



Shahid Sahab came to visit Ammi.

In 2013 Ammi was diagnosed by a very rare and 1/1000 occurrence autoimmune problem. We took her to hospital for loss of appetite and nausea, but found out about the bigger problem. They said we brought Ammi in time. She completely recovered after treatment. Ammi lived for three more years, in a fairly healthy condition. In April 2016 one day Ammi choked a little with some cough we tried to rub her back. It did not go away. In the hospital after investigation found that the activity of her heart got very low.

They also gave her just few months to live. It was very shocking. The health did not look so bad. She was doing everything pretty well for next few months, until it came to June 2016, and one day closer to noon she kept refusing to eat until she collapsed. It looked like she had passed away.

The ambulance came and tried to revive her, unsuccessful, but in the hospital they did revive her. She was on ventilator so could not talk. Bed ridden, she lived for six more months. She could not speak but intelligence and recognition appeared to be normally present as she was able to give expressions and smile.

The hospital only wanted to release her for a nursing home but Ammi had never wanted to live there. I had to fight a battle, and won that battle by always bringing Ammi home after each hospital stay. To keep up to the commitment, I arranged nurses for home, and a hospital bed with all the monitors shifted at home, with one nurse for the day and one for evening, but did not leave Ammi even once away from home in a nursing home. We took care of her all night, Farah and I, one by one. Farah stayed with Ammi during her hospital stay during the night, I stayed during the day.

Finally, the day came when I took Ammi to the hospital that last time. I was telling her that this time it would be a very short visit as she only had a little fever, so she would come home soon. She smiled with a sad look. In the ambulance the paramedics told me that

my mother is smiling again. We reached hospital emergency. Staff ran fast with her stretcher towards the treatment room, and did their best with all the doctors on duty in her room. It was her time and they could not save her. It was cardiac arrest. The doctors and nurses were saying how sorry they were with tearful eyes. I was hardly listening.

Staff took care of me and I called whoever picked up the phone. Farah, Ermina and our little family gathered. That was the end. Later, Arifa flew over. She also visited when Ammi was sick six months before.

Cousin Imran Matanat, Shuja, Asma and Kulsum came over. It felt that we got a revival. Phone calls were never ending. I never imagined that the whole family would feel of my mother's departure as a personal loss. The day of departure was Monday the 12th of RabiulAwwal the day of birth and departure of Prophet Mohammad (peace be upon him).

Ammi lived for 88 years. I never forgot to celebrate any of her birthdays or Mother's Day ever since she moved with us. She stopped me from keep doing that but I knew in her heart felt very happy and cared for. She was about to turn 89 in just 3 weeks, January the 3rd, but we could not quite catch that birthday. This was the life story of a woman who made lives of many during the span of her one life.

Syed Talat Husain:

He was the youngest one among the sons of Syed Saulat Husain. He was tall, handsome, dark and charming, simple by heart but very well dressed by attire, lover of perfumes. He was very smart and well grown but a child at heart. He was the favorite of brothers, nieces and nephews, but the three sisters adored him unconditionally.

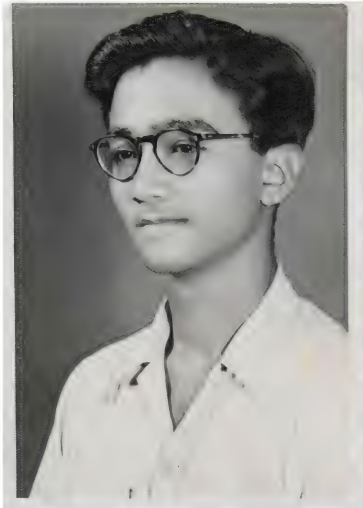
Childhood:

He grew up as a cared about child since older brothers and sisters were in other states and cities for education. The younger ones were left with the parents. Saeeda Khala was born five years after him, so he was the only one until then.

Ammi told about his childhood stories, that one day, when around 8 years old, servants saw him playing with a snake in his hands, he had the head and tail tightly caught in his two hand and when the snake coiled he straightened it again and again, to be true the snake was in more trouble. The servant tactfully snatched it from him and threw it away. He was angry with the servant why they took away the snake from him, and complained about them to the parents that he managed to get it with difficulty from hens and chicken but the servant set it free.

Of course he got an earful of counseling from parents after that. Because of his fearless and bold nature he got too close then bit by scorpions more than once. Ammi remembered him sweating terribly after that and parents taking all the measures for his recovery.

Later when Ammi came back to Nehtaur, she remembered him as a young boy going to processions for Pakistan Movements. It all started from Mussarat Manzil as Nana Saulat Husain, the president of Nehtaur Muslim League, set the office there, in Mussarat Manzil.



Talat Husain, at young age. Next, Talat Mamoo and Mumani in PIB



A memorable Picture of two brothers. Shujaat Husain and Talat Husain

A joke that Masoom Khala told was when she visited Nehtaur. Those days Saeeda Khala was a very young child, so when they were peeking from the roof and the procession went by, Masoom Khala asked Saeeda Khala that what did she see and understood. Saeeda Khala said innocently that she saw her Bhaiya, Talat was going with the procession and shouting, "Le ke Rahe ge Pakistan."

When everyone migrated to Pakistan, he continued his education in Karachi and did Matric at the young age of sixteen, later BA. I remember as a little child when he announced his result, he passed with good second class. Everyone was congratulating him and Nana Jan.

Another story about him was of my birth time when he was 18 years old. Ammi was admitted to the hospital, but there was no news. He went to visit Ammi, and when he reached, right at that time they announced there was a baby born. He got so excited that he did not even wait to find out if it was a boy or a girl. He reached home and told everyone

about the baby's birth and everyone asked him that if it was a boy or a girl, he innocently said he forgot to ask that as he did not think it was important to know.

I remember him as a very dear uncle who could do all the playful things with me like jumping me up and down on his arms. Once when I was around four years old, I was sick and needed to be comforted by being held up by the shoulder. Papa did that for a long time and got very tired. Suddenly Talat Mamoo came from somewhere and took me from Papa holding me and walked outside on the footpath which had a cool breeze. I still remember the comfort and going to sleep soon.

He also took away the fear of black cat from my heart. I was told scary stories about the black cat by the maids, which caused a big fear in my heart. When Talat Mamoo found out he picked up that black cat and brought me closer, touched my hand on its back. It helped a lot to take away the fear. The black cat was not from our house pets but an outsider.

Art and Singing Talents:

He was a very talented artist with making pictures. He had his pictures framed and placed all over the walls. I used to watch him closely when he was making them. Actually, I used several of his techniques when I made paintings. The best among all was the picture of PIA plane, which was very large. It stayed on one of the major walls of the largest room for twenty-five some years. We as kids grew up looking at it and admiring it.

Singing talent was inborn. He could sing beautifully. His voice sounded similar to Talat Mehmood. He even gave an audition at Radio Pakistan but they told him though he had a very good voice but he needed more practice.

After doing BA he got a job and started working on that. He made friends there but he always made friends who were much older than him. Some married with children and needed help from him all the time. Talat Mamoo was known as someone with a heart of gold. Saeeda Khala who kept track of his paychecks from early employment times, told undoubtedly he used to bring just half of the pay home. The rest of the half he distributed among poor people, without investigating if they were really poor.

Personality:

He was very social and talkative. He frequently visited relatives and was loved because of his personality.

He had the membership of Airport club and on some Sundays used to take us there to watch movies. I saw several movies there as a child. He was an excellent swimmer and diver. We loved to watch him swimming and diving too.

He loved his siblings and their kids very dearly. Saeeda Khala, who was born next after him was his closest. He listened to her the most. The two argued a lot too but always made up. When Saeeda Khala finally moved back to Karachi, the association continued. When she got ill with paralysis, he took care of her and her children, regularly visiting her and taking care of their needs. They always saw him as a father figure. So did the other nieces and nephews.

Childhood dream:

He had a childhood dream to fly, and that was associated with the aircrafts. Papa said that as a young boy he saw Talat Mamoo keep on looking in the sky at the airplanes.

Talat Mamoo wanted to apply in Air Force, then later as a commercial pilot, but heart breakingly it was not possible because of his eyesight. He wore glasses. The only way it was possible was to work in an airline on some other position.

When he got his first job at PIA he was thrilled, and saw it as a dream come true. He joined it immediately and after training was sent on flights, indoor and outside the country. He was the happiest person at the time. I remember his first flight outside the country was to Bombay in 1962. He told a lot about it. There he stayed with Quratul Ain Hayder, his Ainee Apa and even went to film studio to watch film shooting. He saw all new movies.

His watch and wallet once got stolen by a taxi driver who actually was a thug but Bombay Police captured him and got Talat Mamoo's things back. He brought a box of Cadbury's Chocolates that I still remember.

He has gone on several international flights after that and he broke the news of his permanent placement in London. Those were the happiest days of his life. He was in London for about three years. He came back home about twice in this duration.

He always spoke about the relatives that he used to visit in London. He was very social by nature so he met all of them who lived there. Wherever he went, and whoever he met he was always loved.

He got a transfer to Frankfurt Germany. He liked living there too. When he came to visit Pakistan he was fluently speaking German. He said during London stay he learnt Welsh and Scottish too. He had a very keen interest in languages and was very fast to learn. He showed us how to speak English in Welsh and Scottish style, which made the whole house laugh. He said he learnt Italian and French too and was working on them to be more proficient.

A set back in the life:

He came home in 1969 for a visit. It turned out to be the time when Saeeda Khala's wedding was settled. Elders were talking about settling his marriage too in the family, but that family was too orthodox and he was very liberal. There was no match, so marriage did not settle.

Saeeda Khala got married and for that he extended his stay for a few months. He went back to Germany, with a promise to Saeeda Khala, that he would sponsor Yasin Khaloo, and will help him with advancement of his career.

He kept his promise and Yasin Khaloo went to Germany in 1970, who completed a diploma in programming and computers, which was just in early stage of introduction in 1970s. Yasin Khaloo came back to Karachi for a short while and later applied and got selected for Libya and went to Libya in 1973. Later, in 1975 Saeeda Khala and kids joined him too



Talat Husain, with Degree.

Talat Mamoo had an accident in Germany and broke his leg. Very strangely, around that time in PIB house the picture of PIA airplane, which was hanging on the wall for more than a decade, suddenly fell down. Everyone was surprised, it was repaired, and hung back.

We kept hearing the disturbing news about his health and the career. Because of health condition, he could not resume the job after sick leave. He slipped in the snow and broke the leg again, which was already recovered. He had to let go of his job with PIA. After complete recovery, he started working in US Army on another position, but on Nana Jan and the family's request he came back to Pakistan. It was a surprise. In 1977 when we returned from Lahore trip only in the morning, by the evening a taxi stopped at the front door, Farzana Phuppi peeked out from the veranda and announced that Talat Mamoo was getting out of the taxi. Everyone screamed with joy as he came back after almost seven years. Later, he warmed up and started visiting the friends and relatives in Karachi.

A few years passed, and he did not accept another job or another airline, because he wanted a higher position back in PIA. His efforts paid back. PIA did eventually asked him to accept such job. This time he did not accept the job, as working on a different career in Oxford University press. It was the end of his Airline career.

Recovery:

A few more years went by and Nana Jan passed away. Talat Mamoo used to help Nana Jan with his property and its rent, located in CP Barar housing society. House was sold, and all siblings got a big amount of share. They all got a handsome amount, which they invested properly and it became source of good income for all including Talat Mamoo. In

1993 he was hired by Ameena Khala for Oxford University Press. The position was related to his skills in communications for which his proficiency in languages helped. He worked there almost 20 years. Ammi and all of Talat Mamoo's siblings were very obliged to Ameena Khala for offering the opportunity. He as well loved that job more than he loved his Airline job. He always spoke highly about Ameena Khala and the job, as long as he lived.

Marriage:

He got married in 1994. They never had children. Our Mumani Farah was a new addition into our family. The marriage took place through Saeedur Rehman an old friend of Talat Mamoo from 1960s who was a relation of Farah Mumani's family. Talat Mamoo got settled with family for almost next 18 years.

After Ammi, Papa and Farah left for USA, he was the one who kept PIB colony house inhabited. We used to go there to meet him and Masoom Khala who later passed away in 2007. He cared about and loved us very dearly. Just because of him, it felt like going to PIB was like going home. Our rooms, were locked with tons of luggage in there. Dadi Shahida's portion was locked too with their luggage, as their daughters went abroad too. Still Nana Jan's portion and common areas were enough of a space for him.

He did have another accident being hit by a motor bike and broke his leg. I called him from USA to his hospital and even spoke with his doctor, and when the doctor told the fracture was in the middle of the femur, the thigh bone, not the hip it was a relief because hip fracture never repairs perfectly. When I told him he was relieved too, as he was thinking of it as hip fracture.

I still remember the way he participated in Sumaiya's wedding. He was still limping a little. He called Ammi in USA, every Sunday and the two always talked for long time. Ammi scolded him lovingly as if he was sitting in front of her. Some conversations got taped on my answering machine and I never ever erased them.

The last meeting with Talat Mamoo:

In 2012, I went to Karachi. I Met Talat Mamoo a few times in the eight-day visit. He was all healthy and well. I still remember that I got so busy and at my sister in law's house he left several messages that wanted to meet one more time. I could not get time to go back to PIB one more time, as it was necessary to meet others from Salim's side too. I only said good bye on phone thinking that I already visited him a few times as I met him in Roomi's daughter's birthday. It was November 2012 and I wish I would have known he would be gone in just one more month, then I would have spent the whole trip entirely with him. I spoke with him on the phone after coming back to USA during one of Ammi's regular phone calls.

One day in late December, we got the news of his departure. I thought my cousin Roomi said his name by mistake. It could not be Talat Mamoo who passed away so young, only a month after I met him and saw him healthy and well, talking and laughing. The cause of death remained unknown, but expected at to be Dengue virus since the epidemic was going on. A few days of high fever, and he still kept going to work.



Talat Hussain Wedding 1994. Qamar, Ishtiaq and wife, Shuja, Ammi, Talat Husain and Farah Mumani, Asma, Baby Khala, Papa and Farah.



Fatima's Birthday, Talat Mamoo and Mumani, me and Salim with all of Shujaat Mamoo's family

There was a sudden collapse, and he passed away on the way to the hospital. Ammar helped, planning to take him to the hospital, but Ammar was informed when it was too late. Ammi who had helped to raise him, lost another son.

He passed away at only 75 years of age, and PIB colony lost its last resident. I can imagine the walls, ceiling and every corner of the house mourning for him. Sadaqat Husain's family lived there for 58 years, in sickness and in health, in happiness and sorrow, in case of life or death. 167-168 PIB was sold soon after that.

Saeed Fatima:

Saeed Fatima was her real name. Commonly known as Saeeda. She was the last and most beloved daughter of Syed Saulat Husain, dear sister of all the siblings, sweet aunt for nieces and nephews, our dear Saeeda Khala. She was born in Sagar, CP, India. She had a heart filled with love for everyone, very straight forward like her older two sisters but still loved. She was warm, loud and very funny, automatically made friends when go to a gathering.

She was tall, wheatish, very attractive features, extremely pious and generous. She lost her mother as a child of 13 years of age. Her sister Akhtar Bano, who was twelve years older, took care of her and raised her with love. In return, she helped her sister with her children, which was us.

Childhood and teenage:



Saeeda Khala and Babbi Khala. Next, Saeed Fatima with Master's degree

I have seen her growing up in front of my eyes, even when I was a baby. She told me always that as a child how naughty and mischievous she was. She, Mujahid Chacha and Ameena Khala, were known as three Musketeers. They did well planned mischief. They made a Machan on a barh tree, which was hidden in the branches, and was made using a saree from Nani Nafeesa without her knowledge. Kids placed lot of edibles there. They rested there with cushions.

For their entertainment, they used to throw barh fruit on the passing by people. Nobody could figure out the source, because they were well hidden in the tree branches. Papa and Chacha were also the target, especially Papa because he was like an angel and was never angry. There has always been a special bonding between Papa and Saeeda Khala. Papa always joked and she teased. Her sense of humor always gave me laughter.

She was an excellent cyclist, and Shahana Phuppi was as well. In PIB colony they always rented two bicycles, wore Talat Mamoo's pant, shirts and used to ride long distances. Shahana Phuppi told a funny story. One day, when they were riding, a boy passed by on his

bicycle, and sang a song teasing them, “le ja meri duaen le ja cycle pe jane wale.” It annoyed Saeeda Khala too much. Shahana Phuppi stopped her but Saeeda Khala chased him on the bicycle and when she reached close, she hit him with the shoes, which they always hung on the side of their bicycle. The boy found safety in disappearing from the site. I still have pictures of them in pants. She started wearing Burqa when she grew up, and used it for many, many years but always hated it and spoke against it.

As a little kid I remember that she helped us dress, cleaned and most of all taught us and helped with our homework. What a strict teacher she was. She did not leave us alone until she made sure that we really learnt. All, of the other playing activities were prohibited until we finished the homework. In order to do that she had to get the time compromised from her own studies. Ammi was always very thankful to her for everything. She helped us pass so many exams with good grades, which would not be so good otherwise.

She did very well academically. Nana Jan had the tutoring arranged to improve her English, which helped and she had great proficiency with it. English grammar was her strength. I still remember her tutor. Other girls of the house, Farzana and Shahana Phuppi even Wahida Phuppi were his students too.



Shahana Phuppi with Saeeda Khala. Next, Saeeda Khala and Babbi Khala with Rasho and Affo in PIB

She went to college at Home Economics College and did her Masters from there. Since Physics and Chemistry was added to her curriculum, she was granted as Masters of Science. She was proud of her Masters and so was the family. She took Affo and I to her annual function. We as kids enjoyed it a lot. She got the job of a lecturer in Islamia College Karachi right after. I remember going to the annual function over there with her. She arranged for the costumes and a fancy dress show as she was in charge of Home Economics there.

Later, upon vacancy, she applied at Khatoon-e-Pakistan College, for head of Home Economics Department position. She got selected. Successfully, did that job for about eight years. That was the time period, when a lot of our family members were there. Ammi, Saeeda Khala, Affo and I, and the youngest child Farah were all in School or College side of Khatoon-e-Pakistan.

With Ammi and Saeeda Khala both there, teachers found it easy to tell about our progress and weaknesses. Nothing we did in School ever remained hidden from these two.

Career Advancement

Saeeda Khala had a very keen interest to go abroad for further study or job. The position she found vacant in an advertisement in Dawn Paper was for a job in Tanzania, Africa. It was around 1967 and people did like to go to Middle East or African countries. She applied, interviewed and got selected. It was a good offer with big pay. She decided to accept the offer. Nana Jan strictly disallowed for her to travel and live alone. He told her that she could get married and go anywhere she wanted after that. She remained upset for a very long time. I was happy as was very sad for not being able to see her if she left.

Marriage

There was a proposal for her, from one of the relatives from a long time. It was not under the consideration at the time since she was busy with education and later the career. It was in early 1969 when Saeeda Khala was sitting in the veranda on the big palang placed in front of our room and was busy with some knitting or sewing. It was a vacation time.

Her Taya Qasim who was first cousin of Nana Saulat came over and sat with Nana Jan in his room and they talked for a long time. Later, Taya Qasim came outside the room and standing in our sehan in a loud voice (he did have a very loud and peculiar voice) announced that Saeeda's wedding was fixed with Yasin Ahmad, who was his grandson's and also told about the approximate date.

Everyone happily started looking at Saeeda Khala. Ammi covered her head immediately with a Dupatta. Everyone started congratulating each other. I remember Shahana Phuppi was doing wazu she smiled at Saeeda Khala. Saeeda Khala told her that she was not ready for marriage since there was a lot she had to do with her career. She was convinced later, by Ammi, Papa, and Talat Mamoo and she agreed, and the preparations for wedding started, like the shopping, sewing of ghararas, buying jewelry. I participated at my level, being 14.

Then the day came for Mehndi and Ubtan. We sang songs on a dholak. There was a big crowd and we played with Ubtan. I remember placing Ubtan on Talat Mamoo's head when I saw him. He said he just came out of shower and will have to go again.

Then came the wedding day. Saeeda Khala's friends from Khatoon-e-Pakistan prepared her as a bride. The marriage hall was Gulistan club. The food was delicious and was not forgotten for a long, long time.

The specialty was the dinner buffet, which was a sitting one because Nana Jan thought standing and eating was against Sunnat. The entire Khatoon-e-Pakistan School and College staff was invited. All the relatives, close or distant, on either side were invited, because marriage was among relatives. The adventurous part was my friends and I walking to Hill Park, which was nearby. It was a double entertainment.

Life went on. Saeeda Khala moved to the house on Jahangir Road Government Quarters near Guru Mandar. That was large and spacious, but every day she and Yasin Khaloo came to PIB colony for dinner.

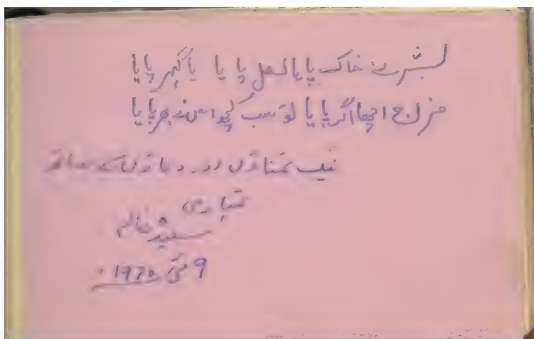


Saeeda Fatima and Yasin Ahmed, after their wedding.

She took Nana Jan's chef with her to cook for her, but the chef disliked the location, and came back. Eventually she had a beautiful baby daughter, Saima, very fair and pretty. It came the time when Yasin Khaloo went for Germany, and Saeeda Khala moved to PIB colony. Yasin Khaloo visited a few times. She had another baby daughter Sania. Later, they changed the name to Ayesha. Saeeda Khala built a big house in North Nazimabad with the help of the same contractor who was building our house. Papa helped her having it completed. She rented it.

Life in Libya:

Yasin Khaloo after completing his Diploma in Germany moved to Libya. Later, Saeeda Khala and the girls joined him too. Saeeda Khala's wish did come true to go to Africa, and she lived there in Libya for no less than 25 years. She visited Karachi once every two years with three kids, as later she had Fowad as well. Her visits were more than a pleasure as she also never forgot to bring gifts for everyone, generous as she always was.



A page from my autograph book, with Saeeda Khala's advice for me in life.
Next, Saeeda Khala and kids. Happy days in Libya.

She traveled through Europe too for recreation with family and kids. She took a job as a senior Assistant Professor in Tripoli University Libya. They were very happy there.

Whenever she visited, she looked very content with her career and life. She sponsored her brother in law Yamin and later Yaqub who lived in Libya too in their house. The children were educated there in Libya and Saima being eldest was the only one who completed her degree of B.Pharmacy from Tripoli University. The younger ones did complete some college there.

It was in mid 90s, when one day Saima called Ammi and told that Saeeda Khala fell unconscious, for a moment but recovered as soon as she reached the hospital. It was an alarming situation. Ammi tried to convince her not to ignore the health condition, but she kept saying it was nothing, just a heat stroke in Africa. She remained well too for few years after that. They decided to come back as kids were growing and Libya was going through disturbance and political chaos.

Life Post Libya:

They returned in year 2000, not in a good shape as luggage was lost and never found. The large house that she built was occupied by a family member so no place to live. Eventually she got hold of her house and they started living there but it was in bad condition. That was the year when Papa who was in USA in Rochester passed away in April 2000. He was waiting impatiently to go to Pakistan and meet her and so was she, but that did not happen and they could not meet each other. Ammi packed her bags and left for USA in October. It was determined long before and Ammi had to go or lose her green card forever.

When I visited Karachi in 2001, I felt lucky to meet Saeeda Khala. She was devastated that after a long time when she came to Pakistan, all of her loved ones left, some to USA and rest had passed away. She tried to convince Salim that he should come back home to Karachi. Of course nobody was willing. She looked very depressed. I felt very sorry but only could invite her to come to USA or at least send her kids to go to USA to study, but they were not ready. They said they spent all life abroad and wanted to live in their country, in their house.

In my 2001 visit, she went with me to all the shopping trips and it felt like old times returned. I still have saved all the clothing I bought with her, which she bargained for me. She was always great with bargaining and used to do it in such a funny way that even the salesman could not stop laughing and happily cut down the price. I will never forget those last adventures. We ate chaat at Tariq Road. There had been no shopping trip ever that she did not have me eat chaat, or ice cream if I went with her.

There came the day when I had the flight to go back. We said our goodbyes. After I reached Rochester, which was at least a two day expedition, I got the news that Saeeda Khala had a massive stroke and was in Aga Khan Hospital, paralyzed.

Her kids were saying she was depressed that everyone left. Farah took care of the family and got her admitted, and whatever more she could do. Saeeda Khala received good treatment at Agha Khan and woke up but recovered very little. She could talk but the connection with the brain was interrupted.

Ammi and I used to talk with her for hours and she was listening even understanding but only answered with Hoon, Haan. The kids said she smiled at the jokes and cried at the sorrows but could not say much except doing the Namaz. When the daughters started Namaz with her, she used to recite in clear voice the entire Namaz from beginning until end without error. It was a miracle. She always did starting for Zuhr because before the stroke she was doing wazu for Zuhr prayer and that got stuck in her mind. It was another miracle. My dear Khala, a picture of wisdom and strength, so active and vibrant lived like an idle and bedridden for next four years.

The children, especially the two daughters broke the records of care. They did everything more than a nurse could. They continued their studies too but put off the marriages.

Oldest, Saima completed M.Phil in Pharmacy from Karachi University and started working at Jinnah University, later at Hamdard University, also continued with PhD, and did that. One time she needed my help with submission of her publication of her research in an International Journal. I was surprised to see the number of her publications. The second daughter Ayesha completed her B.com. She decided to stay home to take care of the house. The son Fowad did B.com as well and worked at a Pharmaceutical. Yasin Khaloo was also taken care of by the children as his illness was also serious though stable.

We heard the news of Saeeda Khala being hospitalized in 2004 and then one day we heard that our dear aunt passed away, only at the age 63 as she was the youngest among siblings. She followed the track of Nani Aizaz Fatima, her mother who died at the same age fifty years ago and being the youngest among her siblings.

I saw a letter of her, which Masoom Khala gave me to read, written before Saeeda Khala's final arrival to Karachi. It said something was troubling her heart before coming to Pakistan. She was unsure if it was the right decision and if it would even work out. The words were "dua he ke Safar e Akhlat khairiat se kate." The truth was she only lived healthy for one year after coming to Karachi.

Yasin Khaloo lived for the next fourteen years. Sometimes well, but mostly ill. Last few years he was completely bedridden even forgot everything. Children took care of all of his needs even kept a full time male nurse for almost 4 years to take care of him. In 2018 we heard the news of Yasin Khaloo's passing away. Saima, Ayesha and Fowad lost both of their dear parents.

Children of Syed Itaat Husain:

Itaat Husain and Nafeesa Itaat had seven children. Naushaba Burney, Khalid Husain, Raana Jafer, Mujahid Husain, Ameena Saiyd, and Naved Husain.

Naushaba Burney:

She was the first child of the family, and eldest among seven siblings. She was with high intellect, very straight forward and caring and was highly respected within the family, friends, and colleagues, and was a phenomenal journalist.

She was a very dear cousin sister of Ammi and Papa both, and our Nasho Khala.

Early education and career:

Her schooling was from St Joseph Nagpur. Later, Dehli and then Naushaba Khala got a first class in her Senior Cambridge in 1948. Later, she went to Kinnaird College, Lahore. After they moved to USA she got her degree from Berkeley University of California, and did Masters in Journalism from Oregon.

Her career had always been bright and shining. She has worked and edited DAWN Sunday Magazine and supplements, Woman's World, and Humsafar paper from Karachi.

She helped and developed the Department of Journalism in Karachi University. She traveled and covered Queen Elizabeth and Jackie Kennedy on their tour when they visited Pakistan, and interviewed Prince Karim Agha Khan.



Naushaba Burney. Next picture, from childhood.

Marriage and children:

In 1964, she was married to Iqbal Hasan Burney who was a journalist as well. They had three wonderful kids: Shehryar Burney, Samia Burney and Samar Burney. All three studied and obtained degrees from USA. Samia did her degree in Law from famous Howard University and Samar did her PhD in Biochemistry. Shehryar who also studied in USA and did Engineering, currently works and lives in Bangladesh. All three happily married with children.

Naushaba Khala was very caring and loving, I remember her offering me her house to stay and use for Sumaiya's wedding when I came to Karachi in 2008. I was touched by her offer. We so much needed a place like home for wedding. In PIB colony house our portion was locked for years. Salim's family insisted to stay at their house instead and we chose that offer. She gave a bridal Tissue Wedding Dupatta to Sumaiya, who keeps it very dear to her. Nasho Khala, out of love always called me Rasho begum.

In 1989, I got a call from Nasho Khala that she was in Buffalo NY and if I could come over then could bring her to my house. I was excited to see her. Those were the first few

years of my moving to USA and nobody from the family had ever been able to visit me. We drove to Buffalo which was short, about one and a half hour of a drive on a highway. We brought Nasho Khala and her friend Razmeena Khan home. I cooked food already and we had lunch.



Naushaba Husain on her wedding day with Bride groom Iqbal Hasan Burney.
Next picture, Naushaba Husain Burney, Shehryar, Iqbal Hasan Burney.

Later, we drove to some shopping centers and the Lilac Festival, which was going on in Rochester, then a drive through whatever little Rochester had to offer. It was a great trip. My kids were under the age of nine and they remember Nasho Khala very well.

I met her only a few times after moving to USA. I was there in Samia's Wedding and she attend Sumaiya Wedding. Every time we got lots of care and love from her. We heard the sad news about passing away of Uncle Burney.

Ammi and Nasho Khala were in touch always over the phone. Nasho Khala was very busy with the School that she was running for almost twenty years. It was very sad news that Nasho Khala passed away in 2016 only a few months earlier than Ammi.

Syed Khalid Husain:

He was the first son of the family, very dear to the siblings, parents and the cousins. I heard my parents speaking highly about him. I always heard siblings calling him Baba.

The early education was from Nagpur convent, then next, Dehli. The family migrated to Karachi in 1947. I read a wonderful article that Khalid Chacha wrote in Dawn Newspaper on Naushaba Khala's anniversary and mentioned traveling in the train for the journey of migration to newly formed Pakistan.

He was very young and out of patriotism, waved Pakistani flag outside the train window on one station, when the train was still under Indian border in Punjab, which made a group of Sikhs on that station very restless. The train moved before any retaliation by the

Sikhs. The entire article was amazing. After the family moved to USA, he received a degree from Berkeley University, California.



Khalid Husain. Next picture, with Urfi Khalid and family.

Marriage and children:

He was married to Urfi aunty in October 1964. The marriage I heard was memorable and took place in Lahore, at Chacha Wajihul Hasan's house. They always spoke about the pleasure of it. I remember aunty Urfi as someone very pretty and graceful. I heard her singing in some family functions. She had a beautiful singing voice. They had three wonderful kids: Muazzam, Khurram and Uzma, all married with kids.

They moved to Jeddah Saudi Arabia, and lived there for a long time. They came back, and settled well in Karachi. Kids completed their education, and are married. Khalid Chacha has grandchildren, and he is happily living with the family in Karachi. Sometimes I see the pictures, and I am connected through Facebook.

Raana Jafer:

She was the second daughter of Nana Itaat Husain and Nani Nafeesa. Her early education was from Nagpur convent, then Dehli. She was highly educated from St. Joseph Karachi, and later USA.

She had been a lecturer at Home Economics College Karachi for a while. I remember Saeeda Khala coming home one day and proudly telling that she met Raana Apa at the college, since she has joined her college as a lecturer.

She was thin, tall, beautiful and very graceful. She was the heart favorite of siblings and cousins. The first one to get married among Nana Itaat Husain's children was Rani Khala.

I have a memory of the wedding as a young child of four years, the stage, seating with pillows called "Gao Takia," flowers and roses all over and Rani Khala looking beautiful, dressed in Gharara and Bridal jewelry. Most of all I remember the song at the time of

Rukhsati “chor babul ke ghar.” She was married to Hasan Jafer. It was the best and first memory of any wedding that I had attend.

Later, she had Mustafa, Nadia, Asad, and Husain, who are wonderful children. Her children grew up educated and were married. Now all have grown up kids. Unfortunately the son Mustafa passed away too young.

It was the time around early of 2000 when we heard the news about Rani Khala’s sudden illness and then death.

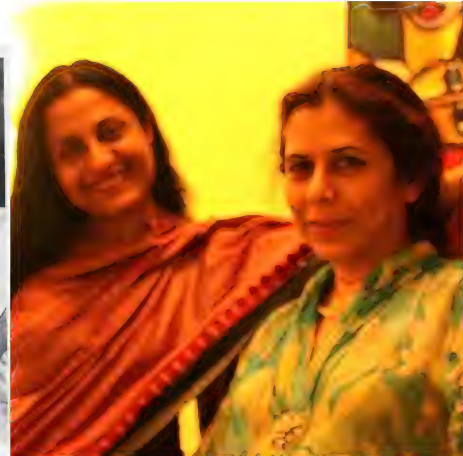
It was a heart breaking news and Papa who was staying in Rochester with us was very shocked. He had memories of seeing her as a child. Papa, lived for just few more months as passed away in April 2000, after Rani Khala’ death. Her departure at a young age was a loss for the entire family most of all Nani Nafeesa, who missed her a lot.



Raana Jafer. Next, Raana Jafer at a cooking competition by Pakistan Consulate in USA



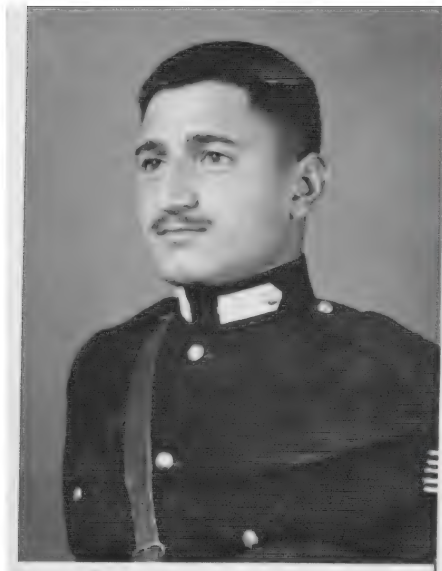
Raana Jafer, Nafeesa Itaaf Husain, Aamir Saiyid, Mustafa, Umayr, ShehrBano, Ameena Saiyid, Naushaba Burney and Mujahid Husain



Naushaba Burney, Raana Jafer, Nafeesa Itaat Husain, Akhtar Bano. Next, Nadia and Shayma

Syed Javed Husain:

Tall, handsome, brave and gallant, Brigadier Javed Husain not just raised the name of the family to the heights but also the name of the country. He was the second son of the family, hero of the 1965 and 1971 war, and a tank specialist. People waited on the 14th August and for defense day demonstrations for the tank display by Brigadier Javed Husain. He helped many with the career, including president Pervez Musharraf. We are proud of you Guddu Chacha.



Brigadier Javed Husain. Next, Aamir Aziz Saiyd, Javed Husain, Ameena Sayid, Shehryar Burney with family, Samar and family and Shayma.

He was heart favorite of all the siblings and cousins, and with a very kind and helping personality. He was married to second cousin, Nazli Aunty. I remember the Valima. The wedding took place in Rawalpindi, the hometown of the bride. They had three children, Fahad, Hammad and Tayyaba. All married and with kids.

He helped the family by taking the responsibility of selling of PIB colony house but most of all the distribution of money to shareholders especially the ones who were abroad. It was the most difficult part of the responsibility but he did it with pleasure and received the blessings of all those who received their share (like Ammi). We are in touch sometimes through Facebook.



Javed Husain's Wedding with family

Sitting: Raana Saeed, Hasan Jafer, Apa Acho, Humaira Saiyd, Bride groom Javed Hussain, Bride Nazli, Nafeesa Itaaf, Ameena Saiyd. Standing: Mujahid Husain, Aamir Saiyd, Durdana Saiyd, Naushaba Burney, Khalid Husain



Brig Javed Husain with kids Fahad, Hammad, Tayyaba, Nazli Husain and Shayma

Syed Mujahid Husain:

He was thin and vibrant with a very helping personality as it was always he who came to drive us back when we visited their house.

His childhood pranks were shared by Saeeda Khala, who herself was a partner in crime. They grew up later and smiled about it.

He was married after completing the education and getting into career. His wife Faryal was a very lovely and graceful lady. They have two kids, Fauzia and the son Adnan.

I do remember one of the funny memories. When it was Ameena Khala's wedding and the bride and groom were at the stage, I was up at the balcony, and with a few other friends was watching the ceremony. I realized he was there and saw him throwing Chuare targeting bride and the groom. One hit Nani Nafeesa, she looked up at the Balcony and saw me standing there, he hid behind me, she called out my name and asked who was that, she believed too that it could not be me. He was telling me not to tell his name. It was understood anyway that who it was.

Later age he had been very ill. After few years, we heard the news that he passed away. It was very sad for the entire family as he was still very young.



Ameena Saiyd and Mujahid Husain, childhood. Next, Mujahid Husain's son Adnan Husain, daughter Fauzia and Shayma, Sheher Bano and Sheryar's wife.

Ameena Saiyd:

She is second youngest among the siblings. She is tall and pretty, highly educated and career motivated. She has been an inspiration for the girls in the family and outside.

As a young child I inherited some of Ameena Khala's dolls. I cherished them and played with them as long as they last. I even have pictures with some dolls. I always admired Ameena Khala's dressing even the way she walked or talked. Later, she got married and it was a beautiful wedding. Uncle Aamir as a bridegroom came on a horse with Barat. We could not forget that. It was very rare among our family weddings. Even Mehndi was memorable with singing and dances.

Another memorable thing was Sarwat Ikram Ullah's presence among the guests. Her wedding was already announced with Prince Hasan of Jordan, so she was also in the spotlight.

Later, Ameena Khala moved to Rawalpindi with in laws. She was married to Nazli Aunty's brother Aamir Aziz Saiyd who was brother of Guddu Chacha's wife.



Aameena Saiyd. Next, Royal guests at Aameena Saiyd's Wedding.
Sarwat Ikramullah and Shaista Ikranullah with Nafeesa Itaat Husain and Naushaba Burney.

Afterwards they moved to Lahore and built a house there. I remember going to her house a few times, and seeing Aameena Khala and her kids. She has three wonderful kids. Eldest one is Shayma, next is Umayr and youngest one is Sheher Bano.

Dadi Zahida had a close bonding with Aameena Khala, and always spoke very highly about her. She told how hard Aameena Khala worked to build up the company, Oxford University Press and even traveled for book distribution. Oxford University Press progressed because of Aameena Khala's devotion.

Dadi Zahida talked about her kids when they were growing up. All the kids played together, Chacha Wajihul Hasan's and Aameena Khala's kids. They celebrated birthdays together.

I cannot forget a visit from Aameena Khala in my old Rawalpindi house in Satellite Town, which even had a hard to find address. One day I saw Aameena Khala at the door. She was in the town and came to see me. Tearful with joy and surprise I called her in. Sara was just born about a month before and Aameena Khala brought a package for me from my Dadi Zahida. We talked for long but Aameena Khala had to go for work. She walked to the closest road and said she knew the city very well to reach anywhere. I could not thank her enough for visiting me since she came to Rawalpindi for a work related trip.

Later, Aameena Khala moved to Karachi with the family. That was when she worked through and built the Oxford University Press in Karachi to the height that it had reached. She had been a help in the careers of many people by providing them with the employment. She traveled over the continents for the progress of the company.

She is currently the director of Karachi Literature Festival. She has interviewed many famous political, film and cultural personalities for that. She invited some to Pakistan and hosted them. Aameena Khala is now retired but is working actively for Urdu Adab Festival. Recently have opened her own printing company. She had a glorious career and we are proud of her achievements.



Ameena Saiyd and Shayma Saiyd. Next, with Malala



Sheher Bano and Shayma Saiyd. Next, a lovely family group with Humaira Saiyd, who MashaAllah had almost 99 years of age, Aamir and Ameena Saiyd, Umayr, Shayma and Sheher Bano.

Shayma Sadia Saiyd:

Ameena Khala's kids are now grown up. Shayma the eldest is extremely talented and very caring and loving, which is rare among young girls of her generation. When the plans were being made for selling PIB Colony house. She said it was a memory for her and she felt sad seeing it gone. I was impressed by her thoughts and love.

She was settled in Toronto for a few years. Umayr the younger one and Sheher Bano the youngest as well are doing well with their careers and all three have degrees from USA. Sheher Bano has hiking as a hobby, which is rare among Pakistani girls.



Former President of Pakistan Pervez Musharraf with Shayma and Umayr

Syed Naved Husain:

He is youngest of all the children of Nana Itaat Husain. He was born in 208 Frere Road and was adorable for the entire family. Ammi suggested the name Naved which was immediately selected. He called her as Akai Apa, which she loved, and she called him Nabbu which others adopted. He loved his Phuppi Zahida and Shahida and called them as Lal Amma and Safiad Amma according to the color tone of their complexion. We laughed for years remembering it. I remember him as a young child coming to PIB, though I was much younger, we still played together.



Ameena Saiyd and Naved Husain. Next, Nafeesa Itaat Husain, Naved Husain and Itaat Husain in PIB Colony, Good bye before his departure for USA.

Later, when Naved Chacha grew up he left for USA for Engineering which he did from Oklahoma University. He came back after several years, and started working in Karachi. Later, he got married to Sania, a picture of beauty. I remember their Valima. It was a huge gathering at Intercontinental hotel. The next year I got married. I remember Sania sitting next to me in my bridal pictures, dressed like a new bride.

I soon went to Glasgow, Scotland. I had my daughter Sumaiya there. I heard that they had a son Umer, and later had a daughter Najda and another younger son. They moved to Dhaka and settled there. They still live there. I did not see him in a very long time.

His kids received education from London, UK and are well settled.



Naushaba Burney and Naved Husain. Next, a group with Naved Husain, Sania, Ameena Khala's family in Bangladesh.

Children of Shahida Bano:

Dadi Shahida was blessed with three daughters. We called them Phuppi as we never had any. They are cousin sisters of Papa and Ammi both. We were told to call them Phuppi because there were already enough Khalas, even the real ones. We lived in the same house from my birth until I was married. They had a role in our upbringing and we learnt a lot from them.

Rehana Zaheer Ahmed:

Rehana phuppi was the oldest. She was very kind and graceful, simple by dressing and living, also very easy going.

Education and Career:

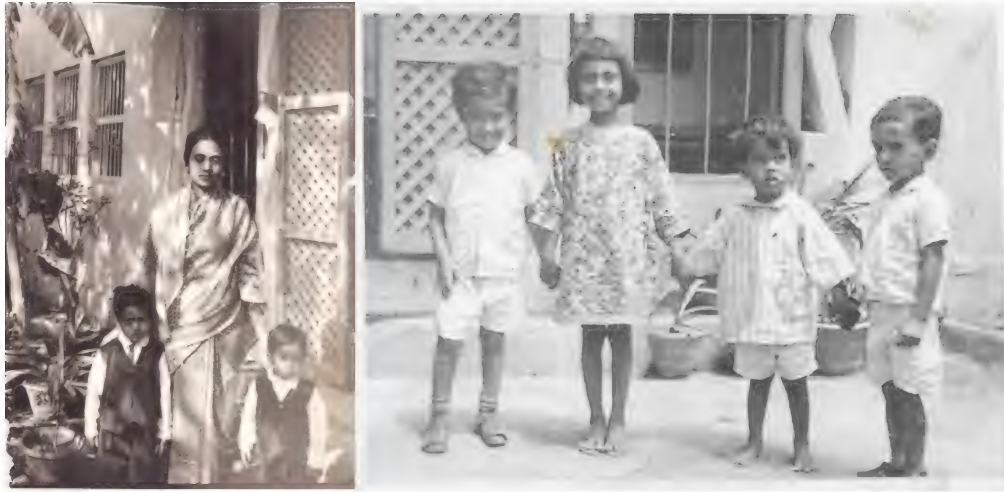
She got her education from DJ Science College and became a doctor from Dow Medical College. She studied around the same time as Papa and Chacha. She got a good job in Nigeria soon after she started her career as a doctor. She decided to go there, but Dada Masood who was retired, also went with her and she lived there for about two years, then returned back.

Marriage and children:

In Karachi she got married to Phuppa Zaheer Ahmed who happened to be Papa's Aligarh classmate, which was a coincidence. He after graduating from Aligarh went to Germany and did his PhD from there. He had a good and friendly personality and mixed well with our family. His parents, brother and sisters lived in Bihar, India.

The most interesting part of that Wedding was that one of Zaheer Phuppa's Cousin was married to Wazir Mohammad, who was a Cricketer and Hanif and Mushtaq Mohammad's older brother. So as relatives all the Hanif brothers and some more of the Cricket players came with Barat. Our family was very pleased to see and meet them.

Rehana Phuppi went again to Nigeria with her husband. After they came back she had her first baby boy, Saad Ahmed. He was very much loved and cared about, as he was the first child in the family.



Rehana Phuppi, Saad and Shoaib in PIB Colony.
Next, very cute picture of four friends: Saad, Farah, Shoaib and Faisal.



Nafeesa Itaat Husain, Rehana Ahmed, Zaheer Ahmed and Shoaib.

Saad grew up in PIB as they lived there. He loved to play with our baby sister Farah who was few years older though still a young child. Saad started calling her as "Jiala." It was the time of 1965 war and the word was commonly used everywhere.

When they grew up, he still called her so. Zaheer Phuppa's brother Zaki migrated from India and also lived with us in PIB colony house. Rehana Phuppi had a good job at KMC Dispensary, which later gave her a big house attached to it in Sind Muslim Housing Society. She moved there from PIB Colony house where they were living for the previous few years.



Wedding group of Saad: Rehana Phuppi, Zaheer Phuppa, Bride, Nani Nafeesa, Ammi Akhtar Bano, Shahana Phuppi, Farah, Amna. Standing: Saad, Hassan, Chacha Wajih, Papa Sabihul Hasan, Khalid Chacha, Uzma, Urfi Aunty, Nazli Aunty, Chacha Javed Husain, Shoaib and Husain



Papa, Chacha Wajih, Shaukat Mamoo, Zaheer Phuppa, Farah.
In back: Talat Mamoo, Saud Phuppa, Hasan and Husain

Stay in Germany, Libya then Back to Karachi:

Later Zaheer Phuppa's entire family came from India with all the brothers and sisters. All lived there with Rehana Phuppi. Shoaib was born and then Ali was born. She had three kids and they were planning to move abroad. I remember there were regular visits from Rehana Phuppi to PIB to leave kids with grandparents.

They did get a job in Germany and moved over there. They lived there for few years then moved to Tripoli Libya, which was around the same time when Saeeda Khala moved there. The two cousin families lived in Tripoli Libya around the same period. They lived there

for about 10 years. Their kids studied at American School. I remember she took a nanny from Karachi to stay in Libya to help with the household. They visited Karachi once in a year or two. It was always good to see them and their children growing. They were loving children and got along with PIB colony folks like they knew them forever. They loved being in PIB colony as their parents and grandparents lived there.

After finally moving to Karachi Rehana Phuppi joined Imam Clinic and worked with Doctor Noor Afshan Imam, later Baqai Hospital and worked there until retirement. She was an ultrasound specialist. Zaheer Phuppa joined Quetta University and lived there for a few years. Shoaib joined him there too for further education. Later, he got admission to Baqai Medical College, and did his MBBS from there. They built their own house in Federal B Area. They frequently came to PIB colony, to meet all of us.

Time went by, the kids grew older and Saad went abroad for further studies. He got married to the daughter of an old friend from Aligarh, of Zaheer Phuppa and Papa named Farooqi uncle. He has two daughters. We met him in Hasan's wedding.

Life in USA:

Later, Rehana Phuppi and Zaheer Phuppa got the immigration and moved to USA. They visited me a few times and it was a pleasure to have them in my house. Rehana Phuppi got settled in Chicago and joined an obstetrics clinic for ultrasound, part time and worked there for at least a decade. It was remarkable at her age to work on a job that demanding but she had the expertise. Zaheer Phuppa passed away in 2004 which was four years after Papa. He was a very close friend of Papa and contemporary. His side of the family has grown close to us as his sisters were about the same age as me and were friends, because they visited PIB colony frequently on Eids and occasions. Later, they were sponsored by brother Zaki for California and eventually his whole family got settled in California.

When Zaheer Phuppa passed away his mother was still living and she was not informed about his death because of her old age. She always asked why did he stop calling her. Rehana Phuppi and Zaheer Phuppa bought a house in Chicago. Ali completed his education in Rochester Institute of Technology, Rochester. He did MS with computers and is working in California. He is happily married with kids. Shoaib was married too in Chicago. We received a call from Rehana Phuppi about her having a paralysis attack. She asked Ammi to pray for her. She got better and the condition improved, but not a complete recovery. Later, Ali took her to California. She lives there with a nanny and nurse in her separate residence and her sons visit her regularly. She is in touch and receives our calls once in a while.

She is a very courageous and smart lady, my father's dear sister. We see her as an inspiration. We pray for her long life and health every day.

Farzana Saeed:

Farzana Phuppi was the next daughter of Dadi Shahida. With a snow white complexion and blondish hair she could be easily mistaken as whites. In the college, people always asked her if she had European parents.

She was straight forward, with a loving and caring personality and with strong belief. Farzana Phuppi and I shared a common hobby and that was reading, so much so that she

borrowed all those children stories that my Dada Safiul Hasan brought for me and read them all. It was so cute that she seemed to have the similar taste with reading literature at the time as I had.

It was not exactly so, because she read all the famous novels for adults as well but for a change read kid's books too for refreshment. She used the same libraries that I did. Film magazines and newspapers were her hobby too. We also shared the interest in movies. Many times I used to go with them when they would go to watch a movie.

She also spent a lot buying all those magazines, like I did but did not save them unlike me. Sometimes we both shared the books and magazines. Interesting part was when I started reading the novels written for older people one day she found out about the book that I was reading. She strictly told me not to read that one because it was not for young ones of my age. It raised my curiosity, and I tried to read it hiding from her. She found out again, probably was watching me and complained to Ammi. I got into trouble as Ammi started watching upon every book that I read. It was obvious that Farzana Phuppi cared for us in a very loving way.



Farzana Saeed. Next, in PIB Colony.

Food Habits:

She was a strong vegetarian, perhaps still is. Meat, fish or poultry was not often consumed by her. She was cleaning conscious, in kitchen and the house, also a small eater of food. That was why she was always slim and never gained weight.

I so much tried to quit eating meat following her but could not. Chacha Wajihul Hasan always advised them and us not to quit eating the meat group because how important it was for health. She liked Seekh Kabab, Shami Kabab and Kofte so that way she did consume some meat, and whenever Ammi cooked Haleem or Khichra, it was loved by all the members of the house.

Dressing:

I have seen very few people as well dressed in my life as Farzana Phuppi was. She used the best tailor in Karachi, traveled to Tariq road for it, when there were many tailors

available in PIB colony and some were good. She had the best taste in clothing, shoes and perfumes. She never cared about hairstyles and looked very simple because of it. I always tried to follow her dressing and shoes.

Education and career:

She did her BSc from DJ Science College. That was the time that a lot of other people from the family and neighbors were students there. She told funny stories about them which made the whole house laugh. Most of the teachers and the Principal in my time, which was years later, were still the same, just grown older. Every time she asked me about how my day went and said many times that someday she would go to DJ with me and will meet and introduce me to those teachers. That could not happen as she was very busy with her job and two little kids. After completing her education, she started teaching in schools. The final one was Little Folks and she stayed there for decades until she moved to London UK. Farzana and Shahana Phuppi also did B.Ed in 1967.

Marriage:

She got married to Saeed Khan in 1972. It was at Hotel Intercontinental and was a great ceremony, but a little incident happened when little kids were playing around the pool and a child fell into the pool. He was saved and was well.

The Mehndi, later Chothi ceremony were the best. They really played with baskets full of vegetables, by throwing them on people of bridal side and that was us. It was a one of its kind ceremony. She got at least a dozen Gharara's from in-laws, came directly from Lucknow. They were designed differently. She had few made from her side too, so ended up with the total of at least 15 Ghararas. She always joked what would she do with so many, since they were rarely used.

Saeed Phuppa was tall, fair, slim, and very jovial by nature. He was from Lucknow so they spoke with very classy accent of Urdu. His family was in Lucknow but he lived in Luton, UK. Whenever he came to Karachi he lived with his sister and family. Whenever he was in Karachi Farzana Phuppi lived with her sister in law, but when he was gone she came back to PIB colony. The sister in law's family visited PIB colony frequently on Eids etc. so we all got to know each other and always invited each other on occasions. Later when Phuppa came to stay for longer periods he lived in PIB colony. Saeed Phuppa was a polite person.

Children:

Farzana Phuppi had two beautiful kids, who were white like Europeans and cutest among all, Fatima and Haroon. We loved them very dearly. They were raised together by all of us. We missed them terribly after they moved to UK. Farzana Phuppi moved to UK about eight months after my marriage. I could not get a chance to meet her in my visit to Scotland since it was soon before we were returning back. She lived there, and the kids were brought up in England. She did visit Karachi a couple of times, but I was in USA, so never met her.

Kids were grown up and I saw the pictures. Saeed Phuppa passed away a few years ago. The kids got married and Fatima has three sons and Haroon has two kids, a son and a

daughter. Farzana Phuppi sent invitations for their wedding, we did vice versa for our kids. She is living in Luton with Haroon and his family.



Rehana Phuppi, Farzana Phuppi, Saeed Phuppa, Nafeesa Itaat, Fatima, Saeed Phuppa, Nasho Khala, Haroon and Aamir Saiyd.



Shahana Saud. Next, Baby Fatima.

Shahana Saud:

Shahana Phuppi was very pretty and slim with very long hair. She was the mildest, soft speaking, sweet and kind.

I was very close to her. She was the one took care of me when I used to go with them to watch movies. She was very loving and caring towards her parents, sisters and loved nieces and nephews very dearly. She actually helped Farzana Phuppi raise Fatima and Haroon.

Education and career:

She has done BSc with Farzana Phuppi from DJ Science College, later they did B.Ed together. She had been teaching in the schools as well. Itrat, who was Dr. Yousaf's nephew, had been a student of Farzana and Shahana Phuppi both. I met him a few years ago in a wedding. He spoke very highly about them as teachers.

When I was young Farzana and Shahana Phuppi took me to their school for my enjoyment and learning. I loved sitting in their classrooms. Later Shahana Phuppi got selected at Cantt Public High School which was a very prestigious school and she loved it and worked there for until the retirement.

Dressing and Personality:

She was as well dressed as Farzana Phuppi actually even more because she made beautiful hairstyles. Dresses, shoes and perfumes were her specialty.



Shahana Phuppi in Hasan's Wedding with Farah, Ermina and Sheher Bano. Next, Saad with little daughter meeting Salim, Rashda, and Farah who is childhood friend of Saad, meeting after a long time.



A family picture of Shahana Saud, Hasan, Amna, Saud Hasnie, Husain, Rubab, and Amna's daughters
Next, Hasan's Wedding: Rehana Ahmed, and Muzammil Husain with bride and groom. Standing: Farah, Shahana Saud, Saud Hasnie, Amna, Sara, Zarina Zaidi, Sumaiya, Mazin, Rashda, and Samra

Food:

She had the same eating habits as Farzana Phuppi. She was almost vegetarian, but in terms of meat, only liked Kababs and Kofte. She did not have much interest in cooking, as the best trained chefs were available before and after marriage.



Wedding picture with the family. Rashda, Farzana Saeed, Fatima, Javed, Saud Hasnie, Shahana Saud, Haroon, Akhtar Bano, Faisal, Sabihul Hasan, Masoom Bano and Farah.

Marriage:

She was married to Saud Hasnie in 1977. He was a wonderful gentleman. The wedding was well arranged at Metropole Hotel. The food was the best and a big group of people were invited. Mehndi was memorable too. She moved to Malir, which was distant from PIB. They lived there for a few years then moved to Stadium Road, which was closer. The mother in law and rest of the family lived with her too.

Children:

She has three wonderful kids. Eldest is Hasan Saud Hasnie, Next is Husain Saud Hasnie and youngest is Amna. Hassan was the one born in Malir and the younger ones were born when they lived in Stadium Road house. I was married in 1979 and moved away to Islamabad then abroad, so younger two were born after my marriage.

The kids were very smart and did well academically. Hasan was selected for Agha Khan Medical College but that was the time when they moved to USA. He did engineering with Computers. Husain did that as well. Amna has a degree with accounts and worked in a bank. They are very loving and sweet kids. PIB has seen them growing as they used to visit frequently. As a very young child Hasan had an accident of getting burnt with boiling milk. He recovered very well after that.

They grew up in NY USA. Amna got married at young age, in 2003 to Asfar. We did attend that wedding. It was in New York and was beautifully well arranged. We met a lot of relatives there after many, years. Hassan got married to Rubab in 2010. That was when we all went to NY and stayed overnight at Samra's apartment. It was a memorable wedding. All

of my daughters attended, also Sumaiya's in laws. Sumaiya's father in law was Shahana Phuppi's first cousin.

All three kids are very friendly by nature. We visited Shahana Phuppi a few times, once even with Papa and Chacha. Shahana Phuppi with family visited me in Rochester twice.

We heard the news about Saud Phuppa's illness. Hasan called and informed that it was a cancer, very sad for all of us. I spoke with Shahana Phuppi a few times and she was heart broken about his condition. He had a surgery. I called their home and was happy to hear his voice on the phone as he picked it up. He was doing better. I spoke with him for a while. That was the last time we spoke. Soon after that we heard the news of his departure. It was heartbreaking as Shahana Phuppi was very close to me and her sorrow was mine.

Shahana Phuppi recently was diagnosed with Corona virus. She struggled with it in the hospital in New York City. We all prayed for her life but heard the news of her departure. It was shocking for the entire family. We tried to console the kids but they could only be reached by messages. Unfortunately because of fear of infection, traveling to New York was impossible.

Shahana Phuppi was a Shaheed as she fought with a deadly illness until the last breath. May Allah grant her the highest rank in Heavens. Mind still did not accept her death.



Hassan Mohammad Saud Hasnie, Shahana, Ameena Saiyd.
Next picture, Shayma, Shahana Saud, Hasan, Amna her daughters, and Rubab.

Children of Ibne Abbas and Tashbeeh Fatima:

Tazeem Fatima:

She is the oldest daughter of Nana Ibne Abbas and Tashbeeh Fatima. She graduated from Lucknow University. She did B.Ed from Karachi. All her life she had been involved with teaching, and later as a principal. She was married to her cousin and my Mamoo Shujaat Husain. She had four kids, Imran Matanat, Salman Latafat, Hidayat Husain and Qamar Syeda.

Her details are mentioned again under Shujaat Mamoo's Profile.



Shujaat Mamoo and Mumani Tazeem Fatima after Hajj, 1990. Next picture is a group: Azra, Fatima, Tazeem Mumani, Roofi, Baby Khala, Qamar, Shezi, Mrs. Ishtiaq, Mrs. Afaq. Standing: Ishtiaq, Fari, Saad, Salman, Ammar, Affan Zia, Roomi, Ali, Areeba, Floor, Hena, Jawad, Osama, Zain, and Mustafa

Azeem Fatima:

She is second daughter of Nana Ibne Abbas and Nani Tashbeeh Fatima. She is great with personality and fair. She is commonly known as Baby Khala. She was educated from Karamat Hussain School at Lucknow and married there too with her second cousin Ashfaaq Ahmed.



Azeem Fatima. Next, Ashfaaq Husain and Azeem Fatima



Khala Azeem Fatima with Aamir, Afaq, Azra and Ishtiaq

Syed Ashfaaq Ahmed:

He was a tall, fair, polite and kind gentleman. He was posted in Dhaka East Pakistan, in 1970s but due to political disturbance he went there without family. He had seen the deadly chaos and returned back in time. He is remembered for an act of great bravery. It was the time when Mukti Bahini was ruling Dhaka. They were killing, even mutilating Pakistanis after torturing them. As soon as he realized their presence in the neighborhood, he got out in time and traveled miles and miles of distance, walking and sometimes running, until reached the safe area and managed to get to the flight, probably the last one out of Dhaka.

Baby Khala worked for a company, which continued for a few years. They lived as a joint family set up in Nazimabad, as most of us did in that generation. We as kids loved going to their house because lots of relatives and more kids met us there. She had four children, a little younger than us, Aamir Ishaque, Mohammad Afaq, Azra, and Muhammad Ishtiaq.

Aamir Ishaque:

He is eldest with high intellect and smartness. He has two kids. His son Razi, who is married and a daughter Farah Aamir. He is settled near Lahore.

Syed Mohammad Afaq:

He is the second son. He has two kids and lives close to Shujaat Mamoo and Tazeem Mumani's house.



Syed Mohammad Afaq with the family. Next, Azra and Salman with Saad, Ammar and Jawad.

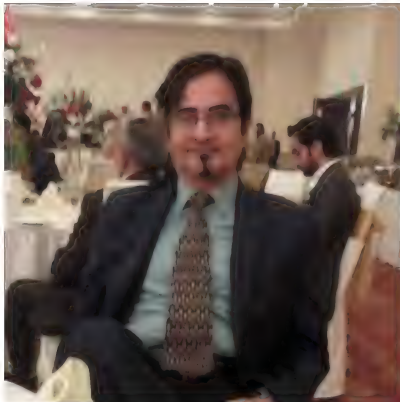
Azra Salman:

She is the only daughter, fair and tall. She is married to our cousin Salman. They have three sons. Saad, Ammar and Jawad. Saad is married with two kids.

More details and pictures about Azra are mentioned in Salman's Profile.

Syed Muhammad Ishtiaq:

He is the youngest among all. He worked at steel mills and is very talented as a professional writer. I read almost all of his writings when posted in Facebook. They are all excellent. He visited USA, but I could not travel to Urbana, Illinois because I had an issue with ankle fracture those days. He is also married and has three kids.



Syed Aamir Ishaque



Syed Ishtiaq and family with Khala Azeem Fatima.

Waseem Fatima:

She was the youngest daughter of Nana Ibne Abbas and Nani Tashbeeh Fatima, commonly known as Babbi Khala, a very close cousin sister of Ammi. She was very good looking and loving. She took care of me when I moved to Islamabad after marriage. She never let me and Salim go without dinner, whenever we went to her house for a visit. Her children were full of love too and are very dear to me and Salim both.

I remember her wedding and how pretty she looked. She was married to Syed Tahir Husain Zaidi.

Syed Tahir Husain Zaidi:

He was born in GurGaon, Dehli. He was simple, loving and friendly. He transferred to Islamabad in 1974, through Radio Pakistan's Head office where he worked. Later, the family went too in 1976. Islamabad was known for shortage of housing. They had problems finding the right house. The anxiety of getting accommodation, and being settled at new place with five kids, caused an attack of Angina.

He was treated at Holy family hospital, too far from residence. Eventually they got settled and lived there until 1982. He took an early retirement as missed the life in Karachi and the siblings. They had a big house in Karachi though rented but had to pay huge sum of money to unoccupy it. Finally, life got back on track, he started working again and educated and married the kids. Unfortunately, it was the time of political disturbance in Karachi and there were lot of riots and robberies going. There had been one in their house too where the robbers took everything on gun point, but as soon as they left Tahir Khaloo who was already a heart patient had a heart failure and could not survive it. He is buried at Sakhi Hasan graveyard. The entire family was shocked but survived the sorrow.

Babbi Khala was a very close friend of Saeeda Khala. Before moving to Islamabad she lived in Federal B Area. We frequently visited her and they visited us at PIB colony. She has five children.



Waseem Fatima, and Tahir Zaidi at PIB after Wedding Dinner.



Khaloo Tahir Husain, Khala Waseem Fatima, Zia , Shuja and Saba. Next Babbi Khala, picture before marriage.



Babbi Khala and Saeeda Khala, the most classical pose.
Next, Khaloo Tahir Husain, Khala Waseem Fatima, Zia , Shuja and Saba.

Syed Ahmed Zia Tahir Zaidi:

He is oldest among the kids and has career with banking, and has been a bank manager. He helped Ammi with pension transfer, which was a great help. He is married to our cousin Qamar who is his maternal cousin too, and they have four kids. Syeda Yamna Usman, Syed Ahmed Zain Zia, Syeda Areeba Zia and Syed Ahmed Ali Zia, all highly educated and with professional careers.



Zia and Qamar. Next, Shuja and Asma

Syed Ahmed Shuja Tahir Zaidi:

Shuja is very loving and full of hospitality. He is settled in Toronto, Canada. They frequently visit us and we visit them. He had been there during Ammi's funeral, their presence had been a great support and so was Roofi's. He visits on all occasions. To attend Sara's wedding he traveled all the way from Calgary, which we highly appreciated. He helps us a lot on these occasions, and actually our gatherings are incomplete without Shuja and his family. We have great memories from Islamabad, where Shuja, Zia, Saba, and Babbi Khala visited us. Salim and I with kids also visited their house all the time. They showered lots of love for us, and our children.

Syeda Asma Shuja:

Shuja is married to Asma, a fantastic lady and his first cousin from father's side. She is an expert of sewing, embroidery and cooking. She works at a School and Childcare in Toronto. They have three wonderful daughters, all highly educated and with the same sweet nature as their parents.

Syeda Ayesha Shuja: Full of hospitality and love. Completed the education and is busy with her job.

Syeda Kulsoom Shuja: Picture of Talent and care. Nobody can do Bridal arrangement and make up as well as Mehndi better than her. Completed her degree with University of Toronto and doing job.

Syeda Sara Shuja: Very cute and loving. She is the youngest and completed her education and doing Job.

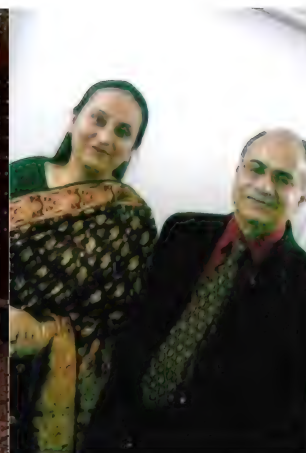
All three are highly skilled in many areas, and no one can beat their art of Mehndi.



A cute picture of Ayesha, Kulsum, Sarah. Next, Asma, and the girls



Ayesha, Samra, Sarah, and Ermina. Next Salim, Aleem, Rashda, Asma, Shuja and Farah in Rochester



Saba Shahid's family: Tariq Ahmad, Shahid Ghayoor, Taha Saleem, Rabia, Saba, Amnah, Shafay and Yousuf and Khizr. Next, Saba Shahid and Husband Shahid Ghayoor.

Syeda Saba Shahid:

She is the only daughter of Waseem Khala, pretty and simple by nature, she was married at a young age to Shahid Ghayoor. He is son of Syed Ghayoor Zaidi and Surriya Ghayoor, and is very polite and courteous. She has three kids. Amnah Ahmed, Rabia Taha, and Syed Khizar Shahid. Amnah and Rabia are married with kids. Amnah is married to Tariq Ahmad and has two kids, Shafay Ahmad Tariq and Yousuf Ahmad Tariq. Khizar is recently

married and is an engineer from NED and Rabia is a Pharmacist. She is married to Taha Saleem and has a son, Zaid Taha.



Khala Waseem Fatima with Zia, Ghaiyas and Faraz

Syed Ahmed Ghayas Tahir:

He has MBA and married with Erum Ghayas, who is with same profession. He has three daughters. Syeda Labia Ghayas, Syeda Hooria Ghayas and Syeda Maria Ghayas. He lives in Babbi Khala's Residence.

Syed Ahmed Faraz Tahir:

He is the youngest among all. We saw him as very cute and fair little kid with curly golden hair, during Islamabad days. He is a Captain in Pakistan Navy. They live in Karsaz. He is married to Sadia who is an engineer. The kids are Syeda Yusra Faraz, Syeda Javairia Faraz and Syed Abdullah Faraz.



Fatima's Birthday with Roomi, Shezi, Saba, Shahid Ghayoor, Shujaat Mamoo, Mumani, Zain Zia, Faraz's daughter and son, Faraz, Sadia, Yamna, Areeba, Khizar, Rabia

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Present

Chapter 6

Generation of the Present

The descedants of the last generation:

The Children of Syed Shaukat Husain and Shamim Fatima:

Mamoo Shaukat Husain has three sons: Aleem, Kaleem and Amin.

Syed Abdul Aleem:

Aleem was born in PIB colony house. He was a very beautiful baby. A child was born in the house after a long time. He was loved and cared about by each and every member of the house. He was born without having a Nani and Dadi alive but Dadi Zahida and Dadi Shahida played that role. All his Phuppi and Chacha adored him. I was crazy about him being about six years old myself. I did not get much chance to hold him up but could play with him from a distance.

He grew a little older then it was decided by his parents that it was time to move into a residence of their own, as Kaleem was on the way. They moved to Government Quarters housing near Jail Road. It was half mile walking distance from PIB colony and very close to where Masoom Khala lived.

Soon Kaleem was born and the two grew up together. Later they had another baby brother Amin who was few years younger. They started schooling at Happy Home School, which was known as a very good English medium school. We saw them frequently as Shaukat Mamoo brought them regularly on Sundays. We visited them as well.

They lived in that house for at least over 10 years until Shaukat Mamoo had a transfer to Islamabad on promotion.

There was a long gap between the meetings, as they came to Karachi a few times only in those years. I was married and moved to Islamabad, with our residence in Satellite town Rawalpindi which was just a couple of miles from where they lived. When we met again, he was grown up and very tall and smart. I was so happy to see my younger brother all grown.

It felt very good to be so close to them. Ammi already informed them that my marriage had been settled with Salim who was working in Islamabad and living close to them in Rawalpindi. Their presence in Islamabad was very comforting for me and my parents, that I have my own Mamoo and cousins living so close. They were a big reason for my not feeling lonely. Aleem and Kaleem were in college, Amin was a young kid in school. I even got introduced to their neighbors. Every visit to their house was like getting a feast.

A horrible accident:

Aleem told about a horrible accident that he witnessed as eleven years old in their old house. Their neighbor who was picking up the dry laundry from the roof of a three story building and was holding a three month old baby, accidently dropped the baby from the roof

and the baby died instantly. He told us it was a memory that is unforgettable for him. Shaukat Mamoo moved to a different house later.

After some time when my daughters were born, my brothers played with them like dolls. They all made me and my children felt loved. My daughters have wonderful childhood memories from their house. Shaukat Mamoo visited every Friday, and always told some Shikar stories or stories about his early childhood, which were so interesting that I can easily call him a big resource for this book of memories.

I went to England and later to USA. In this duration, Shaukat Mamoo retired and tried to settle in his house in Samanabad Karachi but the kids, who were so fond of living in Islamabad, did not like it, so eventually they sold that house and moved back to Islamabad. That was the time we returned back from USA and wanted to live in Islamabad. We already had our own house there, but Aleem convinced us up to the end that it would be a mistake to stay back and we should return to USA when within time. We gave a serious consideration, to his advice, and did go back soon. We are thankful Aleem.



PIB Colony: Aleem, Roomi, Zia and Farah. Next, Ammi, Saeeda Khala, Aleem and Faisal. Eid day pictures by Talat Mamoo.

Career:

Aleem has a Master's degree in International Relations. He made his career in Banking. In the year 2007, he joined National Accountability Bureau at its headquarters in Islamabad and served in Member-Financial Crime Investigation.

Marriage and children:

He married a wonderful lady, Doctor Saima and lived together with Shaukat Mamoo and family. They had three kids, two older daughters Ayesha and Maria and later a son Hamza. I went to Islamabad in 1996 and met his wife which was a pleasure. The meetings and stay were however short. I saw Mamoo and Mumani Jan, who were weaker and old.

That was the last meeting. I spoke over the phone many times after that but did not see Shaukat Mamoo and Mumani again. Time went by, I heard the sad news of their passing and eventually I heard the news of Aleem moving to UK with family.

Recently, Aleem made a trip to Canada to meet Kaleem. Graciously he visited me as well. The joy of seeing him cannot be explained in words. He looked like the same young boy as I remember from Islamabad days. I wish he could move to USA or Canada, so we can see each other more often.



Aleem, with me and Salim in Rochester. Next, Aleem's wife Dr. Saima and son Hamza



Old memory from Eid. Aleem, Kaleem, Farah, and Faisal, PIB. Next, Aleem holding two roosters in their old house in Rawalpindi

Syed Kaleem:

He is the second son of Shaukat Mamoo. He is quiet, thin and lean, and very loving and caring like the other two brothers. He kept in touch with us with his busy schedule, always called and regularly spoke with Ammi who was his Phuppi.

He is very religious and observes Shariah completely. He is a great Muslim and a wonderful human. I am proud of him to be my brother.

Salim loves Shaukat Mamoo's kids and likewise. We saw them growing during our Islamabad times.



Aleem, Kaleem and Amin. Their Karachi residence.

Education and Career:

He is very highly educated with Masters in Geology from University of Punjab, Lahore. Professor Munir, was the mentor of Kaleem in Geology department, and had been a great teacher, as Kaleem got a first position there, and received a scholarship for further education in University of Waterloo, Canada. He did another Masters in Petroleum Geology from there and a degree in Management Sciences and Computer Technology from University of Waterloo, Canada. He lives and works in Waterloo.

His thesis, which was chosen to be the best thesis: "Role of Carbonate Diagenesis and Halite Plugging in Reservoir Quality of Middle Silurian Reefal Dolomite." He was chosen as a speaker in Geological Conference in Canada.

We went to see him and his wife Atika around 1993 and went to Niagara Falls together. It was a great and memorable trip and picnic. Later, we have been in touch over the phone but he did not visit because of immigration issues and I could not go either because he moved to Texas for next 8 or more years. Since few years he is back in Waterloo.

Marriage and kids:

I attended his Nikah in Islamabad during our visit of 1988-89. It was an event caught just by chance. I met some of our relatives there, and some relatives of Atika. Her brother was Kaleem's religious instructor. Later, in 2006 he had a baby daughter Fatima. It was a happy news and he raised his daughter being a Hafiza of Quran.

He later moved back to Waterloo and is currently living there, working as an expert in Computer Programming and occasionally leads prayers in the community.

Syed Amin:

Amin is the youngest among the three sons of Shaukat Mamoo. He is a very kind and loving bother. When he was born his name was suggested by his Phuppi, Saeeda as she loved that name. She very happily announced the news of his birth to all in PIB. We saw him growing in Karachi and later in Islamabad.

Career and education:

He is highly educated with an MBA and has a business in UK, where he decided to settle. My daughters loved their Amin Mamoo and remember him whenever they talk about Islamabad.

I remember his paintings with watercolors when he was in secondary school, probably 6th grade, and used oil paints later. Because of his career he lived on and off in Islamabad.

Children of Shujaat Hussain and Tazeem Fatima:

Shujaat Mamoo had three sons and a daughter. They lived in PIB colony until Roomi's birth, then moved to Nazimabad Paposh Nagar.

Imran Matanat Husain:

The oldest among Shujaat Mamoo's sons is Imran Matanat Husain, nickname Roofi. He was born as eldest, and was from childhood a wise but sometimes mischievous kid. I have seen mostly the wise part of his childhood.

Childhood memory:

I do remember a childhood memory in our front yard called Baghia, where the two of us, sitting and playing on the ground in the sand, him as five and me as three. I saw him quickly taking a little bit of sand time to time, in his mouth. I knew it was a wrong thing to do but it triggered my curiosity and I asked him about it, he said it was ok, if I could have some too. I was slow and reluctant, but due to encouragement, grabbed a handful. That was when we heard the footsteps of someone from inside. He said with annoyance why was I slow and not hurry up before somebody arrives and punishes us. I quickly put the stuff in my mouth, but elders saw us, and then we both got caught and punished. I remind it to him sometimes, but he does not have the recollection. We played together as a trio, Roofi, Salman and I. Salman was about the same age as me. Later they moved out. Whenever they came to visit, we got a chance to play when growing up. Long time passed. After my marriage they visited me in Islamabad.

Education and Career:

Roofi was much into studies and loved achieving high grades. He was successful in being a good student. He went to Happy Dale, a very good English medium school, then for college he went to Adam Jee Science College, which was known to be difficult to get into. Later, he got admission in NED college which was also not so easy to get into. In NED he took mechanical engineering which was even more difficult, but he was very hard working and laborious, and of course intelligence was inborn through parents and family, so the success has been always with him.

After completing Engineering with high grades, he got a job with Sui Gas department. He was placed in interior Sind and enjoyed his work tremendously, when parents and family was worried sick for his well-being. We can still see it in his writings and stories that he told about the expeditions and survival during deadly floods. He continued his job at Sui Gas, and had been at higher ranks, until the family decided to get him married.

Marriage:

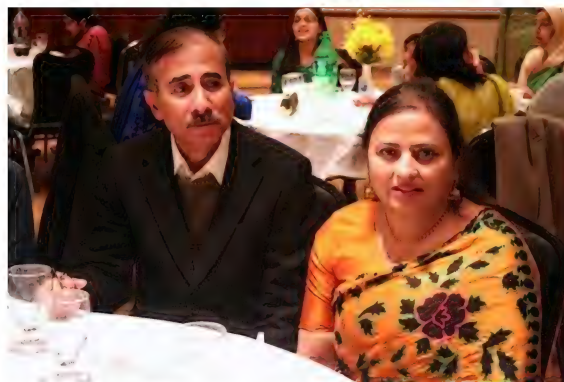
His marriage was arranged in the family with Mah-e-Talat, Zeba. She was daughter of Muzzammil Husain and Rashida Aunty. She was studying and lived in Hyderabad, Sind. After their wedding they decided to keep staying in Shujaat Mamoo's house. Roofi got a transfer of job to Karachi. He built another room on the top floor and lived there. He had three sons, Taha, Murtaza, and Mustafa.

They visited me in Rawalpindi, and later my Islamabad house. Kids grew up. Zeba did advancement in her education. She got admission in Masters at Zoology department of Karachi University and achieved the degree of Masters. Later, she did B.Ed as well. Time went by and by the end of 1990's they immigrated to Canada and started living in Toronto. He achieved a few more diplomas and degrees in Canada like the one in Bioinformatics and Database. Zeba worked at a pharmaceutical. The sons achieved their degrees from Toronto.

Taha has a degree in Accounting from Toronto, and Murtaza in Engineering from Waterloo. Mustafa did his degree in accounts. The older two are married. Ayesha is Taha's and Ayman is Murtaza's wife. Ayesha is with banking profession and Ayman is an Engineer like her husband Murtaza. They have a very cute baby Arham.

Hobbies:

His favorite were reading on Shikar stories and world related subjects. The most beneficial ones since last many years include working upon Shajra of Sadaat, which of course is an asset for all who come under the category or are related to the ones in the group of Sadaat. There were thousands of names and many generations involved so it never was an easy job. The Shajra was printed a few years ago and distributed to many in India, Pakistan, USA and worldwide, wherever the news reached about its existence and publishing. He has a second edition published with the remaining names. Roofi is happily settled with family in Toronto. We sometimes visit each other and even stay over.



Imran Matanat Husain and Zeba



Imran Matanat Husain, with his Phuppi Akhtar Bano, and Farah in the back ground.
Next, Taha, Murtaza, Mustafa, Zeba and Imran Matanat with Phuppi Akhtar Bano Zaidi.



The family group.

Syed Salman Latafat Husain:

He is next among the sons of Shujaat Mamoo. He was born in PIB colony slightly senior than me, in the same month of March the same year. We have been friends since childhood. He is fair, honest and simple by nature, thin and lean, with pleasant, down to earth nature and personality.

He had been in the same school as Roofi and did well academically. He made Commerce as a prime subject of education, studied at Premier College and chose Banking as a career. He rose to high levels at Allied Bank, and became the Assistant Director.

A memory with Salman:

One day, when I returned home from work I saw Salman waiting for me. He was in a hurry and said that he had two passes for Nelaam Ghar, a very famous TV quiz show in 1978. That was a pleasant surprise and I agreed. We left immediately. Nelaam Ghar had a long waiting time and a longer run time than the edited one hour version for the TV show. I realized that I went without eating my supper. Excitement was supreme but even higher when the host Tariq Aziz did put his mike in front of me as soon as we settled. He asked a



Salman in his childhood. Next, Salman and Azra.

question which was easy for me. I answered it, as well as all rest that he asked, and won a sewing machine. It was a very happy moment. Secondly, I was also selected for a picture drawing competition. I was fortunate that day, and won that one too. We returned back very happy that night making it a memory, not just for us, but entire family and friends who saw the show on TV.

Marriage:

His marriage was arranged with maternal cousin Azra. He also chose to live with Shujaat Mamoo in another room built on the second story. They had three sons, Saad, Ammar and Jawad, and raised them in the same house with Roofi's children. The children went to different schools.

Azra Salman:

Azra is our second cousin too, as she was Azeem Fatima (our Baby Khala) and Ashfaq Khaloo's daughter. Azra is an expert of cooking and making good cakes, and other kind of baking. She is fair, good looking and tall.

Their kids grew up and are educated. Saad married Fareeha, and is a father of two kids, Hena and Affan, and still live on another story of the same house. Saad and Ammar works in Bank and Jawad still a student in US but working side by side. A few years ago, Azra got sponsorship and migrated to USA. She filed for the immigration of the entire family and so Salman and Jawad have been here so far. They live in Chicago. Azra works for a private business. Salman is retired.

Salman and I talk sometimes over the phone. I want to but because of the distance, I did not get a chance to go to meet them yet. Baby Khala and Ishtiaq came to visit them too. Baby Khala asked me but I could not go to see them as then I had a fracture in my ankle only a month before. I met Salman in Murtaza's Wedding. He visits Pakistan very frequently. Life is well settled in USA.



Three brothers. Salman, Imran and Hidayat Husain. Next, Salman, Azra, Saad and Fareeha, Ammar, and Jawad
Kids: Hena and Affan.

Syed Hidayat Husain:

The third son of Mamoo Shujaat Husain is Hidayat Husain, commonly known as Roomi. He is very helpful and kind hearted. His birth was in PIB colony. Later, when very young they moved to Nazimabad. In childhood he was a little on the mischievous side.

Childhood memory:

One day Shujaat Mamoo came back from outside in our PIB colony house. He hung up his sweater on a stand and took off the shoes and left them there too. Wearing the slipper for Wazu he left for Namaz. Roomi was hardly 4 years old was playing there. I was there too. He just put his feet into Shujaat Mamoo's shoes and tried to walk. Farzana Phuppi who also saw the entire activity, told him that his feet were too small for his father's shoes as he was so young. He thought for a second, then said, that is because Father has grown taller in height, otherwise in age actually he was the one who was older, he just did not grow in height. We all laughed about that for a long time.

Education and career:

He had gone to school then college and made career working for an insurance company. That is where he worked all along, now retired.

Personality:

He is a wonderful son, grandson and brother whom everyone can trust and count upon. He helped his Dada with the pension. After his Dada expired, he helped his own parents, then his Phuppi Akhtar Bano for a few years. In return everyone gave him bundles of blessings, Dua and love, which is an asset for life and thereafter.

He was the one I went with for printing of my wedding cards. The two of us placed the order together on Burns Road in 1979. After so many years, the time came for my daughter Sumaiya's Wedding which had to take place in Karachi in 2008. The first name that came to my mind was of Roomi. He kept up with his legacy by having the best design chosen after sending me a few samples. All the cards were printed and distributed with accuracy, without any error. Who could do this for you other than your brother Roomi? He played the same role for Sumaiya as a Mamoo as he did for her mother as a brother.

Marriage:

He got married in 1984. He had an arranged marriage with Talat Parveen, commonly known as Shezi, who was our relative as well. She is a nice, good-looking and soft speaking lady. They lived with Shujaat Mamoo and family in the rooms constructed for him upstairs. He has a daughter Fatima, who is the center of attraction and reason for living of both parents. Shezi took care of both father and mother in law, at first with Azra, and later, all on her own. She is still doing it for Tazeem Mumani, since Zeba and Azra are abroad. They enjoy being parents of their cute little daughter Fatima. Roomi performed Hajj in the same group with Ammi, Papa and Farah. He has a happy and settled life in Karachi.



Hidayat Husain Roomi, Shezi and daughter Fatima. Next, Fatima grown up.

Syeda Qamar Zia:

Qamar is the youngest among Shujaat Mamoo's children, and the only daughter. She is thin and fair. She was very dear to the parents, being born after three sons. She kept up with high grades at the school and college, and got into Dow Medical College, which was very hard to get into and required high merit.

Education, career, and marriage:

She completed her degree and around the same time her marriage was fixed with cousin Zia who was Waseem Fatima, our Babbi Khala's son. I knew the family closely as we lived in Islamabad when they were there.

Zia has a very good personality, polite and friendly. He is in banking and works as a Bank Manager. They moved to Karachi a few years before marriage. After marriage, Zia and Qamar lived in Babbi Khala's house and still live there. They had four kids who lived and grew up there with many cousins as Babbi Khala's other sons lived there too with their families. Qamar has an older daughter Yamna, a D.Pharm from Baqai University. Son Zain Zia is an Engineer from NED, Areeba another Engineer. Youngest Ali is a Hafiz e Quran, just admitted to Dow Medical College. Yamna got married to Syed Usman who lives in Dubai. She has a baby boy Almir, and now Qamar and Zia are Nani and Nana. Zain had his wedding recently.

Qamar is working as a Doctor, well settled, and sometimes is in touch with me over WhatsApp.



Zia, Qamar, Ali, Areeba, Zain, and Yamna. Next, Zia and Qamar

Children of Akhtar Bano and Sabihul Hasan Zaidi:

They had four children. Oldest is Rashda, next Arifa, then Farah and last one was Faisal. All four were very dear to Dada, Dadi as they loved them very dearly.

Rashda Zehra Salim:

Born very fair, and blonde, could easily be mistaken as a white baby, but lost the blondness and most of the fair complexion when growing up. My first visitors said that a British baby was born. Very gentle and mild nature, did not even cry for milk or food, maybe because caretakers did not let me ever be hungry and provided food without asking. I was a pet for Shahana and Farzana Phuppi. They told me that they begged Apa Akhtar to leave the baby in their room so they could play with me. They said that Ammi used some fragrant powder on me, which made me smell very good and enhanced the affection. Ammi always gave me to them after being cleaned, bathed and nicely dressed.

Farzana and Shahana Phuppi told me as a child I loved to be with them a lot. When they could not take care of me during their exams, I missed them so much that I got sick and used to cry for them. I still feel that kind of love for them in my heart, though have no memory of that tender age.



Baby pictures of Rashda, at the age of few months. Next, Rashda and baby Arifa.



Baby Rashda, with Father Sabihul Hasan and Dada Safiul Hasan. Next, a little grown.

My Nani Aizaz Fatima was another one who cared a lot though she saw me for only three months before passing away. Next was Nana Sadaqat who took care of me, by sitting me upon his chest. I was close to him until he left.

Ammi's Khala Jan Naseer Fatima had a very special place for me after birth. At the time of my birth, she was the first one to hold me after I was born, and also put honey in my mouth (honey used to be a child's first diet).

The first education started with Quran learning at the age of four years. One Ustani Ji, a tutor, was hired to teach me, with clear instructions from my grandparents that no harsh way of teaching would be acceptable. My grandmother used to sit with me. That was for judgment if the Ustani was really knowledgeable and had a correct accent. After a few small corrections, she got permission to teach me. Unfortunately, I was not a keen learner at that time (May Allah forgive me for that). The credit of still trying to teach me goes entirely to Ustani Ji who did such a good job crossing all kind of barriers. She remained as my Ustani until I completed Quran at the age of eight years but repeated it twice with her.

In the meanwhile Affo became her student too, who was more obedient and fast as she was already learning it side by side when I was being taught. Later, Farah then Faisal and even the children of our servants came under Ustani Ji's teaching as Ammi paid her for all.

The relationship with Ustani Ji remained the same even after my marriage. The last time I saw her was when expecting Sumaiya and was about to leave for UK. She gave me tons of prayers for a great future. When I returned, I never forgot to ask about her health, Ammi told me she was too sick to visit but Ammi had her pension get regularly paid. Ammi paid money very regularly in the form of pension to all those who worked for us. I did hear about her passing away after that.

Reading of Quran gave me proficiency with reading Urdu. One day when I was not quite five years old, I saw an Urdu newspaper and tried to read the headlines loudly and to everyone's surprise, I was reading it correctly. They were amazed because nobody in the family worked upon my Urdu skills. It was all Ustani Ji's doing, as she taught me reading Arabic so well that I automatically learnt how to read Urdu. Ustani Ji was rewarded for that. There was no stopping for me after that, I read all the books for my age then later the books for even the kids older than me. Everybody gave me books as a present. I joined libraries. I loved reading and it even took my precious time from studies of academic books.

All the friends who were the same age as me but did not learn reading quite as well asked me to read those story books to them. I graciously used to do that. Sometimes whenever I got a new story book I first read it to Affo as she always wanted that. Later, when my friends came one by one I used to read it back to them. That way I used to read one book many times. Ammi was the only one in the house to be strictly firm and told me to keep a balance. She soon gave assistant ship to Saeeda Khala who was even more strict. If it would not be for these two, I would only have read the story books, and no other kind of education in my life.



Papa, Rashda, Arifa and Shalera, Shamim Mumani's niece. Next, Rasho, two plus years old with her doll.

Early Schooling:

When the time came to send me to school, a better neighborhood school was chosen, since it was close by. It was a co-education. It did not suit my nature at all and I insisted I did not want to be there. Nobody listened and pushed me to continue.



Saeeda Khala, Farzana Phuppi, Rehana Phuppi, with Rasho, Ammi, Shahana Phuppi, Affo with a maid



Naved Husain, Rashda and Imran Matanat. Next, Saeeda Khala and Shahana Phuppi, Roofi, Rasho and Salman.

I was scared and irritated by the boys and their pranks. Parents took me out for a short time. In this duration, Masoom Khala and Khaloo Jan moved to Karachi. Masoom Khala had very keen interest about educational values. She was concerned after knowing about the problem, especially when I got enough of the coaching at home to fulfill the educational requirements of the school.

Masoom Khala offered to stay with me at the school. I agreed, to go there. She really did as she said and went to the school with me as promised. She used to sit there outside the classroom for a short while and then asked by the teacher to leave once I settled, but I was smart enough to know when she left, and I asked the teacher to call her back or send me home. I only used to stay in the school as long as she was there. I was mostly sent back home with a peon. Seeing me coming back Masoom Khala used to be very angry, even stopped talking to me.

Ammi found a solution, to get me admitted to Khatoon-e-Pakistan. It was a girls only school, and Ammi was there as a teacher all day to keep a watch. Amazingly, I loved that school, though it was expensive, but my parents could afford it. Things went very well after that. I remember when Ammi took the time off for Farah's birth.

After coming back from school I was pampered by my grandparents, which worried Ammi as it could spoil me. School went out well and I climbed up class to class with good grades. Saeeda Khala helped with homework, and studying for tests and exams, which was a big contribution. There is no way I could ever repay the strict kindness of such wonderful people like Saeeda Khala and Masoom Khala, at least not in their lifetime. I can only pay back by constantly praying for them all my life, and helping our next generation in the similar way.

Affo was admitted to Khatoon-e-Pakistan two years after me, and Farah, about eight years after. We girls received good education and so did our brother.

Childhood activities:

I had a big group of friends in the neighborhood. Eid day was a definite visit day from them, or us visiting their house.

I can never forget the classical wedding between my doll and my friend Shani's male doll. The kids from the entire neighborhood were invited and gave lot of gifts to the doll. Barat, Nikah and Rukhsati were real, exactly like older people. I was a fifth grader.

The second wedding game that I celebrated and conducted was for two real kids. My friend Guddo's niece Zarina was bride. She was Farah's friend too, six years old at the time, and the groom was Farzana, 8 years old, my Friend Nuzhat's younger sister dressed like a boy. We invited all of the friends, by using our handmade invitation cards. The wedding was a complete imitation of a real wedding with all the rituals and songs that we sang. I was about eleven years old. My arrangement with favorite food items was excellent and the wedding took place in our house. All the family members enjoyed with heartfelt laughter.

Sometimes people still are surprised and praise my daughter's wedding arrangements. They are unaware of what a long experience I had to plan weddings as I learnt since childhood. I am admired as a wedding planner.

Singing and stage plays:

I was very fond of music, especially singing. It was very easy for me to get the songs memorized after listening to them just once. Whenever I sang, even as a young child of five, I got admiration. At home, my fans were Saeeda Khala who being a teenager sometimes sang with me or asked me to sing her favorite songs. Ammi was against it and scolded Saeeda Khala that she should not encourage me. My Dadi Zahida was also a fan of my singing and did the same as asked me to sing her favorite songs. She always said if I ever got a tutor or training, when I grow up I could beat the famous singers, but no, we could not have a singer in our family, the Shajra holder Syeds, so she stopped.

I had some other fans in the neighborhood. Our next door neighbors Shani Ruby had their grandparent's house attached to their house and had grandparents, phuppi and chacha living there. Sometimes we all, Shani, Ruby, I and Affo used to go to their house to play. Their Phuppi discovered that I could sing and used to call me into their family room and asked me to sing their favorite songs. They were surprised how could I keep a memory for the songs, as I was only six years old. I still remember their favorite songs.

When grew up I participated in Milaad reciting and Naat. I use to arrange my own Milaad at our house when I was ten years old. It was a tradition those days. I used to read

Milaad on such occasions. When I grew up my singing was liked and appreciated by the school friends, and later college and University friends but I did not let it grow too much.

After marriage when I used to sing to my kids to make them go to sleep they liked it so much that wanted to rather stay awake and listen.

One day Salim tried to sing in a funny way to Sumaiya who was only three years old, and to Sara. Sumaiya being diplomatic said "Abou you do not have to sing. It is Mummy who should be the one singing." We still laugh on that. She did not want to hurt her father that actually she did not like his singing.

None of my kids had been into singing past childhood. Sara when young imitated opera but it used to be a beautiful mimicry, actually better sounding then real opera.

Stage Plays:

Another childhood hobby was acting, conducting and directing the stage plays at home. I had a big group of friends so a lot of man power was available. Once we conducted a play at my friend Samina's house. She had a big house. She was my Principal's daughter and my class 1st to 12th grade classmate. We were between the age of nine and ten at that time, and 1965 war was just ending, but the enthusiasm was still burning. We made a play in English on the Tashkent declaration, where Ayub Khan, Lal Bahadur Shastri, and UNO Secretary General U Thant participated. I played U Thant, Samina played Ayub Khan and another friend played Shastri. Costumes were arranged and we were supposed to be dressed in boys' suits. The topic was so dry and mature that it was hard to believe that it could interest kids that young but we were Khatoon-e-Pakistan students and that was how we were established.

The story line was created on the conversation in the peace conference of Tashkent, Russia that we carefully read from Dawn newspaper and memorized. We rehearsed for a few days and sent invitations to the other friends. The topic was so very political that many parents became curious to watch the play and showed up to watch.

As it became time for starting the play, the girl playing Lal Bahadur Shastri refused to come. She suddenly felt too embarrassed to play that role. I cannot forget the disappointment of that day. We prepared another girl in a very short time, but obviously due to lack of experience, she could not perform so well. The play still went to be a moderate success. That hobby went on for a short time of a few years only.

Memories of Khatoon-e-Pakistan and Miss Fatima Jinnah:

The school and college were located in one huge building, built around 1960 by Miss Fatima Jinnah. It was constructed with high quality material on the hilltop. It looked like a very large palace, with a main entrance on the bottom of the hill and a huge and very tall gate located there.

Two roads with a pavement in the middle were made for cars going up and down as two way traffic. The sides of the hill had an undeveloped area with trees shrubs, and rocks. Though this was a source of natural beauty, but no one was allowed to go to this area because it was infested by snakes, chameleons, uromastix and all kind of venomous creatures.



Miss Fatima Jinnah. Next, Khatoon-e-Pakistan main building



7th grade group of students with Principal Mrs Iqbal Husain. Rashda Sabih first one sitting on the right. Samina Husain standing behind her. Hala Yousuf can also be seen last in the group. She just stopped by, seeing the picture taking. Next, the famous gate of Khatoon-e-Pakistan College.

The parents of the students took Miss Jinnah's strategy of education with an open heart, where standards were convent style but with Islamiyat and Quran studies to be compulsory and provided side by side. People admitted their girls to Khatoon-e-Pakistan, forgetting about high costs and fees.

Memon community admitted their girls as if it was a holy duty. Majority of students belonged to Memon community girls and lot of teachers too. The daughters of famous business people of Karachi came to the school in huge cars with drivers.

Surrounding the building were three to four sports grounds used for all kind of sports as Miss Jinnah was very much into sports, and wanted to make sure that her school and college girls came up as the winners of all the girls tournaments held in the city. There was a baseball ground, basketball and volleyball ground and one for other kind of sports.

The inside had a cool and clean environment and a very large assembly hall, used for morning assembly and other extra curricular activities like debates, Milaad, fancy dress shows, music and cultural shows. Fatima Jinnah, who liked to be called simply as "Miss

Jinnah,” had instructions not to call her as Mohtarma or Madar e Millat. She said those words were for the newspapers. The most prestigious events in that school were the ones which Miss Fatima Jinnah attended. Those were usually debates and Milaad.

My goal as a little girl was to go close to her, but it seemed to be impossible. One day I got a chance when we were all going out of the assembly hall. I walked with her when she was walking with many other people. It created an honorable memory for me. Another specialty was that she always wore white shalwar qamees matching with her all grey hair and black hair pins, which showed up very distinctly, also her sharp commanding voice. We heard all her speeches with a pin drop silence.

She was a regular Thursday visitor. She had a big black Cadillac parked up front with a driver. It was the sign of her presence in the premises. She wanted her presence unknown. Due to her very strict personality, it was very important for the principal and staff to know about her arrival. Thursdays and Cadillac were the only true signs to know that she was there. Many of her visits used to take away someone’s job. She was very strict with punishment for bad performance. The most interesting story was when the Principal hired a guard with the name Hasan Shah. He belong to the tribal area near Peshawar. He never saw Fatima Jinnah or even knew about her authority and her position. The day when her car reached the closed gates of the huge front, which was about half a mile from the real school and college building, the guard Hasan Shah who was new at work observed it from his check post and found it unfamiliar.

When Hasan Shah was approached by her driver and was demanded to open the gates he refused, saying that he did not want to open gates for unknown people. When the driver introduced Miss Jinnah, he still had no knowledge about whoever she was as he was new to Karachi and actually poor with Urdu.

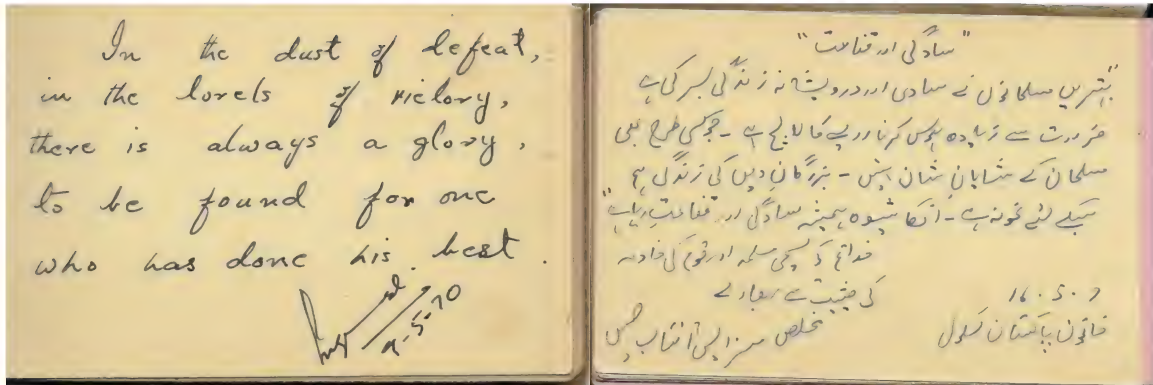
Fatima Jinnah in her car was quietly observing him. When the driver showed his anger to him, Hasan Shah pulled his stick and was about to hit the driver. A car he knew from the school staff stopped and saw the quarrel, and they rescued the situation. Hasan Shah, when he found out about his blunder, was very sorry and was sure he would lose the job, but instead his act of loyalty was appreciated by Fatima Jinnah and he was rewarded with a promotion for being dutiful. She gave him the little house in the backyard of the school. He called his wife and family from Tribal area to live there. I visited into that house with the principal’s daughter Samina, who was a classmate and close friend, to see his beautiful wife and very cute baby.

The school did not have a chaat or Gola Ganda stalls as long as Fatima Jinnah lived. She was against it so there was just one little canteen with pastries, petties some cookies sold at low cost to be purchased by kids at lunch time. It was arranged by the Principal from a reliable bakery.

As soon as Fatima Jinnah passed away the school changed with such a fast speed that it surprised all of us. I was in 7th grade at that time when the school lost the founder, a mother. The Principal Mehrun Nisa Iqbal, a principal for 25 years, kept the standard exactly as such, but after her retirement the school could not keep up.

The stalls, for Chole and Gola Ganda started opening by the side wall. Some playgrounds were consumed by making a low quality building that had more sections of each grade.

Miss Jinnah only admitted as many students to fill just one classroom, no sections. As a result of this Khatoon-e-Pakistan used to get position in the board of education Karachi. That stopped and standards got compromised.



An autograph from the Principal Mrs. Iqbal Husain. Next, a page from my autograph book, from Mrs. Aftab Husain our Math teacher and later the Principal

I finished up with college Inter Science in 1972. I got all the best teachers, even teachers with Masters teaching on school side. Physics, Chemistry, and Biology was special, including Maths for Pre engineering students.

Wars of 1965 and 1971.

These two wars were not just deadly but life changing for many Pakistanis. In 1965, I was a ten years old child, and can tell with complete confidence that children were even more enthusiastic. At the most that a common man suffered, was with Black out and some sirens, in case of chances of air attack. Less civilian lives were compromised. I remember reading the newspaper daily and even more than one newspapers, in search of anything new. We were sort of winners as Pakistan defended very well and even captured some areas. How much we lost on the table, was another story.

War of 1971 was altogether different, not that we suffered heavy losses but even lost the bigger half of our country. Quid's Pakistan was split into half in just 25 years of its existence. As a teenager it was shocking for me and the youth of that era. A huge number of people died among civilians due to bombing upon the cities, regardless that whom they hit. Karachi as well had gone through the terror. The deadly event of dismemberment of the county that had changed the life and thoughts of Pakistanis forever. These two events are unforgettable.

Later Education:

I got admission for B.Sc. in DJ Science college, which was not so easy to get into. It had been our family member's college, since Papa, Chacha, Rehana, Farzana and Shahana Phuppi and other distant relatives went there. Farah and I both graduated from DJ at two different time.

A painful thing that happened during my years at DJ was that my grandfather Dada Safiul Hasan passed away in 1974 which was heart breaking for me. He went there with me

for the admissions. He paid the fees for me, and even for one of my friends. I graduated from DJ and went to University of Karachi, Department of Zoology, and did specialization in Parasitology.

Education through DJ was very rewarding for knowledge. It is true that old is gold. The standard of the Practicals for that college was high. When I started my Practicals in the Masters at the University, they were the same as we did in DJ in Bachelors. In the Masters class, my friend Tasneem and I were the only ones among that big class who were the experts for those dissections. Other students belonged to the various colleges of Karachi. Actually, the two of us were capable of teaching those practicals to the rest of the classmates and we did help them. To my surprise, I achieved an A plus as average, and A plus for Parasitology too which was very close to getting a position. The stay in DJ and Karachi University was definitely memorable. The career had been good.

First Job:

I started my first job at an English medium school called Grandfolks. I was considered as a B.Sc. even though I completed my Masters, but the result was not announced then. Only I can tell that it was not an easy job to get selected or work with the Principal Mohammad Aziz. At the time of the interview he told, that not speaking with a single word of Urdu would be accepted. He hired purely English speaking people. He reminded me of Fatima Jinnah as she had similar criteria so I was well trained being a student in her school. I answered all the questions as he preferred and was hired. Later, I realized that he actually admired my way of teaching, by quietly observing me, as his room was close to my classroom. He gave me a class of fifty teenaged boys and ten girls. I had to teach all the subjects excluding only Urdu, Islamiyat and Drawing. Anybody can imagine how it would be like teaching those boys of that age.



A group of degree holders after the commencement at DJ Science College with the Principal Mr. Zuberi. Rashda second last in the row on the right. Next, a group of friends after commencement. Rashda standing in the middle.

When I resigned for the reason of my marriage, and was soon to be moving to Islamabad after marriage, the principal revealed to me that he always wished that his daughter had the same characteristics as mine. It was a great compliment I could not forget from a tough principal like Aziz Sahab.

Marriage:

My marriage was completely unexpected. I was waiting for the starting date for my M.Phil in Jinnah Postgraduate Medical Center, a very prestigious one at the time. My friend Tasneem and I were the only two selected from a huge group of applicants. I would have quit my job as soon as M.Phil would start, but fate had something else planned for me.

One day, when I was teaching my class at Grandfolks, a polite lady came at my door and said if I could spare a minute. Mostly parents showed up at the door, so I attended her when at the same time minding my class. The lady was a parent of some kids not in my class. She asked about a friend's address, which I did not have. That evening the same lady, Khursheed Aunty, who was Salim's aunt came with Salim's mother to our house, and they spoke with Ammi about the proposal for Salim.

They invited Ammi and Papa to come over as their son, Salim was visiting from Islamabad. My parents went there and more funny things happened. Ammi and Papa, were received at the door by Salim's father and to everyone's surprise Papa and Salim's father were acquaintances of each other since the past 30 years. Papa innocently asked "Jamil Sahab what are you doing here?" He told him he lived there and how he was related to Salim. In the past they knew each other through job. Salim's father worked in the accounts. The marriage was arranged, as Salim's father had very high remarks for Papa and vice versa.

It still took a few months of more meetings to come to the point of engagement, and the next few months for the marriage. The proposal talk started in February 1978 and marriage took place at the end of January the next year, 1979, almost one year after.

I was told later that Salim was the first position holder in both Bachelors and Masters in the Department of Biochemistry, and the second position holder in the whole Faculty of Sciences in University of Karachi, though much senior to me. It was only fate that I got someone with similar academic standards. It was a probability of just one in thousands. Due to his position in the Faculty of Sciences, he got the scholarship for doing PhD abroad. At the time of marriage he was working in Quaid e Azam University.

The Mangni and Mehndi were at home, and the wedding at Metropole Hotel which was excellent. I moved to Islamabad with the residence in Rawalpindi. We lived there for a few months when Salim got a call from University of Glasgow, UK to work there again, as they needed someone back there with his skills. That was the time when I got a call from Jinnah Postgraduate Medical Center to join for my M.Phil immediately. It was a disappointment to refuse as I already made up my mind to go to UK with Salim. The only possibilities were to either let go of my career to the advanced degree, or to stay with Salim in UK. I chose the second option and went to UK with Salim.



Married couple 1979. Salim and Rashda. Next, Rashda and Salim after wedding.

We went together, and it was a very memorable trip as Sumaiya was born there. Later, at the end of the contract, we came back to Islamabad. We had a house constructed in Islamabad and stayed in Islamabad for three more years. Sara and Samra were born there. Salim got an offer of Professorship in Karachi University, which he declined later.

Salim did some very advanced research which had been acknowledged in the Department of Biochemistry and Cancer Center in the University of Rochester, USA. They offered him an opportunity to come and work there in USA. We gave it serious consideration, and finally accepted the position in University of Rochester, rented our house of Islamabad and moved as a family to Rochester, as they gave sponsorship for the entire family.

The stay in Rochester was great. We planned for just three years of leave from Islamabad University so we did go back. It was important in order to decide whether to finally live there or not. The political chaos of 1988 was discouraging to live in Pakistan. The final decision was to return back to Rochester and that we did.

We are living in Rochester ever since, for total of about 35 years so far.

Wedding Pictures with some Precious people



Itaat Husain, Mutiul Hassan, Baseer Hyder, Tanveer Hyder, Sabihul Hasan. Next, Sajid Hasan, Salim's uncle, Friend, Mufiq Ahmed (Parveen's Husband) Sabihul Hasan, Wajihul Hasan, Tanveer Hyder Mutiul Hasan, Sitting: Itaat Husain with the groom Salim.



Saulat Husain, Naseerul Hasan, Mohammad Jamil (Abba), Wajihul Hasan, Sabihul Hasan (Papa). Next, Sania Naved, Shahida Bano, Zahida Bano, Nafeesa Itaat Husain, Standing: Farah and Qamar, and Tasneem



Sabihul Hasan (Papa), Raana Jafer, Sania Naved. Standing: Arifa, Farah and Qamar. Next, Tanveer Sajid (Mumani), Noor Jehan Begum (Ammi), Mohammad Jamil (Abba). Standing: Parveen, Shaheen, Rubina and Najma. Kids: Wasim, Razi Fauzia and Roofia.

Life and Career in Rochester:

The first few years in USA were designated for raising the kids, especially newborn Samra. Education continued by taking classes in the evening to update the education for a new career if needed. I had friends who were interested in doing that as well, and some already worked in good careers. Not being too sure, I started as well. It worked out and not only did I get a job similar to my career choice but the education continued on the side, later as full time. It was a proud moment to achieve the degree and even board certification for Medical Technology as I had three kids and a house to run on the side.



Me and Sumaiya at Trafalgar Square, London, 1980. Next, Salim at Trafalgar Square, London, 1973.



Me and Masoom Khala 1983. Next, Sumaiya, Sara, Samra with Dadi Zahida in Lahore, 1985.

It was the evening of my return back from work, from a long distance job, 80 miles one way, in 1997, when I found Salim standing in our driveway waving a paper with a big smile. It was the result mailed to me for passing my board certification exam, the toughest among all the exams I ever took. I passed it.

It is said that if you ever take a step towards a right cause like education the success surely be granted, Insha'Allah. I was accepted to work for University of Rochester, just five miles away, which had been a wish. I worked in clinical labs, later clinical research which is still going.

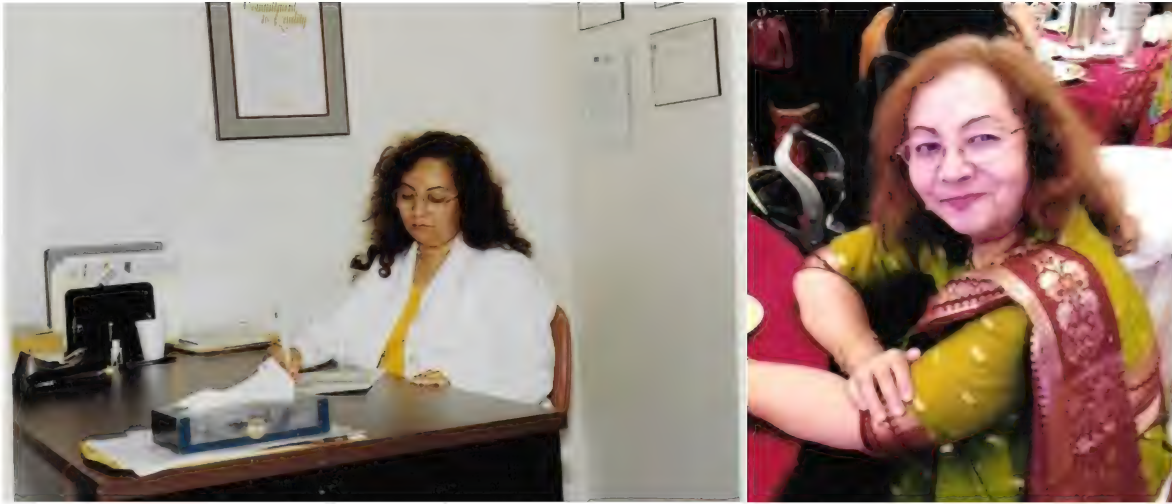
Ammi joined us in the year 2000. She came and went back a few times before that since 1992. It was always a pleasure to travel to New York city , John F. Kennedy Airport, which was eight hours drive from Rochester. We always picked up and dropped both parents, Chacha and Farah. Ammi visited Arifa who lived in Tallahassee, Florida which is about 1400 miles from Rochester, every time on those temporary visits, but decided to live with us permanently.

It was a dream come true for me as it was always my wish. Salim and my daughters loved it too. That way I have been able to take care of Ammi's health problems, her eyes for cataract, teeth for dentures, and back problem due to osteoporosis as well as acid reflux. I used to take time off from work and kept up with her appointments. Ammi remained in the best health after taking good care of the minor problems.

Set back in life:

Passing away of Papa in the year 2000 and his funeral in Rochester was a huge set back. He was due to catch the flight to Karachi in five days, but went somewhere else instead.

It was an unbearable shock, and later Ammi in 2016, though she had been ill but stable. These were the two biggest setbacks. Faisal passed away in 1994, which was a big loss as well. Chacha and earlier Chachi Nabiha's departure was a big shock, as she was very dear to our hearts. Later my three Mamoo and two Khalas as well. Dadi Zahida had seen 98 years of life, but it ripped our hearts to hear about her passing. I got the news when at work in the clinical lab. The list became bigger and bigger with years .



Rashda busy at work. Next, at a wedding in Toronto Canada.

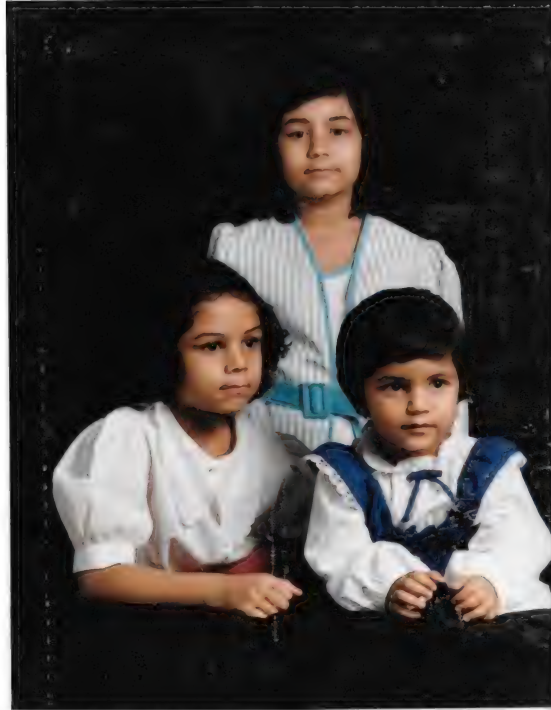
Our Daughters:

I am blessed, with three wonderful daughters. The three were born in five years of marriage. Sumaiya is the oldest, born in Glasgow, Sara the next and one plus year younger than Sumaiya, born in Rawalpindi. The youngest is Samra, born four years after Sara, in Islamabad.

We moved to USA right after Samra's birth. I enjoyed having and raising them. A lot of people said it was a tough job as I always lived alone and had no help other than my husband, but he mostly worked until late. People also say that our daughters have my personality, but the truth is they all have different personalities, none exactly like me.

They listened to me when I asked them to study and did spend a lot of time doing that, which I did not do when I was their age. They are more goal focused and work for success. All three are practicing Muslims and true believers of Islam. They are religious with the fear of Allah. We were religious with the fear of mother or elders nagging us for Namaz, Quran or Roza. In our times people also didn't care as much about career or success.

The girls also know better how to divide their study time and recreation time. They kept a small group of friends. I had a large group of friends at that age. Sumaiya did Medicine in Neurology, Sara in Rehab and Physical Medicine, Samra in Psychiatry. They are respectful and listen to our guidance. Sumaiya MashaAllah has four great kids, Sara has one. Salim and I are very blessed grandparents.



The Fantastic three: Sumaiya, Sara, and Samra



Sumaiya, Sara and Samra.



Family group in 1997 at the Rochester residence. Chacha, Salim, Papa, Ammi
Back: me, Samra, Sumaiya and Sara

Mohammad Salim:

I am married to Dr. Mohammad Salim, son of Syed Mohammad Jamil and Noorjehan Begum, a Moradabad based Syed family. Family values are very similar to us as Nehtaur was about 45 miles from Moradabad. Salim is fair, straight forward, fast thinking and fast moving, practical, and very focused towards goals. He had very few but dear friends.

Work came first and recreation after, sometimes no time for it. He is extremely religious, but always only for fear of God not for the show. I always wonder, am I telling about the characteristics of my husband or daughters? Yes, they are truly their father's daughters and actually exactly with the same personality as their father.

Salim is eldest and the only son with his four sisters, grown up as a very responsible though pampered. He is research oriented and an educationist who has so far made the careers of hundreds of PhDs and M.Phils. Many of his students are working as professors all over the world and stay in touch with him.

Hobbies:

He buys and read religious books like Sahih Bukhari, writings from Dr. Israr Ahmed, and watches talks of Ahmed Deedat, Dr. Naik and many more.

From the younger age, he has all the classic literature collections from Shakespeare, Charles Dickens, and so on. During his stay in UK he used to watch the plays in Theater.

The Salim Family



He spends his leisure time with creative tasks at home like construction and carpentry. The most favorite one is gardening. Our yard has about 10 fruit trees all planted and taken care of by him. Taking care of flowers and vegetables is my department. I buy them, plant them and take care of them. Farah and Ermina help us with watering trees and picking of fruits. Ammi loved our garden and sometimes put the water sprinklers to keep



Salim and Rashda

the grass green and fresh as well as trees and shrubs. She trimmed the shrubs as she liked. She always said it was very dear to God to feed and water the trees and plants, especially to plant new trees, which provide shade, fruit and vegetables.

He is a lover of cartoons like Tom and Jerry and few others. He liked cartoons better than watching Indian Movies. He does like very old Indian movies with Dilip Kumar, also loved to watch good comedy shows, and old Pakistani Dramas. He loves many scientific and nature programs, especially David Attenborough, and always likes to further his knowledge.

Family background early education:

Salim was well taken care of with his educational needs, inspired by his uncles, Mamoo Abid Hassan and Mamoo Sajid Hassan. He said that Chote Mamoo Sajid watched upon his studies by guiding him.

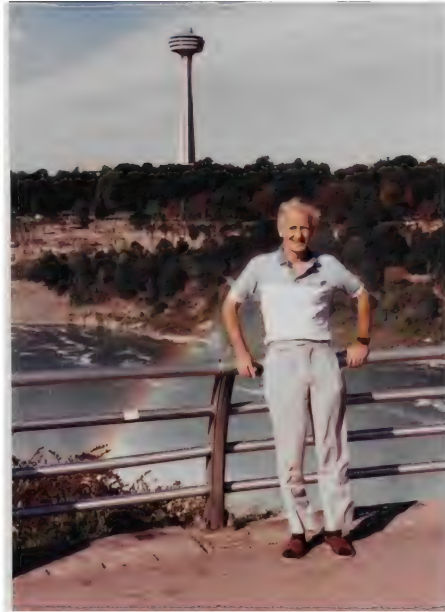
Just like me, he was also raised in a joint family as there were family marriages among cousins. His father was cousin of his Nani Amma. His Mamoo Abid Hassan, a Meteorologist, arrived for job to Karachi before partition. He got a very large house with many rooms and big yard, provided to him at the airport, according to his rank.



Salim with his favorite Peach tree at home. Next, on the ship at Thousand Island Cruise

Later, after partition, the rest of their family migrated in 1950. Salim had been the student at Pakistan Airforce School at Airforce Base at Sharah-e-Faisal. He still has friends from those days and he frequently stays in touch and sees them whenever he goes to Karachi.

His Nana Ibne Hassan, Nani Amma Rafeeq Bano, the three Khala, two Mamoo and youngest Chacha lived in Karachi. Salim and his sisters were little kids who grew up in Karachi.



Salim, degree of a Position holder in Faculty of Science at University of Karachi.

Next, Professor Dr. Ted Maden, Salim's mentor from Glasgow UK. Picture, from our trip to Niagara Falls during his visit to meet Salim in Rochester.



His picture from PhD days in UK. Next, as Assistant Professor in Quaid-e-Azam University, Islamabad with his first batch students, some even older than him.

Syed Mohammad Jamil:

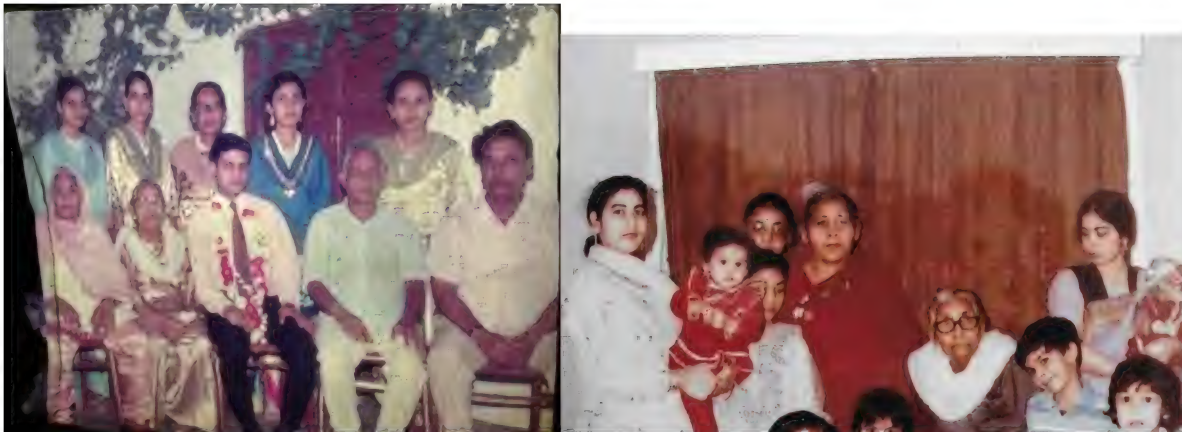
Salim's father was Syed Mohammad Jamil, and my father in law. He was a very fair, honest, and straight forward person with very fair complexion. Every one said Sumaiya was like him by looks and nature both. He lived in Shahjehan Pur India for job. In Karachi he was in the Ministry of Agriculture of the Federal Government of Pakistan, and knew my father for the longest time from Zoological Survey of Pakistan, and always spoke highly about Papa. He was a very loving father towards his son and family. He was a lover of good food and calling people for big feasts, and always had high standards for food in the house.

He worked hard until his last day, as accounts was always in need with skilled and honest people. He became patient of Angina in the later age. He passed away in 1990 because of heart condition. We were in USA. It was very heart breaking for our family.

Nani Rafeeq Bano

When we got married, I met his family but most pleasurable was to meet with Nani Amma. She completely took me by heart by making me feel as I got a Nani that I lost in the childhood. It was very true.

She was fair, honest and very religious. Salim learnt Islamic knowledge from her. She used to talk about me by quoting a famous proverb, "If you want to know about Rashda, look at her daughters how good they are with nature and manners." Salim's aunts always said that Nani Amma loved Rashda and talked highly about her. It was a blessing as I got Salim's Nani Amma as my own. She told me lot of her childhood stories talking about her father and brothers. Her father who was on a higher rank, used to ride a white horse and she had two brothers, but after one of her brothers passed away, her father changed a lot. Nani Amma lived for just seven more years after my marriage. She passed at the age of about 93. She was so popular among our family that even my sisters were crying when they got the news.



Graduation party with family, celebrated after Salim's PhD completion and return home. Sitting is his Phuppi, Nani Amma, Salim, his father, Mamoo Saheb. Standing: his Ammi and sisters. Next: Family Photo: Tanveer Mumani, Mumani Saheb, Nani Amma, kids now grown up.



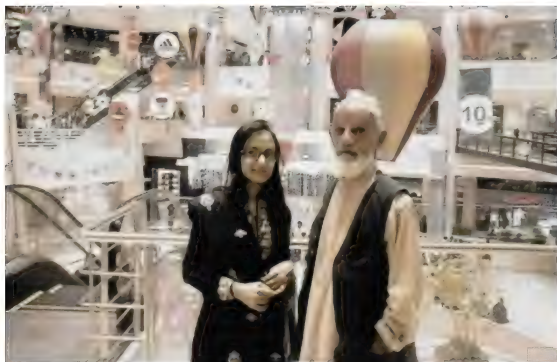
Abba with Sara and Sumaiya. Next, Shaheen, Rubina, Parveen, Samina, Nadeem, Abba, Naved, Ehsan and Kamran

Noorjehan Begum:

Salim's mother's name was NoorJehan Begum, and she was my mother in law. She was a picture of wisdom, and was polite and soft speaking. She was about the same age as Masoom Khala, and the two got along very well as she always sat with Masoom Khala whenever she came to PIB colony.

We could tell by talking with her that if given the opportunity she would be no less educated than a PhD herself. We used to sit and talk with each other for hours. I remember all the old stories she told me and teachings she gave, which are very precious for life. I quoted her sometimes to Salim and my daughters. She got a stroke in the year 2000 but survived. We went to meet her and that was the time they celebrated Salim's Birthday in a party hall with all of his friends, teachers and relatives. We have memories and pictures.

We met one more time in 2004, she was ill but able to talk. That was the last time we saw her, just a month after that we heard the news of her passing. She was like a mother for me so it felt that not just Salim but I lost a mother too.



Salim's Chacha Syed Mohammad Khalil, with granddaughter Anmol. Next, Khala Qaisr Jehan



Pictures with Noor Jehan Begum (Ammi)
Rashda, holding Naved, Ammi, holding Sumaiya. Next, home coming and Salim's Birthday party in 2001.

Salim's sisters:

Salim has four loving sisters.

Najma Zafar:

She has BS from Women's College, B.Ed. and worked as a school teacher. She is retired now. She is married to their cousin, Zafar Siddiqui who owns a private business. They have three kids Imran Siddiqui, Ambreen, and Kamran Siddiqui. All are married with kids.

Nasreen Zarafat:

She had BA from Sir Syed College. She married Syed Zarafat Ali who was in Banking profession. They have two kids Tehmina and Danish, both doctors and are married with kids. Unfortunately Nasreen passed away a few years ago, now Zarafat Bhai passed away recently as well. Tehmina is settled in USA with her three kids, husband and in laws. Danish, his wife and two sons live in Karachi.

Parveen Mufiq:

She is Salim's third sister. She was a teacher, and married to the cousin Syed Mufiq, an Engineer at Steel Mill. He passed away in a motor vehicle accident just after three years of marriage. He was returning home in an office van from work at Steel Mills. An office driver was taking him and other coworkers back from work at Steel Mills. It was a very sad and heartbreaking accident. She had two sons, Naved and Ehsan. Naved was a doctor. He passed away due to cancer at the age of 25. Parveen has gone through very sad incidents in life which makes the heart bleed to think about her sorrow and loss. Her other son is married and lives in Sweden. She goes there to visit him.



Najma, Zafar Bhai with grandkids Sunya, Saqib, and Arooba. Next, Nasreen, Zarafat Bhai and Danish.

Shaheen Junaid Siddiqui:

The last and the youngest one is Shaheen. She has a Masters in Physiology from University of Karachi. She is married to Junaid Siddiqui. Her marriage was arranged outside their family. Junaid is an Aircraft engineer. They are a London based family. They later settled in Dubai. She has three kids, daughter Maria, and sons Samee and Sarim Siddiqui. Samee and Sarim are married. Both sons are doctors from Imperial Medical College of London. We are in touch and talk time to time.

Salim's extended Family:

Salim has all the memories with very closed knit relations. After listening about them from him time to time, it feels that I was also part of his family when he was growing up.

His Mamoo Abid Hasan was a Meteorologist and worked at Airport. Mumani Saheb Zubaida Abid Hasan was a Principal and Ammi's friend from before my marriage. His daughter Asma Abid and husband Intesar Burney have three beautiful daughters and a son. Areeba, Tooba, Asna and Hammad. Daughters are engineers and son is in the school.

Mamoo Sajid Hassan did Masters with Physics and went to Germany for further studies and got more degrees from Germany. Mumani Tanveer has MS with Chemistry. They have three daughters and a son. Naila, Afsheen, Hina and Shehzad, all married with kids. Salim's Chacha did Engineering at NED, was married to his Khala. Their sons are Dr Nadeem, and Wasim and daughters are Rubina and Samina. Khala Saheb has two sons Naseem and Naeem and a daughter Raana. Khurshid Auntie has three daughters Shazia, Fauzia, Roofia and a son Razi all married with kids. All the aunts, his khalas were BA, and were school teachers.

Higher education:

Salim completed his Matric with flying colors. I saw his Marks sheets and felt surprised seeing such high grades especially in Physics, Chemistry and Maths.

He did his Inter Science from Adamjee Science College. He went next to Karachi University for Department of Biochemistry. He got first position in BSc Honors and in Masters, and the second position in the whole Faculty of Sciences in University of Karachi. It was not an easy job because Faculty of Science had the departments like Mathematics, Physics, and Chemistry with hundreds of students.

Salim said he was very focused on his goal, and learnt for remembering it for lifetime.



Imran, Shaheen and Parveen at Sami (Shaheen's son's) wedding 2019.
Next picture, Family group with Bride and Groom.



Mamoo Saheb, Abid Hasan, and Chote Mamoo Sajid Hasan. Next, Asma Abid, Intesar Burney, Khalida Apa, Areeba, Tooba, Asna, and Hammad



Sumaiya and Sara with all the cousins at Usmania Colony. Next picture is Sumaiya's first Birthday. Sumaiya with Dadi, Shaheen holding Tehmina, Rashda, Farah, and Faaiz



Rashda and Salim with Khala Saheb and family. Next, Rashda, Khursheed Aunty and Parveen.

Most of the students do not remember anything after the exam is over, they only study to pass exams. He had been granted with scholarship to do PhD, from a country of his choice due to his position in Faculty of Science From University of Karachi. He chose and got admission in University of Glasgow, Scotland, which was ranking as third in UK after Oxford and Cambridge.

Salim got the best Mentor, Dr. Ted Maden. He and Salim got along and liked each other right from the start and are still in touch. He still says that Salim was one of the best he ever had throughout his career. Salim later sent one of his students from Quaid-e-Azam University to do PhD with Dr. Maden.

Salim discovered the "Maturation Pathway of Ribosomal RNA" which was a phenomenal research, and has been added to students' academic courses, and until today all the students who study Biochemistry over the world have to pass that course with the Ribosomal Pathway, since ribosomes are involved in all protein synthesis. Dr. Maden and Salim got rewarded by the University for that monumental research.

The most interesting thing was when after marriage Salim came back to Glasgow with me. Dr. Maden told me many stories about Salim's PhD days. Later, Sumaiya was born and we took her along, whenever we visited Dr. Maden. He came to visit us in Rochester and we have shown him around the nearby places. Salim took the first Job at University of Glasgow after completing his PhD. Salim was very much into travelling and visiting places. He travelled through entire Europe including Muslim architecture of Spain, and even Morocco. He still has beautiful pictures and slides from that time.

Salim got an offer to work at McMaster University in Canada and later because of his great research he was selected to work at Yale University of USA, which is one of the top ranking Universities and he accepted that position. He had to visit home before leaving for USA. The family missed him so much for all those years that they strictly told him to find job and live anywhere in Pakistan. They gave him no option but to decline that great offer from Yale.

A new University was started in Islamabad "Quaid e Azam University of Islamabad." He applied and got selected as an Assistant Professor, which was a great start as pay scales were higher in Islamabad for being the capital. His Mamoo Sajid was living in Islamabad working for a renowned company there. Salim moved to Islamabad in 1973 and lived with his Mamoo and Mumani and their baby Naila. Later after a few years, they moved to Karachi. Salim lived alone for a short while and then we got married in 1979 and I went to stay with him.

There had been a marvelous journey after that, of career, foreign stays and having kids. We built our own house in Islamabad, living there, and then finally moving to USA. Early months went by with enjoying the beauty of Islamabad, Murree, Ayubia, Abbatabad, and even Azad Kashmir and Peshawar. I joined Quaid-e-Azam University and took some courses for M. Phil under another professor. Soon after, Salim got an offer from University of Glasgow and we went there. I could not continue my M.Phil once again. Quaid-e-Azam University was located on Marghalla Hills, and was very beautiful. Salim had a wonderful room located inside his lab. His students, especially girls were extremely interested in me, knowing that I was Dr. Salim's wife. That pleasure lasted for just about six months, as we left for Glasgow soon.

We came back from Glasgow after over a year. I stayed at home and took care of my kids. In 1983 we moved to our own house, which we built in Islamabad. Each and every item was selected with cost and durability to last forever. Salim had friends and students who kept coming to that house to visit us.

My Dadi Zahida came to stay there with me. Papa, Ammi and my sisters kept visiting. Roofi, Salman, Roomi and the rest of the family also came to see me. Babbi Khala and Shaukat Mamoo's family who lived in Islamabad were frequent visitors. I enjoyed the house and the company.

From Salim's family his mother, Shaheen, Najma, Zafar Bhai and kids visited, his cousin Nadeem as well. It felt so good.



Zoo visit, with Dadi Zahida and Sumaiya, Sara in Lahore, 1983

Next, Spring at Rose and Jasmine Garden, Islamabad.

In Sept 1984 we got an offer to go to Rochester, USA. We were working on another offer from Libya at that time and thought about accepting it because the pay was much higher than even USA, which was a trend those days that Middle East paid better. Salim said

there are better opportunities in USA for the career and research for us and later for the kids so he accepted, and by May 1985 we went to USA renting our Islamabad house.

USA being different from UK was not so easy to adjust and winter was very cold. It still worked well and the career started for both of us. I was determined for an advancement as it was a dream of achieving a higher degree after my Masters from Karachi. My dream became true in USA when I got the degree in Pathology with Certification to practice in 50 states of USA.

Once we decided to make Rochester as our final home, we got our own house constructed here in 1992. In 1996 we went to visit Pakistan and unhappily sold the house in Islamabad. Salim's friend who was taking care of it had a heart problem. We wished to live there forever but could not sail in two boats. Rochester became our home since. Our daughters were brought up very well, with both Deen and Dunya.

There had been marriages and children. Salim and I are in older age as Salim is retired, and we have no regrets.

Friends:

Salim and I have fantastic friends. Some are individual and some common after marriage.

Salim's Friends:

Salim has few but very close ones. He believes in long lasting friendships.

Mohammad Saleem:

They had the same name. Salim made friends with Saleem in B.Sc. at Karachi University. The friendship got extended to families. They did Bachelors and Masters together, from Biochemistry Department. Saleem moved to Islamabad and started working at National Health Laboratory, got married to a coworker Najeeba at young age and had two sons. Salim went to UK for PhD and when he returned, saw his friend Saleem well settled in Islamabad. It was another reason for accepting the job there. We got married, and I joined Salim to live in Islamabad. I got a welcome by Saleem and his family. Our daughters were born and we visited them frequently. We came to USA and Salim stayed in touch. A few years ago, we heard the sad news of his passing away, very sad departure at a young age. When we went to Pakistan Salim visited his friend's mother and brothers, who lived in Karachi. His wife and sons lived in Islamabad.



Mohammad Saleem and the two sons, Asim and Atif.

Ali Waris uz Zaman:

I call him Waris Bhai, as he is a relative of my side. Salim made friends with him in Quaid-e-Azam University, Islamabad before our marriage, Waris moved to USA. We met in USA when he visited us in Rochester from Philadelphia, where he lived with his wife and kids. He is nephew to Dr. Yousaf, who is husband of Auntie Anwar Jehan, daughter of Basheer Hyder. We met frequently, as he knew about and met Papa in Zoological Survey Department. He met and knew Salim's father through another department where he worked.



Ali Waris uz Zaman. Next, Ittrat Bhai, his daughter and General Pervez Musharraf and Misbah Musharraf. The relatives.

His cousin Ittrat was a nephew of Dr. Yousaf, son of his other sister, met us in USA and was a friend. He came to visit us in PIB colony house when he was student of Farzana Phuppi in Little Folks school. He has a daughter who is married now. Ittrat Bhai passed away a few years ago. Friends and family miss him terribly, specially his wit and humor.

My Friends:

Shahina Athar:

My first friend was Shani. We do not remember whenever the friendship started, because we were so young. We realized each other's presence at the age of four or five years. We grew up playing together.

They were next door neighbors, so our parents and even grandparents were friends. They are from Nehtaur. The memories are uncountable, and need a separate book. Shani got married a few years earlier, her husband lived in Muscat, and later moved back. She has three daughters and one son. She as well is a grandmother of six grandkids. Her husband passed away a few years ago which was very sad. She lives in Karachi and we call and talk.

Her sister Rubina is also a close friend and lives in New York City. We visited each other and talk over the phone some times.

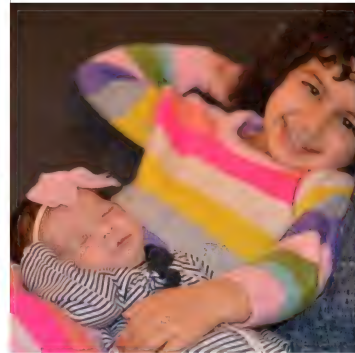
Shaista Afzal:

Shaista and I first saw each other in the beginning of our Masters in University of Karachi. We made friends as soon as we met, also with each other's sisters and families. We kept in touch with each other always no matter where we went. She took a job as a lecturer,

and got settled in Wah Cantt, which was very close to Islamabad. We frequently visited each other. She got married to Mohammad Afzal who worked in a Machine tool factory of Wah. I moved to USA and a few years later she moved to Holland. We still kept touch until finally she moved to Toronto and settled there. Shaista has three wonderful kids, two are married and she has two cute little granddaughters. If I start writing those wonderful memories and especially the jokes that we shared together during our Masters, it will be like writing a PhD thesis. We did write a Thesis for our Master's degree anyway, working late nights.



Shahina Athar with her husband. Next, Shaista Afzal with Afzal Bhai and son Ali and daughter in law Komal.

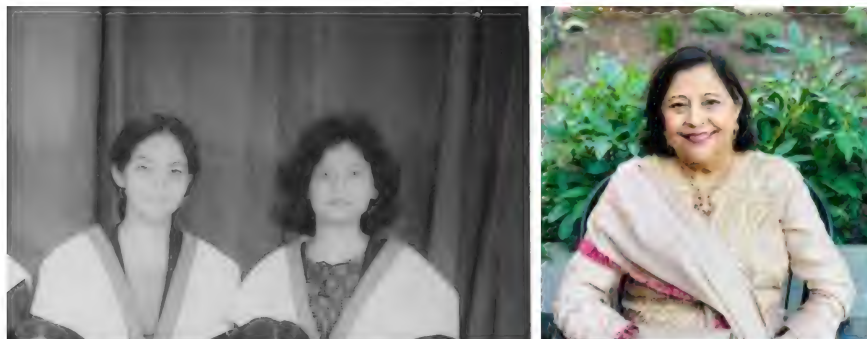


Afzal Bhai, Shaista and Rashda in a Wedding. Next; Shaista's two lovely granddaughters.

Tasneem Fatima:

Tasneem and I knew each other since our B.Sc. at DJ Science college. We also did Masters together. Our friendship greatly involved our family. She loved my little brother Faisal as her own and was very sad for his death.

Shaista, Tasneem and I made a group of three, which made the best combination for our late hours stay for our research Thesis.



Rashda and Tasneem. Next, Shabana Zaeem

The most beautiful days of my life when we were practically worry free with so many worries only of the career on our mind. It was a plan for Tasneem and I to do M.Phil together in Anatomy at Jinnah Postgraduate Medical center as we were both been selected with admission, but Salim's proposal came and was accepted. I got married and left for Islamabad. Tasneem did that M.Phil alone and, she is working as a Professor of Anatomy at Agha Khan and later at Hamdard Medical College. We are occasionally in touch.

Rajeshwari Sheshadri:

Rajeshwari worked in the research lab at the Cancer Center of the University of Rochester. She became our family friend, and was closely attached with our kids. She was a South Indian Brahmin and had food restrictions, but loved to cook for our family and kids. She was a widow with a grown up son. I have learnt a lot about their religion from her and vice versa. My kids still remember her with great memories. We had been in touch always.

Khursheed Hyder:

I met Khursheed during Hajj period at Mamoo Mohiuddin's house. We spent a few weeks together, very closely in the tents in Mina and later Muzdalifah and Arafat which was Hajj day. Our beds in the tent were next to each other, sometimes we spent a long time talking and getting to know each other. Sumaiya was a baby and crawled over from my bed to hers. It was a special memory, which is completely unforgettable.

Khursheed is Uncle Usman Hyder and Aunt Akhter's daughter, and cousin to Nuzhat who is my friend too. We got disconnected after Hajj as she lives in Karachi and I went to Islamabad and later to USA. We are connected through Facebook. Khursheed Hyder is a renowned Journalist.

Shabana Zaeem (Arifa's close friend) :

Shabana was named as Shabana Saeed, She belonged to a wonderful family of our neighbors. The entire family had same age friends for our family. Her older brother Ibaad bhai was Chacha Wajihul Hasan's friend. Her older sister Apa Durre Saeed was Farzana and Shahana Phuppi's friend and in DJ College. Their father was an acquaintance of Dada Safiul Hasan. They lived next door across the road for about forty plus years. Shabana went to Khatoon e Pakistan for the College. She is a doctor from Dow Medical. She is settled in USA and have three sons and grandchildren. We are in touch over the phone and Facebook.



Rajeshwari, and Samra. Next, Khursheed Hyder Next; Nuzhat Haroon Siddiqui

Nuzhat Haroon Siddiqui:

Old time friend . She is a Dentist. We have kids around the same age. We talk during leisure times. Our mothers were friends and relatives. Nuzhat is daughter of Ikhlās Khala and Haroon uncle.

Friends and acquaintances from Rochester:

Farzana Khan: We met them first in Rochester, and learnt that they are related to Sania Naved. Our daughters went to the same school as their daughters and are friends. We have been friends with the entire family for the longest time.

Wasia Rauf: A good friend who belongs to Lucknow and is a complete picture of culture and manners. Ammi and Wasia were close to each other.

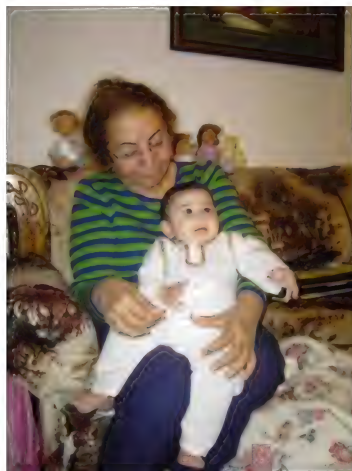
Najma Choudary: A very close friend and a Doctor. Unfortunately passed away a few years ago. She has three wonderful kids. Two are doctors. She was also very close to Ammi. It is a coincidence that Najma and Ammi's graves are close to each other in the graveyard.

Jamila Mazaz: We lived as next door neighbors and were friends for many years. They moved to Buffalo but are still in touch.

There are many other great friends and the list is very long to mention all.

Grandchildren:

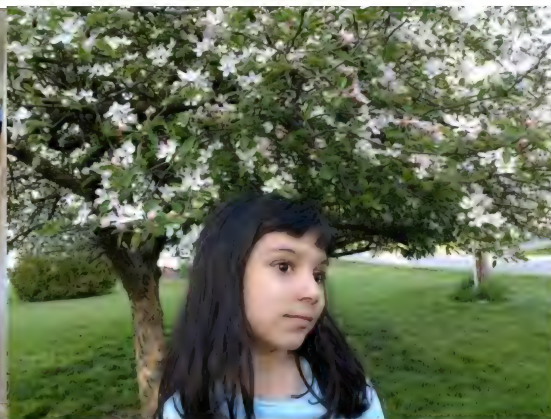
Salim and I are blessed by five wonderful grandchildren. MashaAllah Sumaiya has four: Haitham, Inshirah, Joharah, and Faria. Sara has one daughter, Ayat. All five are adorable and love their grandparents a lot. Salim is very playful with all, and I love cooking for them.



Haitham made me a grandmother and Inshirah is a very sweet child. They both show lots of love towards Nano.



A group with Aleem and Shuja's family, Asma, Kulsoom, Sara, Ayat, Samra, Ermina and Farah.
Next, Haitham with Nana.



Salim and Sara at Dining table with Ayat. Next, Ayat in our back yard with apple blossoms



Our family visit to Tallahassee Florida

Arifa Ozair:

She is second daughter of Sabihul Hasan and Akhtar Bano. Her maiden name is Arifa Zainab Sabih. She was born two and a half years younger than me. It's unbelievable but I remember when she was born.



Baby Arifa, outdoor at PIB. Next, Rasho is helping Affo on a little tricycle.

I recall Saeeda Khala telling me that I had a baby sister and was excited dressing me up and walking outside the house towards the bus stop to go to the hospital. I remember having difficulty climbing up the footpath as they were too high for a two and a half years old kid.

Reaching the hospital and more interested in seeing Ammi, I had no idea how could a little baby be my sister, or how really a sister could be like. She was born with five pounds, and was very thin and small. Ammi was admitted at Civil Hospital and Rehana Phuppi, who was a student there, was around at the time of her birth.

Ammi had to go back to work, and the baby was so small, leaving her with Dadi Zahida was too much work, so Ammi started taking me to the school at work. It cut the load

of two kids for Dadi Zahida to watch. Ammi said because of my cooperation as being calm by nature and least demanding, made it easy.

We grew up together, when we got older we grew up like twins, and were called as Rasho and Affo. She always has been on the thinner side and Ammi was on the very worried and sympathetic side. Ammi always worked hard to make special meals for her, as she did not like regular food. Her favorite was Sago and Milk with Suji. That was how Ammi fed her with milk, otherwise she did not like milk or eggs. I used to watch Ammi making efforts feeding her

School and the sports:

We had the same school, Khatoon-e-Pakistan, and she was two years behind me. She was light-weighted, so more into sports. She easily used to win the race, and other sports competitions like Table Tennis and Badminton. Very good with indoor games like checkers, carrom, hopscotch and chess. She definitely I can say was an allrounder.

At home she was a better climber of trees and the roof, easily without using stairs.

Childhood friends:

Our childhood friends in the neighborhood were similar, but older sisters used to be my friends and younger ones were Affo's. That way we both went to play together in the same house. Shani was my friend and Ruby was Affo's. Similarly Azra was my friend and Zainab was Affo's friend. We did have a few separate friends, such as she had Shabana, Rizwana and others in the neighborhood. I had Guddo, Baby Puppo, and my school friend Samina, who lived further in neighborhood.

In the school, because we were in different classes we had separate friends but knew about each other's friends very well. We had the same teachers who were mine at first and later when Arifa came to that class they were teaching her. We could easily share the information about our teachers. She was at benefit, as being older I dealt with them first.

We had another sister and a brother later. One day we were talking in our Sehan as like Shani, Ruby got a new baby sister. We were wondering if two of us could have another sister too. Affo said it would feel so good if a baby sister was playing here, and we could hold her and put her where we liked. Her prayers were answered, and we got Farah very soon.

Our toys were separate when we were young but started playing with the same dolls later. When Farah learnt walking and started coming and disrupting our games, none of us liked that.

We were loved, and cared about by our elders. Ammi made similar looking dresses for us and we have lots of pictures wearing those. Ammi always cut our hair short. Every evening Ammi used to teach us, but later Saeeda Khala took the charge, and was a very strict teacher. I think because of her tough ways, we learnt better and did very well academically.

Arifa as an aunt:

When I had kids, Affo loved them so dearly that I always saw her caring for them more than I did. I lived in Islamabad then UK and abroad but my daughters who grew up far

away never forgot Affo Khala and her kindness. She was exceptionally great with sewing and made beautiful dresses for them. Indeed she is a very caring sister, daughter and aunt.



Arifa with close friend Shabana Zaeem. Next, Arifa and Rashda with pet cats



In Lahore: Chacha Wajih ul Hasan, Dadi Zahida Bano, Papa Sabihul Hasan, Standing: Farah, Faisal and Arifa.
Next, Arifa with her degree in Engineering from N.E.D.



Stitching as hobby :

In her leisure time she joined the stitching school to learn to do professional stitching which was greatly appreciated just as gift to mainly the family members and others as time permitted from her professional career.

Career and Higher Education:

When we grew up we started our higher education. Affo had more interest in Maths group. My parents let her take pre-engineering thinking that interest would fade away if she would not get good grades, but that did not happen. She always got higher grades, then later got very high percentage because of Maths in InterScience.

There were not too many girls who were able to enter engineering college. When applied, she did get accepted in NED Engineering College. The entire family was surprised,

even more when after one year she liked and got accepted for Mechanical Engineering. There was just one more girl there with her. She passed Mechanical Engineering with high grades. Among ladies standing number 10th in Mechanical Engineering in Pakistan. It was not an easy job. She is very intelligent and hardworking, with special aptitude in Maths. She was very focused upon the goal and had been very successful with career. Family is proud of her. Finally, she was accepted for job before even results were out. She worked for about two years, then it came the time for marriage.

Arifa's Marriage:

There was a proposal, which was most appropriate from a family who lived in Karachi, but their son was living in USA. He was an engineer. They proposed for Mohammad Ozair. After a little inquiry, the proposal was accepted. The marriage took place in PIA Sports Complex Hall on Shaheed e Millat Road. The most beautiful functions were of Mangni, then Mehndi, Wedding and Valima. All the functions were very attractive, and memorable. The wedding videos were most watched.

Arifa stayed for about a year in Karachi after marriage. When her immigration was complete she went to Tallahassee, Florida, USA. That was where her husband was located, who was an Electrical Engineer from McGill University, Montreal, Canada. He had the City job in the Electricity Department of Tallahassee Florida. He built a custom made house, and they got well settled there. She had a very cute and lovely baby, Sobia.

Arifa decided to restart her Engineering career. She got admission to do her Masters in Mechanical Engineering at the University of Tallahassee Florida and looking at her higher grades in N.E.D University she did not have the need for the required exam of GRE, and was admitted directly to join Masters. It was amazing to see her completing that and receiving her degree, because this time she had a baby and a house to watch. Success comes to those who focus on goal and work hard to achieve it. It went true for Arifa

Arifa has expressed about her religious values in her own words, that I am copying here.

Religion:

Following the family pattern, she has great inclination towards religion like Ammi, may be inspired by her and have love of it. Give emphasis on it in every direction starting from her own children she herself made them finish the whole Quran Sharief all three of them in an early school age. Still keep review and updates, which Mash Allah can be seen in them reflecting their personality which they are maintaining it. They have good understanding of their own cultures, language and Islamic values. She convinced and made other mothers also to start Quran Sharief for their children. Also, for starting Namaz in early stage. In this modern era of iPhone making use of the best by sending Hadiths and Quranic details in all formats. And, to the community it is Sadqa e Jaria. In Sha Allah Amen.



Wedding day, Shahana Phuppi, Rehana Phuppi, Arifa, Ozair Bhai, Chachi Nabiha, Masoom Khala.
Standing: Papa, Chacha, Saud Phuppa



Arifa and Ozair Bhai with Sobia, Sana and Sumair Next, Arifa and Ozair

Kids:

Arifa had Sobia then Sana, and later Sumair soon after. All three are very cute kids. They made me an aunt, and I got nieces and nephews. Sobia called me as Hala making K of the Khala silent. The other two later copied the same. It sounded very cute to hear that. I have several videos from their childhood.

The Kids Sobia, Sana and Sumair grew up in Tallahassee and achieved very good grades, but unlike their parents they chose the Medical line. They are Doctors and have great careers. Sobia is married and her husband is a doctor too. Arifa and Ozair Bhai did a great job raising such wonderful kids. They are dearly loved.



Family Photo of Papa, Chacha and Ammi with Arifa's family. Next, Sana , Sumair, Sobia with Arifa and Ozair Bhai



Group from Sobia's wedding: Sumair, Ozair Bhai, Bridegroom Abdulla, Bride Sobia, Arifa, Baby Inshirah, Sana. Standing: Sumaiya, Asad with daughter and wife, Rashda, Samra, Cousin, Mazin and Haitham

Farah Sabih:

She is the youngest among daughters of Sabihul Hasan and Akhtar Bano, named as Farah Kulsum Sabih. She kept her father's name and never changed it. Parents, Dadi Dada and sisters cared for her a lot, but most of all Khala and Khaloo. Khaloo named her as Shehzadi and always called her by that name.

She was thin and very cute, but a little mischievous. Farah was born three years after and she became more attached with Khala Khaloo, as she saw Ammi taking care of the baby. She adopted them as parents without knowing the meaning of adoption, insisting that she wanted to live with them. Parents resisted that at first by bringing her back home when she was asleep in Khala's house, which was a big duty for Papa, but the next day, she used to

escape in the morning and travelled over half a mile distance alone to be there. Dada Safiul Hasan had to go there to double check if she was there and reached safely. It happened in a dangerous way, so they all decided that it was better to let her live there for some time for her own safety. She made a whole bunch of friends in that neighborhood and some kept visiting even after she moved back to PIB at the age of twelve.



Farah as a teenager. Next, baby Farah with Papa



Shahana Phuppi with Baby Farah. Next, the classical baby photo at PIB.

Schooling, College and Career:

When she started the school, she was picked up and dropped at Masoom Khala's house. For school it was Khatoon-e-Pakistan for her too. A few years passed that way. She visited PIB colony every evening, had dinner, studied and did homework with Ammi.

Farah became more and more into study as she grew. At the age of 12 she decided to come back home on her own. Dada Safiul Hasan instructed everyone to do exactly as she was used to, and never to say or do anything which could make her feel unwelcomed. Affo did find her ways not much acceptable and tried to teach and train, and when she did not listen she used to discipline her. Farah and I always got along. She always listened more to my advice.

Khaloo Jan came to see her every evening. We could easily tell how much he missed her. Her food was prepared and cooked in Masoom Khala's house, and she ate whatever he brought for her. They brought presents and her favorite fruits and dry fruit as well. Dada Safiul Hasan passed away, but this continued as long as Khaloo Jan lived. Unfortunately Khaloo Jan passed away just six years after in 1980. It was the most sorrowful happening in Farah's life. Masoom Khala moved to PIB. She lived there for over 27 years so her neighbors kept coming to visit her in PIB colony, and were happy to see Farah.

Farah took Science group and Premedical, and did well with it and went to DJ Science College for BSc and Karachi University for Masters in Marine Biology. Her Academic career was good. She had been a Science teacher for 10th grade for Customs Public School and Karachi Public School, and Happy Home School too for a short while.

Personality:

Farah has an out spoken and bubbly personality. She is very friendly but equally prestigious. If she ever realize that she was ignored, she could not remain as a close friend to such people.

The one in a million character is that she has a very high degree of compassion for the vulnerable. She cares about and helps unconditionally to the old and ill. The way she took care of all the elders during same time period as Dadi Zahida and Dadi Shahida, Masoom Khala, Papa, Ammi and Faisal and later Chacha was remarkable. That was the time when I and Affo were long gone and out of the picture. The entire family realized that and praised her. She was the right hand for Papa and Ammi. She is an excellent driver for the entire family in Karachi, starting at the age of 19 years. Trained by an institute. She still do lot of driving.

I thank Farah for taking such a good care in my absence of the people whom I dearly loved. She is a lover of children. They love her too. It works both ways between her and kids. Amazingly, Sumaiya's children are very fond of her and climb upon her freely when they see her. Professionally she loved working at a school where she gets plenty of kids.

Moving to USA:

She had a wish to move to USA, sooner rather than later. Ammi filed for her sponsorship, which took over eight years to be granted. Finally, she arrived in 2001. She winded up our side of the PIB colony house. We had shown her all good places for recreation, but she terribly missed Pakistan. We took Farah out of Pakistan but failed to take Pakistan out of Farah.

She moved to Long Island than Pennsylvania after marriage, had a baby daughter, Ermina. She lived there for a few years, but for the best education and interest of her child she decided to come back to Rochester and lived here ever since.

She was career-oriented, and did Diploma in Clinical Labs and training from the hospital. The jobs were tricky for that, so she took another Diploma in teaching and became a certified teacher for education. She got a job in a community school and has been working there for 14 years, started with a public school and still working there. She helped me with

taking care of Ammi, actually we both did together doing our areas of expertise. When Ammi left us, we both missed her a lot.

Role as a mother:

Farah is an extremely caring and devoted mother who sacrificed her whole life for the interest of her daughter. She raised her daughter, giving the best support, teachings and education. Farah taught her the Quran herself. Ammi was her right hand for that too, and helped her daughter with homework and lessons. Her daughter Ermina speaks fantastic English and Urdu both. Her Urdu vocabulary is unbelievable. She even knows Urdu counting so well that when speaking Urdu, she likes to say even numbers in Urdu. That is an asset and Ermina has it. Ammi played a big part in her practice of Urdu.

Ermina is excellent with studies and nothing less than excellent is acceptable for Farah. The manners and behavior is remarkable of her daughter and she is adored by everyone who ever meets her. Farah's goal in life is to provide exceptional higher education to her daughter.



Above: Farah in the same small room of PIB, used by Nana Sadaqat, then Chacha Wajih, then me, and at last by Farah. Above: In Rose Garden Islamabad. Below: Farah a beauty of her times.



Wedding, Farah looking beautiful at that special occasion



Farah with Sumaiya's son Haitham. Next, two pictures with daughter Ermina.

Syed Faisal Mudassir Hasan:

Born as the only son and youngest child of Sabihul Hasan and Akhtar Bano, he was the reason for heartbeats for the entire family. He was very beautiful, very fair and with brown curly hair. He grew up with all the love and care as possible. No wish was ever turned down. He owned the most expensive toys available in the market. He had to say the word and got the toy in a blink. When young I remember singing to him to sleep.

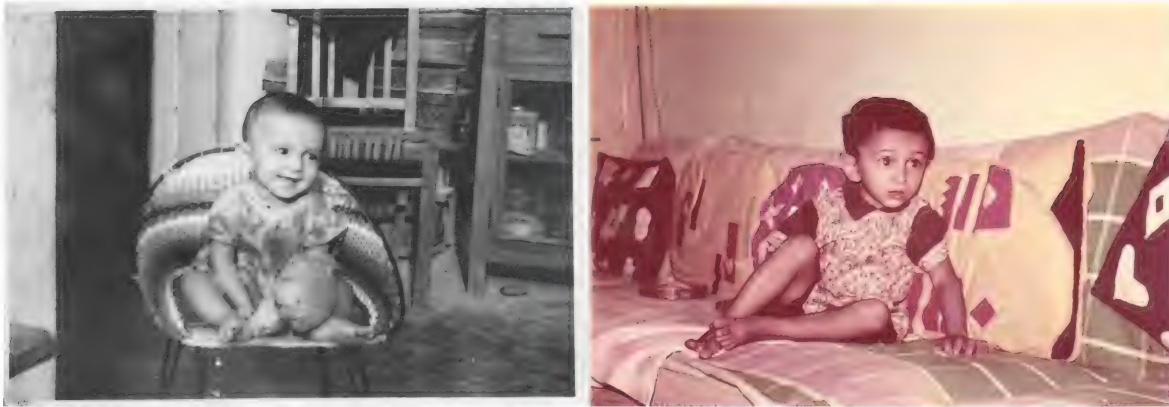
He was the apple of eye of Grandparents. He was under care of Masoom Khala and was sent to her house when very young. Later, Dada Safiul Hasan took care of him when Ammi was at work. He was about seven years old when Dada passed away which was very

sad for him. He never cried on any sad occasion, but that day when they started Janaza, I remember seeing him crying out loud using the word “Roko, Roko,” which made everybody cry.

Childhood pranks:

Mischievous with pre planned mischief, I could tell by looking at his face when sitting, thinking and smiling. I used to tell everyone that beware he was planning something big. He was very well mannered, fair, honest and soft speaking, so no one could suspect he was behind the pranks. A lot of the time he asked Saima to do it for him. If caught she was the one who was scolded. He was an excellent tree and roof climber and a race winner.

Saeeda Khala’s daughter Saima was his childhood friend. They both did terrible mischief together, also with each other. After she moved to Libya he got lonely. When she returned for a visit, they were grown up a little.



Baby Faisal. Next picture, Faisal a few years old

She missed doing pranks too so provoked him saying, “let us do some prank.” When he was hesitant she pushed, and he quietly picked up a paper clip, the kind that was very tight and stuck it on her neck. She was not ready for it, not expecting it, she jumped up and down without knowing who did that. Who ever saw rolled up laughing.

He was brilliantly intelligent, and was an excellent player of indoor games. It was Impossible to win chess, draft, and cards with him. His favorites were draft and chess. He learnt it from Papa who was a champion and Trophy winner of draft from Dow medical College and Aligarh Muslim University.

The only time you won from Faisal, was when Faisal wanted you to win.

Schooling and college:

He was four years old and we were worried where to admit him for the school. The requirement was to find a place which was not just very good but close to Masoom Khala’s house so he could be picked up easily after school. There was a good school with high references and ratings just across the road from Masoom Khala’s house. The name was BYJ or Bahadur Yar Jung High School. The problem was not just to admit him but take him and sit with him until he got familiar, as he was just four years old, and Papa could not bear the

thought of his missing everyone and crying there. It was the Summer vacation time for me after completing my first year of Inter Science. Schools for kids were open much earlier.

I took the responsibility and after the admission, took him to school every day. He was very attached to me, so did not miss Ammi for not going there with him. Ammi was very busy and her School Khatoon-e-Pakistan was far away, and this was not the matter of just one day. I took him to school every day and brought him back after he was familiar with teacher and the classroom kids. By the time my summer vacation ended, he already had the routine built up. The school went fairly well and Ammi used to teach him and helped with homework.



Faisal, College age. Next, a picture of Saeeda Khala's visit at the Zoo while visiting Karachi from Libya: Saeeda Khala, Affo , Ismail, Saima, Faisal and Ayesha.



Ready for School, Faisal. Next, in Lahore, Farah and Faisal with Sumaiya, Sara and baby Samra, 1985

He was left handed, but Ammi always pushed him to write and eat with right hand. He started writing with right hand and used it for eating too.

I was married in 1979 and moved to Islamabad and then UK. He missed me terribly as he was very attached with me. I never missed celebrating any of his birthdays. He visited me several times in Rawalpindi and Islamabad.

We noticed him showing some signs of an illness, which was later diagnosed as adolescent epilepsy. Some children get it temporarily and it subsides once they are grown

up. Doctors were hopeful and prescribed the best medicine available and he started using it. A few more years passed as everything was under control.

He grew up older and as the studies advanced, he took Science and later Premedical group in the college. He got admission to PECHS Foundation College for boys. Probably the pressure of advanced studies on the mind made the illness get worse.

I went to USA and kept hearing mixed news about my darling brother. I visited once and left in 1989. He was at the door saying goodbye to me. I was telling him that I would work upon calling him to USA. That turned out to be the last good bye. I could not come back for a few years. In 1994, I heard the devastating news of my sweet brother's passing away. A healthy and smart well growing child all his childhood and adulthood, left the world so calmly at such young age is still unbelievable.

I wish that no parent, brother or sister ever has to face the sorrow of losing a loved one like ours. He lived for 27 years, most part of his life in the best health.

Faisal! The sorrow of losing you will go with our own lives.

Children of Dr. Syed Wajihul Hasan and Dr. Nabiha Hasan:

Syed Wajihul Hasan and Nabiha Hasan had two wonderful sons. The older one is Syed Arif Hasan and the younger one is Syed Faaiz Hasan. Dada Safiul Hasan and Dadi Zahida called us three granddaughters and three grandsons, like three sisters then three brothers.

Syed Arif Hasan:

The older son is Arif Hasan, nicknamed Goshi. Goshi was born just one week apart from Faisal. Faisal was born on one Saturday, January 22nd, and Goshi on the next week on the 30th. My grandparents were very happy to get two grandsons in one week. Dada Safiul Hasan and Dadi Zahida were getting tons of congratulations from the relatives who were visiting. Dada Safiul Hasan was very fond of giving kids more than one name, so he called Faisal as Shaan e Kibrya and Goshi as Ehsaan e Kibrya. Later, Farah used to joke about their names saying, "Shaan e Kibrya go, Ehsaan e Kibrya is calling you."

The two turned out to be best friends and brothers all their lives. In the last few hours of Faisal's illness, it was Goshi, who was living at PIB, and who ran to the hospitals driving Faisal to Emergency and stayed with him and helped Farah as well. He was the one who got the news of his death first, and took Ammi and Farah to the hospital in the end. Papa was in Lahore as he was ill too. He consoled and took care of the whole family.

Early Childhood:

A very cute baby was born in our family in Lahore, at the same time another brother was born in Karachi only a week before. The family celebrated his birth the most, as he was the first child in Chacha Wajihul Hasan and Chachi Nabiha's house.

He was wearing a white little hat, which had rabbit like ears, matching his first clothing. Chacha when he first saw him said the hat looked like Khargosh, the rabbit.



Baby Arif, Goshi. Next, Goshi after birth with Chachi Nabiha. He is wearing the two ear hat, which became the cause of naming him with the nickname Goshi.



A little kid, Goshi

To make it short he started calling him as “Goshi.” The name was as cute as he was himself. As soon as we laid eyes, we went crazy about him. He grew up with Dadi Zahida watching upon him along with maidservants.

He was a very early talker. Chacha used to say that after Rasho (me) he was the next child who started talking at such a young age. He was very easy to get along with, which made you feel so good that he let you take care of him. I used to read to him stories and feed him with my own hands. All the three sisters, I, Arifa and Farah loved him very dearly and fed and played with him. He entertained us all.

Game of Shipbuilding:

He grew a little older, about 8 years old and found ships as the most interesting

among all his toys. He loved Karachi, especially PIB colony house. Another reason to love Karachi was his love for sea and the ships. His favorite hobby was to buy cardboard, glue, adhering tape, and a few other necessary things, and follow a book about famous ships built in the world and copy their design to build a cardboard ship exactly the way the real ones were built.

It was a unique interest. The game required special engineering skill and a lot of intelligence. He did lot of reading about ships from the books, so he even knew the history of the ones that he copied. Farah and Faisal participated with him in this game. Later, he used to play and show the reasons of disaster of those famous ships, which they went through due to wars. The famous ship Titanic was built and destroyed by him long before the movie was made. He used to ultimately destroy all of them with laughter, which was even more fun for him. This hobby continued for at least a couple of years.

Lego was another one of his favorite activities, which Faisal and Goshi both loved to play, but Lego had hundreds of small pieces, easy to get lost. Faisal had patience to keep them together. He kept track of Goshi's set too and sometimes found lost pieces and gave them to Goshi whenever they met later. Goshi was a great player of chess, and actually Faisal learnt from him.

Later, he had a baby brother Faaiz, as cute as himself, but five years younger.

School and College:

He had admission to famous Aitchison School and later the same College of Lahore. He was a very intelligent kid. He told us about a few of the film actors' kids who were his classmates .

He grew up as a fantastic person, later competing for Medical Colleges and education to become a doctor. He had interest in a few other careers but being a son of doctors they advised him to achieve the career in Medicine. He got admission in King Edward Medical College one of the best in Pakistan. He graduated and worked as a doctor. To advance his career further he has gone for and passed CSS exams with good scores and later did MBA from Karachi University and lived in Karachi. He passed that too with high scores. Papa and Ammi loved having two sons with them in Karachi, Faisal and Goshi. Goshi got married in the meanwhile.

Unfortunately that was a very difficult time when Faisal left from our family and Chachi Jan left from Chacha's family. Goshi and Faaiz lost their mother at a young age. Life changed after that. He stayed in Karachi a little longer then moved back to Lahore.

Dadi Zahida left us too in 1998.

Moving to Canada and back to Lahore:

After some time they decided to move to Canada. Faaiz was already there for further education. Goshi and Chacha's family moved to Toronto. We went there to meet them.



Goshi's Birthday in Lahore with parents, Dadi Zahida, Ameena Khala holding baby Umayr, and Shayma.



Goshi on a Birthday with Dadi Jan.



Valima reception with parents, Dadi Zahida and Papa. Dr. Zarina in Blue Sari.

Next, Two dear brothers, Faaiz Hasan and Arif Hasan, and Chachi Jan's older sister Khala Saeeda

It was a great pleasure to see our most loved ones so close and only a few hours of drive away. When Papa came to USA in the year 1999 and 2000, we took him there to meet Chacha. When leaving from there, I saw Papa and Chacha hugging each other as Papa was

supposed to leave for Karachi in a week. That was the last hug as Papa left for heavens instead.

Chacha felt out of place in Canada. He was lonely after Papa's death because they used to talk at least two hours on the phone every day. Goshi who was very close with his father decided to take him back to Lahore, and found a job there and settled back in Pakistan. Chacha went first and stayed in PIB, Karachi. Later, Goshi came and made arrangements, then called Chacha to Lahore. They sold their house in Lahore when they migrated, so it was a new beginning this time. I went to Lahore twice to meet Goshi and Chacha, once in 2004 and a second time in 2008. I met his beautiful wife Fatima and new baby Minahil who was just six months old and a replica of her father. She was as friendly and easy going as Goshi. Holding her in my arms made me feel as if I was holding Goshi as a baby. Chacha passed away in 2010. Goshi, Fatima, and her family had taken care of Chacha. Fatima belongs to a wonderful family of very caring people. I am connected with her and her family on Facebook.

Goshi, is well settled in Lahore with the family and kids.



Fatima Hasan and Arif Hasan.

Syed Faaiz Hassan:

Faaiz is our dear brother, and Dr. Wajih ul Hassan and Dr. Nabiha Hassan's youngest of two sons. He was a very cute baby, same as his brother Goshi. When he first came to Karachi he was less than a year old and had long uncut hair, which made him look adorable like a doll. PIB went crazy about him. The cutest among all was the way he talked. It continued even after he grew a little older, because nobody wanted him to change as they did not want to miss his childhood.

We all called him "Munna" and he called himself as "Anna." He was more attached with Papa as he saw the image of his Abbu in him. He was taken care of by Dadi Zahida along with a maidservant for him.

Goshi and Faaiz though raised together had a difference in personalities. Goshi being older did want to keep teaching and training him, but Faaiz never took the intimidation. The arguments were worth listening as it made us laugh.

Adorable Memories:

We cannot forget Faaiz's most adorable memories. He once asked me "What is there at a place where there is nothing? The question was very difficult so I announced the defeat. The correct answer was "Vacuum." He created very smart questions for his age and we being so much older, failed to answer. "Hulk" was his favorite character. He used to say that his favorite place in the world was Medina because our prophet Mohammad (PBUH) migrated and lived there.

He was about seven years old when I got married. Salim was very fond of kids and Faaiz was so adorable so there had been an immediate bonding, which is still present and is obvious. The two played by running and catching and hide and seek together. Once Faaiz when just eight years old said that classical sentence to Salim, "Many relations are built with one marriage. Now it is so good that you are our relative." We were stunned to hear that as it was above his age to think like that.

There were always birthday gatherings and we were there in some, either when the birthday was in Karachi, or when we were in Lahore.



Faaiz on 6th Birthday, parents and Nana Jan, Masoom Khala, Khaloo Nasserul Hasan, Dada Mutiul Hasan Dadi Zeenat. Next picture, Shahana, Farzana, Rehana Phuppi, Ammi, Papa, Faisal, Saad, Shobi, Saima, Dadi Zahida.

School, college and career:

He started his first school at Toddler's Academy in Lahore. The students were called Tods which Goshi changed into Toad to tease him, and called him by that name as a joke. When he grew a little older he was admitted to Aitchison school and then the college.

He decided not to choose Medicine as a profession. He did MBA from "Lums College" and went into Banking. He got a chance to advance his career and did achieve the advanced degree from the famous NYU University of New York. He worked at World Bank at an

excellent job. His job required lots of travelling, which worries me a little because of air travel safety.

Marriage and Kids:

He married the wonderful lady Amina Munir, his classmate from Lums. She has an MBA like him. She was daughter of Professor Munir, Head of Geology department in Punjab University, Lahore. Our cousin Kaleem was his student. Dr Munir was also a very caring and friendly person. He visited PIB colony to meet Papa and Chacha. Farah told a lot about his courtesy and we all were impressed. Amina has a brother who is settled in London UK. The father lives in Lahore.

Faaiz has two great kids, Umer and Adil. I met Umer as a little baby during my visit to his house in London. We get their pictures from time to time.

Faaiz visited me a few times and so did I. We visited him in both USA and UK. Once, when in New York, we went to the Statue of Liberty. I still have pictures from that trip. Once we met in Toronto and another time in London, UK. We always stay in touch. May Allah give a long healthy life to my Chacha's children, and their children and family.



A trip to NY City with Faaiz and Amina. Next, A memorable picture, Shayma, Umer, Amina, Adil, Faaiz, and Umayr. Below: Faaiz, Papa, Dadi Zahida and Ammi in PIB House.





Faaiz with sisters and their kids. Next, Ammi with Faaiz, his Tai Jan



Faaiz's Wedding, Ammi, Dadi Zahida, Faaiz, Amina Yasime and Khwaja Rasheed. Standing: Goshi, Papa, Chacha, Farah.

Children of Saeed Fatima and Yasin Ahmed:

Our youngest Khala Saeeda and Yasin Khaloo had three great kids, Saima, Ayesha and Fowad. Saima and Ayesha were born in Karachi. Saima was born at Jahangir Road residence, Ayesha was born while staying in PIB colony house. The youngest, Fowad, was born in Tripoli, Libya. They moved to Libya in 1975 and lived there until year 2000. They grew up in Libya, and went to School and College there.

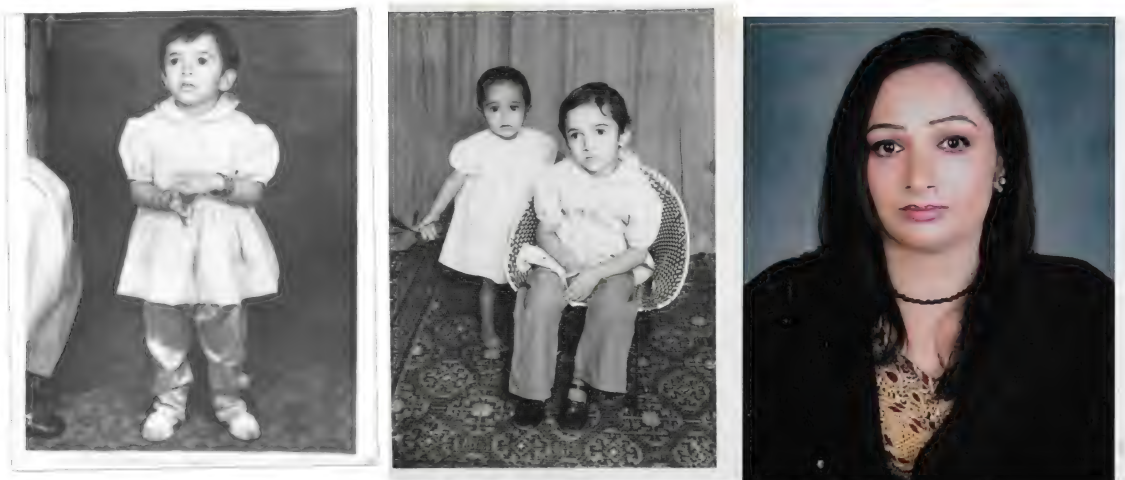
Saima Ahmed:

Saeeda Khala had this very fair and lovely daughter when living in Jahangir Road Quarters. She was given the name Saima Batool Ahmed. Saeeda Khala loved the name Batool.

Later, after Yasin Khaloo went to Germany, she moved back to PIB colony house. It was fun to have a baby in the house after a long time. She lived there but used to drop the baby at her in law's house when going to work. It was an ordeal because PIB colony house was located in one direction, grandparents lived in Nazimabad, which was in the opposite direction, and Khatoon-e-Pakistan College where she worked was located in a third direction.

Saeeda Khala being a very consistently hardworking person, continued this steadily for the next four years. Saima was well taken care of but she was very difficult with eating.

She did not drink milk with the bottle, starting right after birth until being able to eat the solid food. That made it very hard for her mother to comfort her appetite. Saeeda Khala spent lot of time feeding her with a small spoon and milk in a cup. This became easier when she started sitting up.



Childhood: Saima, Saima and Ayesha. Next, career picture of Dr. Saima Ahmed

We tried to help as best as we could. Saeeda Khala gave me the assignment to make Saima go to sleep. It always met success as I used to hold her in my arms and sing to her while walking. The movement, song and cuddling with me helped her sleep. This continued until she was a few years old. Saima grew up and got a friend in the house as Faisal, who was a few years older. The two got along but fought too. They both were on the mischievous side. She loved mischief and Faisal used her to tease others. In 1973, her baby sister was born. Attention became divided. I spent more time with the little one.

A dangerous incident:

Saima used to travel with Saeeda Khala by bus daily to be dropped at the grandparent's house. There was a regular bus, and she used to get on from the bus stop in front of the PIB house. One day it was her day off because it was Sunday. In the afternoon

Saeeda Khala did not find Saima, who was about 3 years old. She was missing. All the members of the house searched for her everywhere in PIB colony house, and outside in the neighborhood, and all came back unsuccessful. We were worried to death thinking what if she was abducted.

One hour passed without any news, and all the family members were disappointed and standing in the front yard. I noticed, there was a man holding her and walking towards our gate. He was a bus driver, but looked like an angel in disguise at the time.

He told the whole story. Saima climbed up into his bus without his knowledge. Buses used to stand in a row and drivers came later when the bus was full. Since it was Saima's every day routine she had no fear. There were other women passengers in the bus who got down later, one by one, and when close to the final destiny, the driver noticed that she was sitting alone.

He knew very well who she was from everyday travel, and her house which was upfront. He figured out that she travelled without her mother and probably the family would be looking for her crazily. He safely brought her back as soon as possible. Saeeda Khala tried to reward him by offering some money but he refused, saying it was his duty. None of us could ever forget that incident and the kindness of that bus driver.

Saima grew calling Ammi as "Choti Ammi". We asked her why she thought Ammi was Choti or younger. She said because in height her Ammi was taller.

Moving to Libya:

In 1974, Saeeda Khala moved to Libya with the two kids to join her husband Yasin Khaloo. We were sad to miss her and the kids, but it was in their best interest. Faisal missed her the most. They came after every two years to stay for over a month and lived at PIB and Nazimabad, both the places.

Kids were growing until in 1979 Saeeda Khala had Fowad. After six months I had Sumaiya. When they visited it was a fun and I travelled from Islamabad to Karachi to meet them, until I went to USA. A few more years passed until we met in 1988. Their parents had also taken them for vacation in Europe. They spoke about Holland, Switzerland, London and many other places and showed shopping and pictures from there.

Education:

When she was a grown up young girl, Saima was very beautiful and smart with studies. They have studied from Pakistani School in Tripoli. It was affiliated with Islamabad Highschool system and had a very good standard. Later, she joined Tripoli University to study Pharmacy. That was the time that Saeeda Khala was a Professor there.

She graduated with high grades, received B.Pharm, and started further education. The time came for them to wind up and go home to Karachi. They arrived in Karachi and started living there. They remodeled their house. They found the life and ways of life of Karachi people, and even close relatives as too different from the way they lived in Libya. Karachi was a new world for them that they had to explore. Saima, Ayesha and Fowad realized that it was difficult to trust anyone in this new country.

She took admission in M.Phil at Karachi University. It was a degree higher than Masters. That was when Saeeda Khala got the paralysis due to stroke.

Their father as well was not in best of health. Saima did everything possible to take care of her mother and father and settle her brother and sister with their further education and her own M Phil. She got unconditional help from cousin Farah, until Farah left for USA. Saima and Saeeda Khala's family missed that friend in need who was their friend indeed.

They achieved all, their degrees and her M.Phil with advice from her aunt Akhtar Bano and her daughters who were in USA, and connected by phone. Her mother survived for over 3 years in bed. Saima got a job as Assistant Professor of Pharmacy in Jinnah University. She lost her mother around that time, as Saeeda Khala passed away in 2004. Nobody could imagine their pain and sorrow. We were constantly in touch and she poured her heart to Ammi.

Life after losing the mother:

Saima matured by years. She had no choice but to be very careful, cautious, watchful, over the house, her father and the younger two. She took care of everything like a mother. Her hard work made the family survive those hard times.

Masoom Khala and Talat Mamoo were the regular Sunday visitors. She said that she waited for their visit for the whole week. They reminded them of their mother. That did not last for too long as Masoom Khala passed away after just three years. She spent her last days in their house and they took care of her needs and treatment. Finally, Masoom Khala passed away in 2007. She called Ammi a lot after that and listened to Ammi's advices.

Their father got sick and the ordeal started one more time. Saima took admission in PhD and was doing that side by side, and she finally achieved it. The brother Fowad got married and had two kids. That was a happy event with this family. Yasin Khaloo, after long illness and been bed ridden and passed away in 2018.

Currently Saima is still taking care of her sister, brother and the two kids. There is a salute for Saima for devoting her life for her parents' household and family. She should be an inspiration to other girls of our family.

Ayesha Ahmed:

She is the younger daughter of Saeeda Khala and Yasin Khaloo. When she was born, Saeeda Khala named her as Sania. She loved that name, but it was changed to "Ayesha," Sania moved as a middle name. Farah still calls her Sania. Few years later, Naved Chacha was married and his wife's name was Sania too.

She was thin and looked more like Saeeda Khala. They left for Libya when she was just under the age of one. I remember I was dressing her up for Airport for departure in a pink dress, and she was innocently smiling at me without knowing, that she would not see me for a few years. My heart was breaking but I was thinking it would be good for them to be with their father.

The house looked so lonely for a long time after they left. Their life had been very good in Libya. She grew up almost entirely in Libya as she was only under the age of one year when she left



1984 visit. Saima, Ayesha, Affo, Saeeda Khala and Fowad. Next, Saima and Ayesha with Qamar.



Saima with two nieces, Farwa and Zainab. Next, Ayesha. Next, Family in Libya. Photographed by Saima.

I saw her after every two years and saw her growing very friendly but simple. She was very intelligent but in a simple way.

I left for USA, and saw them rarely, in 1988 and then the next meeting was in 2001. She grew very tall, thin and fair. She spoke Urdu but with Arabic accent. It sound like Arabic even when speaking Urdu or English.

Education:

She completed her two years of college education in Libya and took admission with B.com in Karachi. Because of years of political chaos in Libya, some of their educational time was lost. That was the main reason they decided to leave Libya.

She completed B.com, despite of mother's health condition and responsibilities at home. Saima and Fowad were working so she sacrificed further education of Masters and job opportunities for staying home with the mother. Later, after her mother's death, she took care of father and the house.

Saima and Ayesha are excellent with cooking because there were no Pakistani chefs available in Libya. Later, when Yasin Khaloo was ill, she started taking care of her father. He was ill for a few years and later bed ridden for another few years. He passed away in 2018.

At home she takes care of the household and spends her leisure time with some reading and with the family.

Syed Fowad Ahmed:

Fowad is the youngest and the only son of Saeeda Khala and Yasin Khaloo. Rehana Phuppi said she was around his birth time in the hospital. She used to fondly call him “Libby” since he was born in Libya.

He is strong, tall, chubby, polite, soft speaking, and innocently intelligent. He is a wonderful son, brother and husband, and would be ready to die father for his kids.

I have seen Fowad’s love and longing for his children. Truly I have not seen anyone so sacrificing as Fowad is towards his daughters. Being the youngest of all the cousins, we always thought of him as a child, but he is full of wisdom when it comes to the interest of his kids. Losing their mother at a young age after her deadly illness, and later father too, made all three including him as very sensitive.

He was not just born and brought up in Libya but he also loved it and missed it like his motherland. He is a Pakistani Citizen now, but by heart still a Libyan.

Education and Career:

He went until college level in Libya and later did his B.com from Karachi. He found a job in a pharmaceutical and kept working there. He is very skilled with all kinds of technical work. He can fix anything from appliances to cars. He is also good with repairs and plumbing, and actually very handy with everything.

He was married in 2011, and the marriage was arranged by his Chacha and Chachi. He has two lovely daughters whom he adores. Their names are Farwa and Zainab. They are school going kids.



Fowad’s first picture sent to me in Glasgow UK: Baby Fowad with Saima and Ayesha.
Next, Early days in Libya, Saeeda Khala and Khaloo Yasin Ahmed with Ayesha, called Sania those days.



Yasin Ahmed and Fowad. Next, birthday celebration of Farwa with Zainab, Saima , Ayesha and Fowad.

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PRESENT and FUTURE

Chapter 7

Children of the Present Generation

Children of Rashda Salim and Mohammad Salim:

I, Rashda Salim, was the first one to get married among the cousins and sisters, so had children born earlier too. We have three wonderful daughters. The oldest one is Sumaiya Zehra Salim, next Sara Zehra Salim, and youngest Samra Zehra Salim.

It is clear by the naming system that their names were given by their great grandmother Zahida Bano, with their middle names as Zehra upon Hazrat Fatima Zehra, daughter of our Prophet (PBUH).

Sumaiya Zehra Salim:

Sumaiya is the first daughter of Rashda and Mohammad Salim. She is MD with Neurophysiology by profession.

She was born in Royal Hospital of Glasgow, UK. She is petite and very fair, with thick black hair and black eyes. We loved her as soon as we laid eyes upon her.

Being very lonely in Glasgow, I used to talk with her right after her birth. I would even ask her before changing her clothes or bathing her. She became used to of babbling back to answer me, and around six months could even say short words. She always said “Abou” when seeing Salim come back home from work. The interesting part was that she knew what she was saying. She was a very good companion for travelling, and enjoyed the stroller rides and car, bus and even train journey. She smiled, waved and gave a happy gesture to people, so was loved and got attention wherever she went. It was only possible with a child like

Sumaiya, for us to enjoy outdoors, shopping, and Indian movies in the theatre, which were three hours long. All she needed was a bottle of milk or baby food jar.

Life was easy with Sumaiya as our baby. We did lots of site seeing, and went to London, Edinburgh, and many places in UK.

Performing Hajj:

The most amazing experience was to perform Hajj in 1980, with Sumaiya who was just nine months old.

The largest obstacle was heat in October in Mecca. We had to perform Umrah at arrival, which was a must. During the process of Sae'e she was burning red like a strawberry, I was scared and did not know what to do. I saw there were coolers placed, full of Aab e Zamzam on the way when doing Sae'e. I did not just give her some in her bottle to drink but rubbed it all over her body filling in my hands. It cooled her tremendously and with us she performed rest of the Sae'e without any problem. The things got easier in a strange way, as it was the miracle of Aab e Zamzam and later the Holy Land.

We lived in a hotel at first but later in a room given by Muallaim with four very old people who were Indians from Fiji Island. They were even older than our parents. One was a couple of husband and wife, among those four. The old lady helped and even trained me a lot. It was a blessing to get them as our companions. We went separately for Minaa, as Ammi told me to contact Mamoo Mohiuddin.

I went with them for that part of Hajj and met many of our relatives, some I never even met before. When I met Khala Saeeda, daughter of Nani Shabeeh Fatima she was very kind toward Sumaiya. I told Sumaiya to call her Nani and Sumaiya learnt within seconds, amazing for Khala Saeeda that such a young baby already called her Nani.



Baby Sumaiya. Next, Sumaiya and Sara, Eid day



Sumaiya and Sara, Islamabad Winter. Next, Sumaiya and Sara with Haroon Rasheed, Dr. Wajiha's son.

We stayed in Khema together. Women were placed in one Khema and men in another. The other companions were Mohiuddin Mamoo and family, with his four years old daughter who was adorable and was crazy about Sumaiya. The bonding with Mohiuddin Mamoo remained for life. Our other companions included Khala Akhtar, wife of uncle Usman Hyder with daughter Nighat and younger one Khursheed who was about same age as mine. We immediately became friends.

Also present were her son Tariq, his friend and wife, Qayuma Apa and Yaqoob Chacha, Shafaat ul Akbar and Khala Saeeda, and Mazhar Imam's brother Fazal Imam and wife. It was a big group but all women accommodated in one Khema with those mattresses. Khursheed's mattress was next to mine so we used to talk all the time. Sumaiya used to crawl on all the mattresses. Most playful with her was Tariq who seemed to love children. All said Sumaiya was a gift by Allah to entertain everyone in that journey of Hajj.

We went to Muzdalfa then Arafat, where Sumaiya became soiled due to the fine sand of Arafat. Tariq was taking care of her all the time. He asked me if he could bring a bucket of water and if I could bathe her as he gets sand in his mouth when he holds her close, which made me laugh. I bathed her immediately and changed with clean clothes and gave her back to him. Sumaiya loved him already and babbled to him all the time, which made her been loved by everyone.

I can never forget that adventurous Hajj. My age was just 26. I could never forget such a great company either. I stayed there for a total of one month, with eight days of Madina stay. After completion of Hajj, it was a tremendous feeling. We came back to Minna where there was a terrible incident of fire, but far away and we were safe. In the end we said good byes and best wishes. At Karachi Airport, I found all of our relatives from mine and Salim's side.

We went to Salim's house, then later to our home at PIB to meet Masoom Khala and elders. We had about a couple of months stay in Karachi. Sumaiya had been very sick, as the climate did not suit her at all. We celebrated her first birthday and Aqiqah. Lots of relatives and friends were invited and attend.

We went back to Islamabad at Rawalpindi house, which we had left with a friend with our belongings and luggage still there. Life continued, with Sara born a few months after.

Schools:

We had our house built up in Islamabad and moved there. I started searching for a good school for Sumaiya. I wanted her to have an early start, as she was knowledgeable with all the basics, above her age as I used to teach both of them at home.

I got her started with a local school close to the house. Then later, at famous Froebel School of Islamabad.

Sumaiya was phenomenal with studies. Her teachers were surprised by her wit. She did have arguments with little boys, as she was never the type to tolerate intimidation. At one time when she saw the principal she asked him why he even admitted the boys, he should make it as girls only school. He said it was good to have boys too, so they learn together in the classroom. She smartly told him than he should watch them too so they do not cause too much mischief towards girls. It was too much to come from a four year old.

After some time passed, Salim accepted a position in Rochester, USA. Samra was born and we flew to USA. We admitted Sumaiya to school right away. Because of her good performance in the reading and Maths test they gave her the grade we desired. She was placed in first grade when not even six years old. I admitted her and my other daughters also to Islamic center Sunday school , where they learnt our religion and Quran for the next 10 years, side by side to their regular American School, and later even taught there, especially the class of new Muslims.

Winning the President's award:

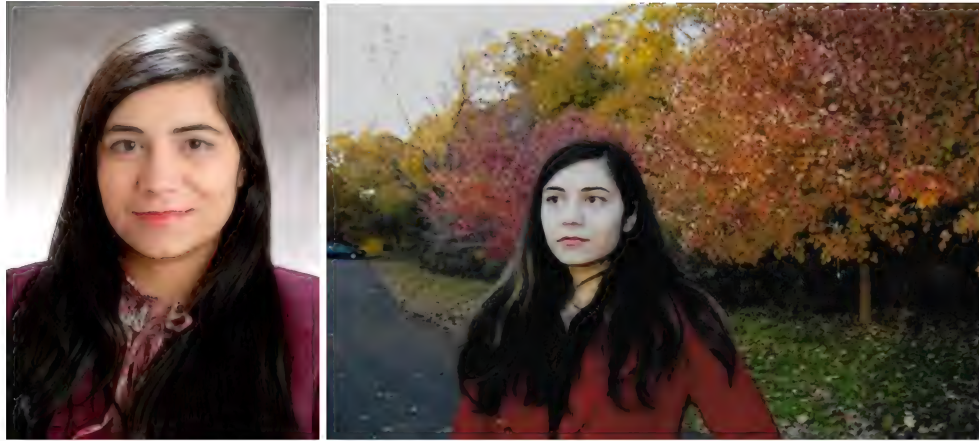
Sumaiya completed the elementary school with high grades, until it came to the 6th grade, and to our surprise, she was awarded, with "President's award," with signatures from the President of USA. The President was George Bush senior. I sent a copy of it to both her Nana and Dada, who were proud of her.

All three girls started growing and moving forward to higher classes. Sumaiya did her boards with SAT achievement test and moved on to College.

Higher Education and Career:

The college was for four years and premedical, but she had to study and pass the courses of BS level of pre engineering too like Physics, Chemistry, Maths and even Calculus, as well as Biology. After completing that and the selection exam for Medical College, she got admission into Medical University and did very well. They gave her teaching assignments as teaching assistant, which was a high position for a student. Later, she got Residency in Neurology, at John F Kennedy Institute of Neurosciences in New Jersey.

That was when I asked her that my wish was that she become a Chief Resident, a very prestigious position. She hushed me off that it was not easy to get and not just requires highest grades but also voting by fellow residents. Candidates who were popular among other residents used to win by their votes.



Sumaiya. Next, back home from medical college, Fall in Rochester.

There was a large number of residents, and both boys and girls. I did not insist any further, as being a resident at famous JFK institute of Neurosciences, it was a tough competition. I was thrilled, when one day she gave me the good news about being selected as a Chief Resident. She won by both, highest grades and popularity vote. She received Dua and prayers from me. In reality when she asked me not to keep too many hopes and expectations, actually she was constantly working hard to achieve. When she went to the stage to receive her award for graduation as Chief Resident, she wore Shalwar Qamees. Which made Pakistani students and their families feel proud of her.

Sumaiya made me a proud mother and always did. She did Fellowship in Neuro Physiology and made a career as one of the best Doctors and Neuro Physiologists.



Sumaiya with her Professor at Neurology commencement. Next, Receiving the award of Chief Resident at JFK Institute of Neurosciences. She chose Pakistani Attire.

Marriage:

Sumaiya's marriage was an arranged one. Ammi, her grandmother settled it. Ammi was very fond of the family and had a long acquaintance so when proposal was placed we accepted happily. Sumaiya and Mazin, both found it as the best match when they met each other. The engagement took place at first then Nikah and after about eight months the Rukhsati. All, the elders participated at Rukhsati and Valima, which took place in Karachi.

All the Rochesterians participated, as the Nikah was in Rochester. It was one of the best Wedding gatherings of that time.

Nikah



Nikah day group, 2007

Standing: Muzaiyana, Ayesha, Sana, Farah, Samra, Sara, Sobia, Kulsum, Shuja and Muzammil uncle.
Sitting: Asma, Ammi, Salim, Mazin (groom), Sumaiya (bride), Zarina Khala, Rashda, Arifa.

Mazin Husain Zaidi:

Sumaiya has been married to Mazin, son of Dr. Muzammil Husain Zaidi and Dr. Zarina Zaidi. He is our relative, from both of his parents' sides. He has two more brothers, Yasir Husain and Hisham Husain. They are settled in Lahore. Mazin was in Chicago at the time of marriage. His parents, were settled in Riyadh, Saudia for three decades.

All the kids were born and educated there with Arabic medium school so spoke Arabic as first language. They sent Mazin to Pakistan for further education. For Medical education, he did his MBBS from King Edward Medical College, where he completed his specialization in Surgery.

He came to USA and did further study. After marriage, he worked as a Surgeon and currently Sumaiya and Mazin are settled in Columbus, Ohio working at the Hospital, and raising their kids. He is a great son, son in law, husband and wonderful father.

Dr. Muzammil Husain Zaidi:

He is son of Mehmood Husain and Aqila Husain, and his uncle Masood Husain was Dadi Shahida's husband. He is married to Dr. Zarina Zaidi. He is a famous Pediatrician, MBBS from Dow medical University Karachi, and specializations in Pediatrics from abroad. Dr Muzammil worked in Riyadh Saudi Arabia for few decades, on the position where he was Royal Family's Pediatrician. He is very kind and humble with a good humor. He is Sumaiya's

father in law and Mazin's father. The family is settled in Lahore. He has three sons, Yasir Husain, Mazin Husain, and Hisham Husain. All three are highly educated like parents. One of the favorite hobby is gardening, as they have a big variety of fruits and vegetables in their garden all year long.

He helps Sumaiya and Mazin with their garden when in USA. Haitham, Inshirah, Joharah, and Faria, who are named by Dada Abba are crazy about him. He is a wonderful Father, Father in law and with a personality so dignified that he is a role model for rest of us.

Dr. Zarina Zaidi:

She is daughter of Zahir Husain and Fateh Bano. Her mother and Nani Aizaz Fatima were close friends of childhood. After Nani Jan passed away, Nani Fateh Bano was very kind with Ammi and Saeeda Khala, who visited her frequently. The acquaintance was long term since they lived in PIB colony. Dr. Zarina did her MBBS from Fatima Jinnah Medical College of Lahore. Later, she went to Ireland UK and did her further education of MRCOG/FRCOG and had a glorious career throughout her life. She was student of Chachi Nabiha, in her first batch. Chachi Jan was very fond of her, and Dr. Zarina also speaks highly about her.

Dr. Zarina worked in Riyadh for few decades as a Royal Family's Gynecologist and tells very interesting experiences with Saudi Royal family. They were invited in the Royal family's gatherings and dinners. Their kids were grown visiting and playing in the Royal palace with the Royal family's children. Dr. Zarina tells about the ways the royal family lived.

The Food presentation was always on the floor, with the king sitting there and the staff and even servants sitting together. The dining tables were used only for Foreign delegates. Women were covered observing Parda, but inside Haram, the female residence area, they wore minimum clothes like Europeans. These were very interesting facts that could only be known to someone who had been with the Royal family. Dr. Zarina was appreciated by the Royals as she is a highly qualified and duty minded lady.

Dr. Zarina out of her extreme love, always visited Sumaiya and Mazin at the time of child birth for her grandchildren. She has always been a tremendous help. She loved to cook the great food for them, which they freeze and eat even after her return to Lahore. Dr. Zarina is an inspiration for the family and all the younger generations to come.

Syed Yasir Husain:

He is a wonderful brother and favorite uncle. He is also a Cardiologist in Lahore. He also helps as an interpreter for Royal or other Arab delegates and Presidents.

Syed Hisham Husain:

He is an Engineer, works for a foreign company in Lahore. He is married and he and his wife Ramisha has a lovely little son named Bazil Husain.

Both the uncles are adored by Mazin and Sumaiya's kids.

Mehndi of Sumaiya and Mazin



Mehboob Husain, Mashadi Husain, Muzammil Husain, a cousin, Jawad Husain, Mohammad Salim, Naunihaal Husain, Safdar Husain, Dr. Sultana, Raana Zaidi



Our family and Mazin's family



Sara performing the Ritual of finger holding with Mazin. Samra and Tehmina helping.



Our Family Members. Back Row: Talat Mamoo, Shujaat Mamoo, Imran Matanat, Khaloo Yasin Ahmed, Fowad. Ishtiaq, Jawad, Zia. Front row: Yusra Faraz, Saadia Faraz, Babbi Khala, Qamar, Mrs. Afaq, Mrs. Ishtiaq, Baby Khala, Mumani Farah, Zeba.

Bride and Groom: Sumaiya and Mazin





Family group. Sitting: Ammi Akhtar Bano, Mazin and Sumaiya, Dr. Zarina
Standing: Hisham, Yasir, Muzammil Husain, Mohammad Salim, Samra, Sara and Rashda



The couple with sisters, Sara and Samra. Wedding day group, 2008



Bride and the groom on Valima day



Sumaiya went to meet Chacha after wedding, who could not attend the wedding as hospitalized.
Next, The couple in our Rochester residence.



Yasir Husain, Muzammil Husain, Zarina Zaidi, Hisham Husain, Sumaiya, Mazin, Haitham and baby Inshirah

Children:

Sumaiya is blessed with four wonderful children. They are lovely, cute and with good looks like their parents. They are vibrant and active. Haitham is the oldest. When he was born, both side of grandparents had him as first grandson. Inshirah, Joharah and Faria were born next. Named by grandfather Muzammil Husain. They have Arabic names. Grandparents always visit on their birth and take care of them until few months old and of daycare age. Sumaiya and Mazin pay special attention to the kids when home and trained them to be independent. They have routines set up for eating, sleeping and homework. They regularly go to Sunday school on the side, and learn Quran and religion there.



Sumaiya's baby shower, Farah, Samra, Mazin, Ermina, Sumaiya, Sara, Ammi. Next, Sumaiya and Haitham.



Mazin and Ozair Bhai with kids, Haitham and Inshirah in Florida. Next, Sumaiya and Haitham at an Amusement park in Rochester.

Sara Zehra Salim:

Sara is second daughter of Rashda Salim and Mohammad Salim. She is MD with Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation, Assistant Professor and Physician at University of Rochester.

She was born in Rawalpindi/Islamabad in a Private Hospital. She was a beautiful and calm baby that doctors and nurses loved. Exactly one year and four months younger than Sumaiya. Raised like a twin with Sumaiya sharing same toys even clothes. She went to the same school and Sunday school.

Ammi visited at her birth and because Sumaiya was sleeping with us, Sara slept with Ammi, in her bed and bedroom. There has been special bonding between Ammi and Sara for all lifelong.

She had been a very active child, and was very fast with all the stages of learning. She rolled over, started sitting and standing at the age of just seven months.

One day I saw her sitting on our bed when I had actually left her in the crib/cot, attached to our bed. It was unbelievable as she was too small to cross the wall of the crib even when it was half way down. I monitored and found out that she created her own way to jump out, and that was bending over on the half down wall, so much that she fell on the bed. It did not hurt because of the foam mattress of the bed.

It made us laugh and we still joke about it. She was already walking at 9 months of age. Salim's parent did her Aqiqah in Karachi with a lot of people invited.

Her hair grew very curly like mine, which made her look very cute.

Awful childhood incident:

Sara was an easy going but a very curious child. At the age one year and half, when walking she tried to get into everything. One day when I had my grandmother Dadi Zahida staying with us at our Rawalpindi residence, Mumani Jan (Shaukat Mamoo's wife) came to visit us.



Baby Sara, three months old, Aqiqa day. Next, four months old. Next, Ammi attended Sara's commencement

I made tea and the teapot was hiding under an attractive tea cozy. Sara about 18 months old was walking around behind my back she lifted the tea cozy without knowing what was inside, and the teapot with hot tea fell on her feet. It was an awful accident. We were thankful that she was wearing sandals half covering her feet. It took weeks for the healing of her feet. I still feel her pain of that day.

Easy going habits:

She was an easy eater of food and gave me the least trouble with feeding her. The funniest was that I used to make special baby food and freeze for them, thaw and feed them, but Sara even ate regular home cooked meals and favorite was bhindi, which no child wanted to eat. I still praise her for giving me so little trouble. She still loves eating bhindi.

She started going to school with Sumaiya as a preschooler. She was so young and only three years old that she felt awkward in the class. The only time that she enjoyed was the school bus ride, and she got very attached with the school bus driver who loved her as his own child and took care of her when picking up and dropping her.

Samra was born when Sara was not quite four and she loved the baby sister. We moved to USA very soon after.

School, College and Career:

She started school at kindergarten, and climbed up the classes with high grades. Also the same way with Sunday School, with Quran and religious learning. She also was teaching the classes of young children at Islamic center when she grew up. She also did visits to talk about Islam at a local church and at a high school.

She had fewer friends, because she had two sisters to give her company at home.

Being very calm and soft by nature, she always acted like a buffer between the two sisters. She was very helpful towards both of her sisters and parents.

She was excellent with sports, exercises and physical activities. She was also very good with drawing. We were surprised when she won a silver medal through our County of Monroe Art show where she was recommended and sent by her school for a fantastic drawing. We had it hanging in her room for many years.

Sara always surprised us with her performances and achievements. After completing school, she went to college at University of Rochester. During her college years she started working on the side at one of the labs in the Biochemistry Department. When she told us, we thought of it as good for the experience but we were surprised to hear that Sara did so well with the research that she published a paper as an author there. Her professor thought of this young student as an asset.

We thought she wanted to make PhD as her line of study and profession, but she got inspiration by Sumaiya who was doing so well with Medical School. Sara also passed that selection exam for Medicine and told us that she got admission to same medical college as Sumaiya and would be starting with her Medical University the next semester. It was unbelievable.

She completed her Medical College with high grades and got a residency in her favorite line, Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation at University of Medicine in New Jersey, Kessler Institute, which held the number two position in USA in her field. All the big political and hollywood personalities have gone to that institute for physical rehabilitation. We were amazed that she did all this on her own.

She has a very helping personality as she helped Sumaiya with Haitham when they were both in New Jersey and Sumaiya's children loved Sara Khala.



Sara on her Birthday in Islamabad, with Farah visiting, Sumaiya, me, and baby Samra. Next, Dr. Sara Salim

Her Daughter:

She was married and has a little daughter. Her daughter Ayat is a beautiful, smart and a wonderful child. The entire family loves Ayat.

Sara works as an Assistant Professor and physician at the prestigious University of Rochester, which is also her home University.



Haitham with the favorite Sara Khala. Next, my lovely Sara



My dearest three.

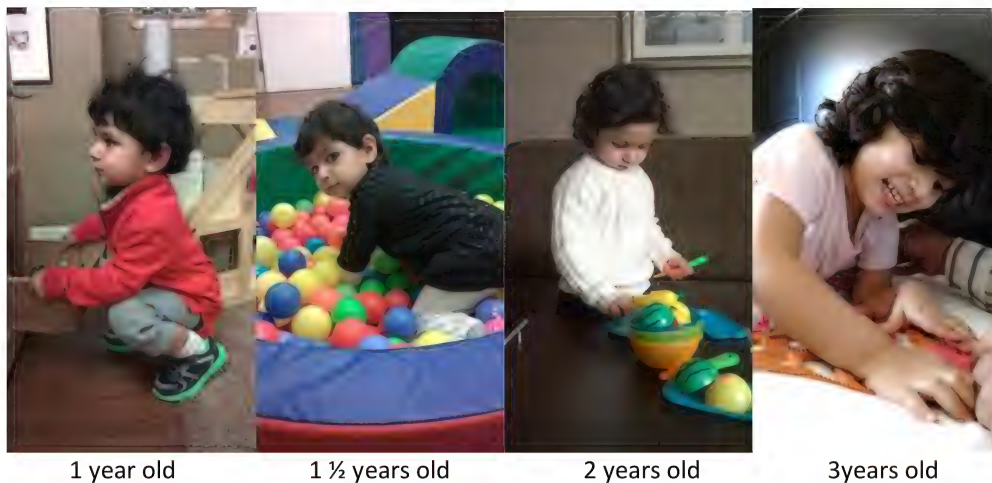


Sara Salim. Next, Sara and Ayat at our home in Rochester

I recently heard from my colleague who has worked with Sara, that she had a very ill neighbor. He was always sick and gloomy, and in a wheel chair. The colleague recently saw that neighbor outside, healthy and laughing, she asked that it was good to see him well again but how did that happen. He mentioned the name for a brilliant, young doctor Sara Salim who treated him so skillfully that the illness is almost gone, and quality of his life improved tremendously.

Our family loves Doctor Sara Salim, she always made us feel proud. It is a blessing that we are her parents.

Different ages and stages of Ayat



1 year old

1 ½ years old

2 years old

3years old



Ayat in our garage with her sports car



Ayat with Ermina in our backyard



Classical and beautiful



Ammi and Sara, a special and lifelong bonding



Sara at our Rochester Residence

Samra Zehra Salim:

She is third and youngest child of Rashda and Mohammad Salim. She was born in Islamabad as a very small but a lovely and cutest baby. Our house remained full of Salim's students, friends and colleagues from the University who visited to congratulate. She was very fair and petite. Ammi visited at her birth though Samra was born before Ammi arrived, and was still in travel and later for first two weeks Ammi took care of her.

Childhood:

She was very cute and we have many childhood memories. She grew, loved by parents, grandparents and two older sisters. She wanted the sisters to be hushed off when she was a baby, since she realized by their actions that they were two small curious children.

We moved to USA soon after her birth. She grew up there, but as bilingual. At a young age of fifteen months, she started speaking two languages side by side. She spoke both languages equally clear and with good vocabulary. Papa who heard her talking like that said that she does not go to a school, so where did she learn English. Of course Sumaiya and Sara were her teachers and very good teachers. Urdu of course she adopted from us. As she grew further, English became predominant.

The cutest memory was I used to put her to bed for afternoon nap and I used to sing to her to sleep which always helped, but Salim was the one who put her to bed in the night which he preferred because that way he used to get some time to spend with her after coming late. He told me that she always sings before going to sleep and always goes to sleep while still humming. It made me laugh that she thought that singing was part of a ritual before sleep.



Baby Samra. Next pictures, Samra with sisters, Sumaiya and Sara.

She was friendly, talkative and emotional. Sumaiya who was very disciplinary, used to discipline her, but Samra didn't see it that way. As a result, there were disagreements between the two. Whenever presented to me it made me laugh. Sara was an angel who

settled the matter between two, before it reached to me. I still remember all of those lovely days of their childhood.



First birthday. Next, my three cats, the tree climbers.

Personality:

She grew up as very polite and friendly. Samra is a great human being, kept a small group of friends but are her friends forever.



A childhood picture. Next, Samra resting on a tree branch

She is a caring daughter and sister. She helped Ammi, her grandmother, with everything and transporting her whenever needed in the last days. Ammi loved her for her care and work ethic. She was always very helpful towards her sisters by babysitting for their kids who are crazy about Samra Khala. Sara's Ayat says Samra Khala is the best. Sumaiya's kids say the same. She loves American, Italian and Chinese food. She likes our Pakistani food too and has some every day.

School, College and higher studies:

Once school started then the time flew. I started working during the daytime. Sara and Sumaiya used to come about one hour after Samra and she being so smart could easily unlock the door after school. We let our kids concentrate on the regular studies of their school and Quran, which is essential. Samra also enjoyed reading, and art. She took classes in drawing, painting, pottery and photography. A clay pot she made won an award in the school district and was displayed there for one year.

She was interested in participating in school band. She liked playing clarinet which we bought for her. It is still here as a memory. Salim loved to make videos of all the school functions where our daughters participated. Sometimes we still watch and enjoy those videos. Sumaiya, Sara and Samra took part in the school chorus group.

Samra was also a member of a dramatic society at school but not for performing as an actor. She worked behind the scenes for the stage crew: directing, designing, building, painting, and managing. We went to see that marvelous play where she was directing with the headphones, giving directions during the performance to the twelfth graders, boys and girls who were participating. The play became a big success.

School ended and the college started. She also went to the University of Rochester, completing her degree with concentration in Psychology and medical studies. Like her sisters she also joined Islamic students association at the University of Rochester.

Four years of BS completed. Career chosen by her was Medical Profession like her sisters. She got admission for MD program after passing tough exams in the way, and then another four years of Education started and ended with further education for specialization.

Samra had made a career and is doing well living with us in Rochester.



Group of Medical students at the University. Next, Samra by the flower bed in our yard.



Degree achievement, from University of Rochester.



Samra's friends Jessica and Megan dressed in Pakistani dresses to attend our Function. Next, Samra



Samra, with Sobia, Sana and Mummy



Samra with Father. Next, Samra, pictures from a Wedding.

Children of Arifa Ozair and Mohammad Ozair:

Arifa Ozair, daughter of Sabihul Hasan and Akhtar Bano has three children, Sobia Ozair, Sana Ozair, Mohammad Sumair Ozair. Arifa and her husband Mohammad Ozair are engineers by profession, but all of the three children chose medical profession and are MDs.

Sobia Ozair:

Sobia is the eldest. Slim, pretty and smart. She was the first niece who made me a Khala, but she called me as Hala making K of Khala as silent which sounded so cute that I asked her to keep calling me that. She has been a valedictorian all her life, excellent with grades and personality, loving and caring. Mostly what we heard about her was her achieving positions in high school, BS and Medical School.

She did BS from University of Alabama, and went for MD there, later joined by the brother and sister. They lived so far away from Rochester that we rarely could get a chance to meet or see these kids. Whenever we met it always felt good to see them. She came to Rochester for Farah's and Sumaiya's weddings, and we went to Tallahassee for her wedding.

Personality:

She is very loving towards cousin sisters, and was very playful with Sumaiya's children. She made baby Inshirah sit in her lap when she was sitting as a bride on the stage, which was amazing. Inshirah and Sobia are birthday twins as both born on the same date in February. She loves animals. Once, when she was about five years old, we all were walking on a side walk. She saw some people walking with a puppy, she was so excited and just went towards the puppy and hugged. We were amazed to see her so delighted by the puppy and those people were impressed by her kindness.



Baby Sobia. Next, Sobia with Baby Sana. Next, Sobia, all grown up

Marriage:

Sobia is married to Dr. Abdulla, and has two children. She made a beautiful bride and they made a wonderful couple.

After the wedding, they settled in Louisiana to do fellowship. Both have been very busy with careers. The fellowship is complete and Sobia is working as a Hematology Oncology Physician.



Sobia with Ammi. Next, me with Affo's kids when young. Sara was the photographer for this picture.

Sana Ozair:



Sana at the commencement. Next, baby doll Sana

Sana is the second daughter of Arifa Ozair and Ozair Bhai. Fair and slim, tall, very lovely and talkative. As a little kid she walked holding my finger when once in a long while we visited and were walking in the mall.

Lover of candy as a child it was hard to convince her not to eat candy. She was also a position holder throughout the school and college and turned to be a Valedictorian, like Sobia. She picked the career with MD and Medical education, even went to the same University as Sobia at the University of Alabama. She is also a Doctor by profession.

Personality:

Very loving and caring as a sister and a daughter. I have seen her helping in the house and in the kitchen.

Mohammad Sumair Ozair:



With Ammi. Next, Sumair with three sisters in Rochester Next, Sumaiya, Sana, Sumair, Inshirah and I

Sumair is the youngest among three kids. He is very tall, sweet and kind. As a child was very active and playful and was dear to all the sisters, my daughters and his own sisters. As a young child of seven years old, when visited at Farah's wedding, Sara used to put him on her back and carry him for a ride. He said he loved Sara Apa. In his school assignment, he wrote an essay about Sara as his favorite person because she told jokes and made him laugh.

He grew up as a position holder and Valedictorian like his sisters. He chose Medical profession as a career, and went to the University of Alabama for MD. He is also a doctor.

Personality:

He is very caring and loving and loves children. When he met Sumaiya's kids at Sobia's wedding he played with them for hours. Haitham and Inshirah also reacted as if they knew him forever. He was walking around with them sitting on his shoulder.

Children of Farah Sabih:

Farah Sabih, the youngest of three daughters of Akhtar Bano and Sabihul Hasan, has just one daughter, Ermina Syed.

Ermina is very dear to her and rest of us.

Ermina Syed:

Ermina was born as a first grandchild from paternal relatives. She is adorable for both paternal and maternal sides of relatives.

When born she was thin, petite and a very cute, tiny baby. She is bright and intelligent, active and quick thinker.



Ermina on her first birthday, with Ammi. Next, Ermina seven years old

She was grown under the shadow of Ammi, her maternal grandmother. Ammi used to feed her and once she started school even teach her.

She learnt to speak beautiful Urdu with dates and numbers being said in Urdu, which is hard to remember even for the kids in Pakistan.

She is a very loved child from mother, grandmother, aunts and cousins, their children, and most of all her Khaloo Salim, who has been kind and loving to her like a father. He played with her with her toys after coming back from his job, when she was a young child. He taught her the difficult school courses and advice to her about health and education. Nobody even Farah can discipline her if Salim is around.

We sometimes joke that the role of Khaloo is quite similar in Ermina's life as it was for her mother Farah, who was very close to her Khaloo, Naseerul Hasan. Ermina did a school project choosing Salim as her favorite personality. She wrote about Salim, even recorded his interview and spoke about his travelling experiences, for which she got an "A."

Personality:

Ermina has an attractive and bubbly personality. She is tall, charming and pretty, brilliant with studies by always remaining among the top. She was a good singer and in the school chorus. She has book reading as a hobby and is an expert of computers. She always fixed mine if I need help.

Friends:

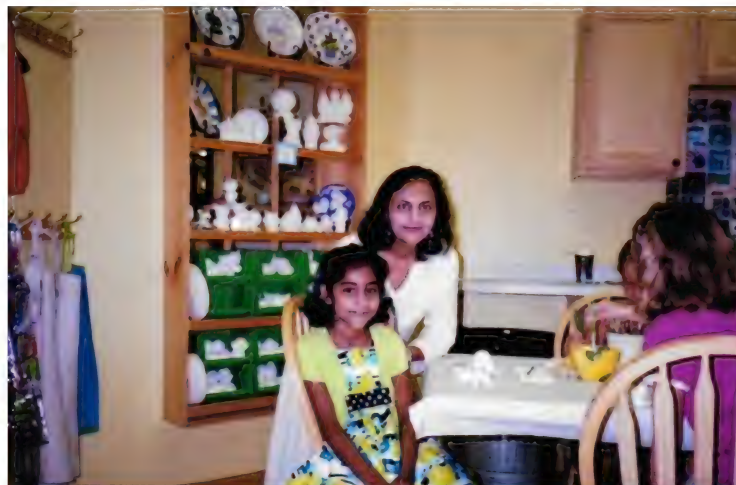
Starting from her childhood, she kept a big group of friends. Farah entertained them at home and also did expensive birthdays in amusement places and restaurants with lots of girls, and even their mothers invited. Farah has to tell her to cut down on friends because otherwise she could not have much time to study.

She is crazy about children and babies, and they are crazy about her. Examples are Sumaiya's kids who love her. She made best friends with Sara's daughter, Ayat who is very quiet and shy, which was a remarkable deed. Ayat loves her Ermina Khala. Ermina is full of surprises. When young she used to be a difficult eater. Farah and Ammi had a hard time, and Ammi asked me to feed her, because she would eat with my hands, and that always worked.

"Helping" is her middle name. If anybody needs help ever, she feels proud to be the first to offer. These are the qualities, which are hard to find in a child of her age.



One of Ermina's birthdays with Haitham and classmates.



Ermina at her Birthday. She is wearing my designed and hand made suit, special for her birthday.
Next picture, with friends and Mama.



Ammi holding baby Ermina. Next, Baby Ermina with her picture on the Screen of the Computer.



Ermina and Samra with Salim. Next, Ermina with Farah

Children of Zeba and Imran Matanat Husain:

Imran Matanat Husain and Zeba have three wonderful sons, Taha Zaidi, Murtaza Zaidi and Mustafa Zaidi.

Syed Taha Zaidi:

He is the oldest son of Imran Matanat, well mannered, good looking and polite. He did a degree in Accounts from University of Toronto. He is married and well settled with wife Ayesha who works in a Bank, and lives close by to the parents' house.

Memory with Taha:

The family visited for my daughter's wedding. In the afternoon of the wedding day, I became very short of manpower and cars. I had to take the bride for beauty Salon. The time was getting short. Taha saw me worried and offered that he would drive me with his car. The help was God sent, and I accepted though he was new to Rochester but followed the direction as I showed him and dropped us there in time. That was not all. He went there alone and brought back the bride. He got lots of Dua from us. We have all the best wishes for him for the future life.



Taha's Wedding. Bride Ayesha and Taha, with the parents Imran Matanat, Zeba, Salim, Rashda and Samra

Syed Murtaza Zaidi:

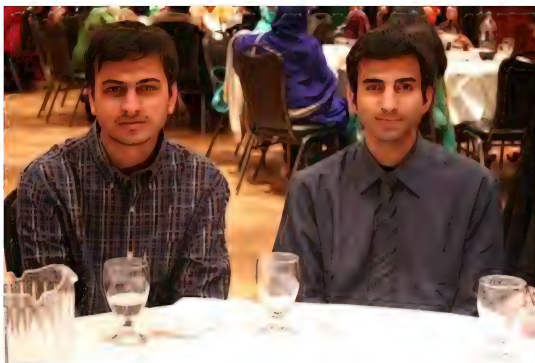
He is the next after Taha. He is fair, thin, polite, quiet and with the same good manners as all the three.

He has studied Engineering from University of Waterloo, Ontario and achieved the degree in Engineering like his father.



*Four Generations:
My mother Taazim Fatima with her progeny.
Sitting(L2R): Taazim Fatima and Hafiz Ali Ahmad Zia
Standing(L2R):Qamar Syeda, Fareeha Saad, Saad Salman, Affan, Taha Zaidi, Ayesha Ahmad,
Ayman Khan, Murtaza Zaidi, Zain Zia
(Karachi, October 2019)*

He has been married , and his wife Ayman is also an Engineer. They have a lovely little baby Arham. He shares the same house with Taha, but stays with parents as well. Staying with parents after marriage is a wonderful tradition and it shows the respect and mental coordination within the family. Unfortunately, it is getting rare today in other families.



Taha and Murtaza. Next, Nikah ceremony of Murtaza, 2019. From L to R: Mustafa, Salman, Taha, Ayesha, Zeba, Ayman, Murtaza, Imran, and Omer.

Syed Mustafa Zaidi:



Taha and Mustafa. Next, Mustafa with Murtaza's baby Arham

The youngest and the most beloved is Mustafa. He is fair, thin, talkative and sweet like his brothers. He is very active. How much he cares for the parents and the brothers shows up.

He was the one participating very actively for the weddings of his brothers, taking care of decorations and arrangements. He asked me if I had taken food, and to join for the wedding rituals.

Whenever I visit there, he sits and talks with me for a long time, which I love. He helps his mother in the kitchen too when guests are there, it is something that boys rarely do. He has completed his Bachelors with account courses and is currently busy with his job.

Memory with Mustafa:

We visited Toronto a few years ago and stayed in their house overnight. We planned to buy some gifts from Gerard Street, because I had to visit Shuja's family too in the evening. It was a working day in Toronto. Our Holidays are slightly different. Thanksgiving, 4th of July Independence day, Memorial day and a few others are different because of the different history of the two countries.

Zeba had to go to work and older two kids were at school. Roofi and Mustafa went with us for shopping as he was home. He was very young, probably first grader. All the way Mustafa has been showing me around about the special places and landmarks of interest, parks, movie theatres, etc.

He helped me with the shopping and making right selections for people as he knew about every one, so his opinion counted more. In the end, he said something, which was very touching. He said buy pink bangles for my mother because I like her wearing those. I was impressed by the love and care he had for his mother, and actually for everyone.

All three of them are raised as very fine young men by their parents.

Children of Azra and Salman Latafat Husain:

Salman is the second son of our Mamoo Syed Shujaat Husain. He and Azra have three sons, Saad, Ammar and Jawad.

Syed Mohammad Saad:

Saad is the oldest among Salman and Azra's sons. He has graduated with a degree in Commerce and made a career with Banking at Allied Bank.

He is well mannered and helping. Talat Mamoo spoke highly about him and Ammar, that they always helped him, especially when Talat Mamoo was ill with a broken leg. He is married to Fareeha, a wonderful wife and now a mother of two. He has two beautiful children, Hena and Affan, and lives with his family in Shujaat Mamoo's residence in the area of his parents who have moved to USA. Sometimes we see him and the kids pictures in Facebook



Family group of Salman and Azra with three sons, Saad, Ammar, and Jawad. Next, Birthday, Saad, Fareeha, Baby Hena, Fatima, Mumani Jaan, and Baby Khala

Syed Mohammad Ammar:

Ammar is the second son of Salman and Azra. He is kind, polite and very helping.

He has a Degree with accounting and has Banking as a career at Summit Bank. He is very helping toward older and sick. Talat Mamoo got great help from him.

He lives at Shujaat Mamoo's residence in Nazimabad.

Syed Mohammad Jawad:

He is the youngest son of Salman and Azra. He is thin, quiet and cute. He had the schooling from Karachi, but later moved with his parents to USA. He has completed with school, and has started the college education in USA. He calls and talks to me sometimes.

Children of Shezi and Syed Hidayat Husain:

The third son of Mamoo Shujaat Husain is Hidayat Husain. Hidayat Husain (Roomi) and Shezi have a daughter who has brightened their lives.

Fatima Hidayat Husain:

She is Intelligent, beautiful and cute. Smart kid at the school. She is very young and still in the higher grade at school. Parents are doing a very good job raising her.



Fatima with grandmother Tazeem Fatima. Next, Salman, Imran, Hidayat, Ammar, Shezi and Fatima

Children of Qamar Syeda and Syed Mohammad Zia Tahir:

Qamar and Zia have four wonderful children. They are Yamna, Zain, Areeba and Ali.



Yamna and Usman. Next, a family photo. Wedding and Mehndi

Syeda Yamna Usman:

Yamna is lovely, smart and loving.

She has achieved the degree with doctorate of Pharmacy from Baqai University. She worked for some time and got married to Syed Osman Ali, now is a mother of a cute son Almir. She moved to Dubai and settled there. We connect sometimes on Facebook.

Syed Ahmed Zain Zia:

He is the second child of Qamar and Zia. He is thin, tall, and an Engineer by profession. I see him sometimes in Facebook, recently married with Dr. Sarah Hasan in Karachi.



Wedding group of Zia, Qamar, bride Dr. Sarah Hasan and groom Zain, Yamna, Usman, Areeba, Ali and baby Almir

Syeda Areeba Zia:

She is the younger daughter of Qamar and Zia. She is also an Engineer by profession.

Syed Ahmed Ali Zia:

He is the youngest among the children of Qamar and Zia. In a visit to Karachi, I saw him as a baby. I remember he was more interested in the glasses I was wearing.

The parents decided to provide him with the opportunity to memorize Quran and become a Hafiz. He did a great job, and is a Hafiz and concentrated on his education side by side. He achieved the required grades for admission into medical college and currently he is studying Medicine for MBBS at Dow Medical College.

Qamar and Zia did a very good job to raise and educate their children and they are all with high degrees of their Professions.

Children of Saima and Syed Abdul Aleem:

Oldest son of Mamoo Shaukat Husain and Shamim Mumani is Syed Abdul Aleem. He and wife Dr. Saima have three great kids, Maria, Ayesha, and a very brilliant son Hamza.

Maria Aleem and Ayesha Aleem:

They did "O and A level" and are now doing Bachelors. Maria is the eldest, doing Bachelors in English Literature and North American History. Ayesha, the younger one, is pursuing contemporary European Art and Literature, and secured her University transfer to study modern Art at Nationale Superieure Des Beaux Art-Paris, which was found, in 1648.

They go to College in London. The family has moved to UK in 2011. I hear about them a lot from their parents.



Maria, and Ayesha with Mother Saima. Next picture is Hamza.

Syed Hamza Aleem:

Being the youngest he is in the school. He has passion for Football and Cricket and does bowling with the speed of 70 miles per hour. No wonder if along with his higher studies, we also see him in the world cricket as a fast bowler.

Their parents are doing a great job raising and educating these children.

Daughter of Atika and Syed Mohammad Kaleem:

The second son of Mamoo Syed Shaukat Husain and Shamim Mumani is Syed Mohammad Kaleem. He and his wife Atika, have a daughter, Fatima Kaleem.

Fatima Kaleem:

I have memories talking with her over the phone.

Kaleem is doing a great job having her memorize Quran and to be a Hafiza. She has completed it and already is a Hafiza MashaAllah.

May Allah give her strength for that as she will InshaAllah be the only Hafiza of Quran in the family, as boys and men had done Hifz e Quran but among girls she is the only one.

Daughters of Syed Fowad Ahmed:

Fowad is the son of Saeeda Khala and Khaloo Yasin Ahmed.

He has two daughters whom he loves very dearly. Their names are Farwa and Zainab. They are seven and five years old, and have started the school. They live in Karachi. He is doing a good job as a father and provider of education and care.



Farwa and Zainab ready for School. Next, at play. Next, Zainab with Fowad.

Children of Syed Arif Hasan and Fatima Hasan:

He is the oldest son of Chacha Wajihul Hasan and Chachi Nabiha. He has four daughters. They are very cute and lovely. Their names are Ridah Hasan, Alize Hasan, Minahil Hasan and the youngest Maryam Hasan.

They are growing and going to schools. He is a good father, and along with his wife Fatima, is raising them with love and care.



Baby Minahil and Arif Hasan. Next, Minahil Hasan, a little grown up. Next, Mariyam Hasan with mother Fatima.

Children of Syed Faaiz Hasan and Amina Hasan:

Faaiz is the youngest son of Chacha Wajihul Hasan and Chachi Nabiha. He has two wonderful sons, Umer and Adil.



Umer, Adil and Amina, Next: Umer, Faaiz and Adil.

Umer Hasan and Adil Hasan:

Umer is in College and Adil in School. Looking at the great parents like Faaiz and Amna, we can tell how wonderful the kids are. I saw them when they were very young. They settled in Holland, later in UK. As much love we have for Faaiz, we adore his kids too.

I see their pictures time to time as they are growing up.

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FUTURE

Chapter 8

Youngest of all the Generations

We have just a few kids born yet who will be our future from Ghaziuddin Hassan's Clan InshaAllah.

Grandchildren of Rashda Salim and Mohammad Salim:

Children of Sumaiya Salim and Mazin Zaidi:

They MashaAllah have four very young kids, Haitham, Inshirah, Joharah, and baby Faria.

Syed Haitham Husain:

Haitham is the eldest among the kids of Sumaiya and Mazin. He is a Fourth grader, very cute, fair and already very handsome. He can be mischievous towards his younger sister, but loves all sisters dearly and is very protective towards them. He is bright and brilliant, is already a winner of two Gold medals and several awards from the American School and Sunday Islamic School.



Haitham Husain. Next, Halloween dress up, Ermina as a Bumble bee, and Haitham a Bunny

He is punctual of Namaz since the age of 5 years. Even wakes up for Fajar. Credit of that goes to his father Mazin Husain. He is learning Quran at Sunday School with Arabic accent, and has memorized many, many Surahs, with excellent Arabic pronunciation. Credit

of that goes to the father too, who has a pure Arabic accent when reciting. He did his first Roza this year at the age of nine and did few more.

He is great with math, computer skills as well as sports. He is social, and with a big group of friends, who are all invited to his birthdays at amusement places and his favorite restaurants. He is very loving and caring towards parents, grandparents and sisters. He loves to tell jokes. Best friend in Rochester is Ermina Syed. Haitham met his gratgrand mother when very young but still rememebers Ammi and could not forget her.

Childhood incident:

When Haitham was just about 4 years old, he was very much interested in cars, but nobody knew that he had deeply observed how to drive it and perfectly knew driving, in steps.

One day when his father came back home and parked outside in the parking area, and went in the house. Haitham quietly picked the keys and went outside. He opened and then started the car, sitting on driver's seat, and moved the gear. The car was ready to go, only he had to hit the accelerator where his feet did not reach because legs of a four years old were too short for that.

His absence was noticed right away, and father ran out listening to the noise of a running car engine. He caught him in time and brought him back. He got a long lecture from mother and father.

Haitham loves the grandparents on both sides. Especially, he is crazy about Salim. They together run around in the house, playing hide and seek.



Haitham with Samra Khala.



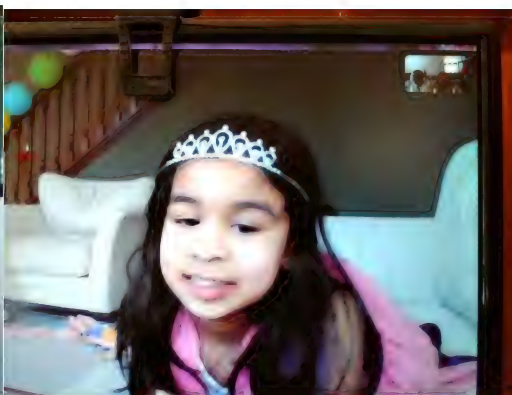
Haitham with homework on laptop. Next, with the toy car at amusement place.

Inshirah Husain:

She is a few years younger than Haitham. She is the second child of Sumaiya and Mazin and is very intelligent and bright, with a good sense of humor. She loves her brother dearly but does not forgive his mischief, still she is incredibly loyal towards him. She loves, and is very attached to her father. She stayed at home with Dada, Dadi for first few months after she was born. Later started with day care and now is a School going kid.

Good student at School and Islamic Center at Sunday School.

This year Inshirah did the fasting and did her first Roza at the age of 6 years. The Roza is around 16 hours long this year, and was not easy for a six year old, but she kept it up. She followed the brother Haitham who was fasting too. She is growing up as a pretty and wonderful child.



Roza day pictures of Haitham and Inshirah



Inshirah with Nana. Next, with Samra Khala. Next, Inshirah grown up.



A birthday celebration of Haitham and Inshirah, with both Nani and Dadi. Below, Inshirah with Ammi and Abbu



Joharah Husain:

Joharah is third in the row of siblings. She is fair, lovely and petite, but with a very strong sense of opinion and fairness at the age of four. She was born when Ammi was ill. Ammi recovered when she heard the news of Joharah's birth.

She was raised for the first year by Dada and Dadi. She is a bright and playful child and likes to copy her two older siblings. She has started pre-kindergarten.



Baby Joharah. Next, Joharah in Rochester.



Joharah's first Birthday celebrated in Rochester, with Nana Nani and Dada Dadi.



Fruit picking with Nana, Haitham and Joharah. Next, Family Dinner: Kids, and Sumaiya with Dada and Dadi.

Faria Husain:

She is the youngest, and the baby, celebrated her first birthday. She is so cute that you cannot get your eyes off. Dada Dadi took care of Faria for first few months.

Sumaiya and Mazin deserve a lot of credit for working full time and raising their kids very well. We love to visit them and spend time with all the wonderful kids.



Faria with Nano. Next, Faria dressed like a fairy.

Daughter of Sara Salim:

Sara has one lovely daughter, Ayat.

Ayat Safdar

She is a fair and lovely little one. She is very quiet, shy and smart. She is a School going child and also goes to Sunday School at Islamic Center. She is another one who is crazy about Salim, also loves Samra dearly, and Ermina comes the next in line of her favorites. She is doing very well in school and loves books and learning to read. She is very artistic and loves art as well as music.

She loves going to Sumaiya's house and playing with her cousins. The best friend is Inshirah who is hardly two months junior. She always visits there for her cousins birthdays or her own, which was also celebrated there.

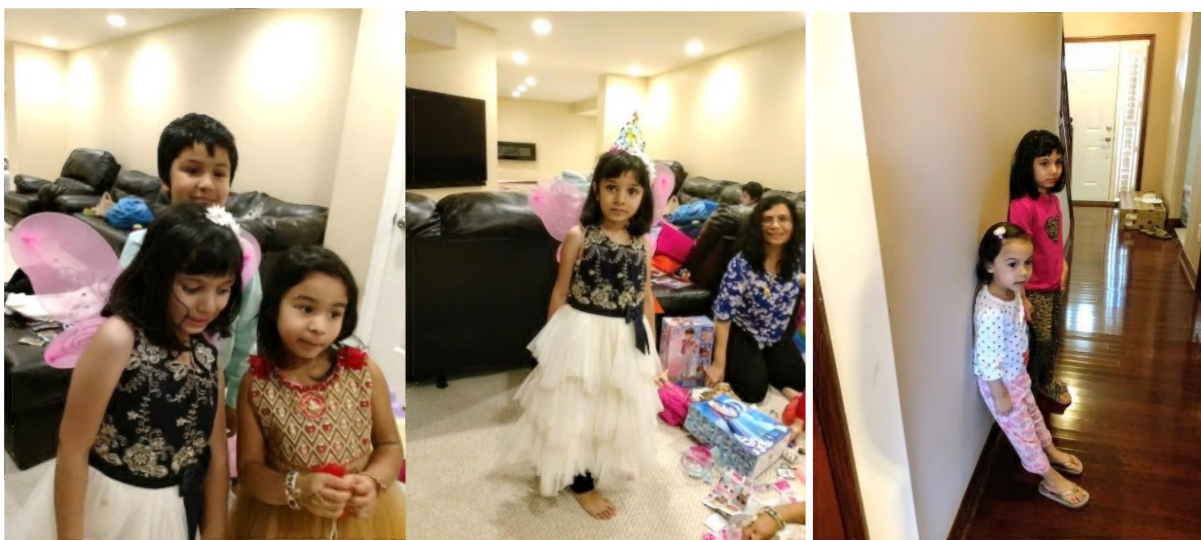
I wish from Almighty the longer, healthy life for all of them, which is full of joy and under the shadow of parents and grandparents. May Allah always keep them as best followers of the religion of Islam, and better humans.



Baby Ayat with Nano. Next, Baby Ayat with Mama.



Ayat. Next, Ayat and Nana, Salim



Haitham, Ayat and Inshirah. Next, Ayat and Sara on Ayat's Birthday. Next, Ayat and Joharah in Sumaiya's house.

Grand Children of Salman Latafat Husain and Azra:

Children of Syed Mohammad Saad and Fareeha, Hena and Syed Affan:

Saad has two lovely kids, Hena and Affan. We see their pictures in the Facebook from time to time.

They are so young and just in KG and Nursery at the School. They are very loved and cared by the parents, and Dada Dadi and Nana Nani and Pardadi Mumani Tazeem Fatima.



Hena and Affan

Grandchild of Qamar and Zia:

Syed Mohammad Almir, son of Yamna and Usman:

Yamna Usman has a cute and lovely baby boy, Syed Mohammad Almir, who made Qamar and Zia as proud Nana Nani. The Baby is the new addition to the family.

InshaAllah future will bring amazing wonders for our entire clan. These children are our future and will take of the name of their family to the heights. If they are ever interested, they can learn a little bit about their ancestors. The book of Memories and History, "Old Familiar Faces" can be helpful as well as Shajra series.



Syed Mohammad Almir. Next, baby Almir with Mom and Dad.

**Grandson of Imran Matanat Husain and Zeba Zaidi:
Syed Arham Zaidi, son of Murtaza Zaidi and Ayman Zaidi:**

The baby is born in June 2020, MashaAllah. Congratulations to both of the parents, grandparent and great grandmother.



Syed Arham Zaidi. Next, Baby Arham and Dada Imran Matanat Husain



Aqiqa picture. R to L seated: Uzma, Fareeha, Zeba, Mumani, Ayman, her family, baby Arham.
L to R standing: Mustafa, Ayesha, Taha, Aisha, Imran Matanat Husain, Arshad, Asma, Sarah, Shuja.

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Chapter 9

Conclusion

I have tried my best to pour all that I have learnt from the elders Dada Safiul Hasan, Dadi Zahida, Papa Sabihul Hasan, Chacha Wajihul Hasan, Ammi Akhtar Bano, Khala Masoom Bano, Khaloo Nasserul Hasan, Khala Saeeda, Mamoo Shaukat Husain, and others. The rest was my personal observation and knowledge, that was witnessed ever since birth to adulthood, and growing older.

These memories, throughout are full of examples of love, care and sacrifice. Among all these people, and the kind of unconditional love that I have seen or witnessed among relatives of this family, generation after generation, I have never seen or heard anywhere else in my life.

Some incredible examples of unconditional love in the family:

The first example was the love of Mussarat Husain for his wife Mushtaqun Nisa. It had no match. A monumental building constructed next to “Mussarat Manzil” for the love of his wife, named as “MushtaqunNisa Manzil”.

The second one was the love of Sadaqat Husain for his Brothers and Sisters, even nieces and nephews. Never heard about, or seen that kind of a practical love which was based upon giving and just giving. He purchased expensive property only to benefit his siblings and their children.

The third example was the love of Safiul Hasan for his granddaughter Rashda Zehra and Rashda’s love for her Grandfather Safiul Hasan. I was born as his granddaughter but relation was even superior then a real father and daughter.

The fourth one was the love of Dadi Zahida Bano for her granddaughter Rashda and vice versa.

The fifth example was the love between two brothers, Sabihul Hasan and his brother Wajihul Hasan, not just for or each other but even for each other’s children. The grace of that love was unbelievable, the two brothers could happily give their lives for each other.

The sixth one was the love of Khaloo Nasserul Hasan for the niece Farah and Farah’s love for her Khaloo Naseerul Hassan. It was more than like real father daughter. The two could easily sacrifice their life for each other.

The last one that I have observed and have a great regard for is love of a father, Fowad Ahmed towards his two young daughters Farwa and Zainab. He can give his life for them in a blink.

I conclude the book with the prayers for longer healthy lives and moral and religious strength for the entire Ghaziudin Hasan Generations and the next ones to come.

Special Thanks

The credit of providing me with the knowledge of our family history and developing the love for it inside me goes to Dada Safiul Hassan, who had been telling from my very childhood about our past and the people involved in the growth of this great family. Later, Dadi Zahida Bano provided more information and confirmation of what I learnt from Dada Safiul Hasan. Next, my father Sabih ul Hasan, then my mother Akhtar Bano, who reconfirmed every word in her last few years that I learnt from elders. Mamoo Shaukat and Masoom Khala, Khaloo Nasserul Hasan and my sister Farah Sabih were also a great resource of information and confirmation of events. Talat Mamoo had a lot of valuable information which was unique and Saeeda Khala added to the childhood memories. Salim told about information for his side of the family.

The credit of encouragement about compiling all the memories together in some form, goes to my cousin Imran Matanat Husain, to whom I used to provide the information and confirmation for the events related to some personalities for his two books of Shajra. He realized that I have the information and the knowledge about the ancestors and family good enough to write a book of my own. He provided me with some most precious pictures of Nana Sadaqat Husain, for which I am very thankful.

My cousin brother Syed Ahmed Shuja Tahir Zaidi has also provided me with lots of information and pictures to choose, from Domeli Pakistan.

Cousin brother Abdul Aleem gave me a huge amount of personal information about my Mamoo Shaukat Husain.

My sister, Farah Sabih holds a treasure of family history in her memory and was a prime source of confirmation wherever I needed any.

Last of all thanks to my daughter Sara Salim, who helped me tremendously with proof reading and giving it a book format. Sara is an extremely busy Doctor and Assistant Professor who is occupied with her patients and students more than full time, for longest hours a day, but for this good cause devoted her precious time.

Our history is glorious. I have tried to transfer these precious memories to our present and future generations with the best of my knowledge and sincere efforts. May Allah make it fruitful and they learn from best of our values, Ameen.

From,

Rashda Zehra Salim